

Ballad of Jim Jones

The Brian Jonestown Massacre

I walked from New York and back from L.A.
I lived on a mountain and once by the bay
I bought an apartment and slept in the hay
but there's no place that's softer than (your arms)
living today is just getting so bad
there's a look on your face
and it says "you've been had!"
you can take all my money
but don't make me mad
cause there's nobody meaner than (me)
I prayed to Buddha, to Allah, and Jim.
I turned to Jesus and stayed there with him
I fell in deep but I learned how to swim
now there's no one who's cleaner than me or than him