

I thought I saw young Jesus Christ  
Underneath the Greenbriar Ridge  
Holding hands one August night  
Not far from where we lived

I pass the days along the bridge  
And under lies a sea  
And broken glass was on the floor  
I never could believe

I looked for her Jarvis Town  
Along the Monghalee  
I looked for her in Williamstown  
Upon the Chesapeake

I thought I saw Jesus Christ  
A hair's breadth from a brawl  
He turned his eyes away from me  
And saved me from my fall

I asked this man who lived here  
Many years before  
Why do I feel cursed for having any faith at all  
And there I spoke to many of man  
Who claimed to lye with she  
He laughed into his whiskey  
Then he shook his head at me

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