

Talk to Baby Jesus

Mental As Anything

When the bricks are burning and the harbour's on fire
You're sick of pies and drugs and all your friends are liars
You can talk to Baby Jesus down Tokoroa way
He welcomes every stranger with a handshake and "good day"

Comparisons are made to Bob Dylans and Pope
He got more fans than either and he'll never bludge your smokes
You can talk to Baby Jesus he's the man for you
Got a red silk shirt, a-very big muscles, too

They call him Baby Jesus 'cause he's bigger than the Pope
He's a devil with the sheilas and a darling with the blokes
He eats like a Cadillac and wrestles like a champ
He's got his own Falcon and he drives it like a tank

You can talk to him any time you like
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Don't go to Europe for a caravan tour
It won't do much of good for you and you and you
Take the Great South Road past old Papakura
Talk to Baby Jesus 'cause he'll tell you what to do

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