

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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Holding hands with you one night
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