John Cameron Mitchell, Nailed

By the gold light of your halo I wanna nail ya
Give you lovin' and devotion that won't ever fail ya
Wanna run my mouth over your wounds
And fall on the ground
And the holes in your hands and your feet they help to nail you down

Nail ya down
Nailed
Nailed
Nailed
They made you Christ to get ya nailed
When you hover in the night like a holy vision
With the crimson and the purple of your incision
Wanna run my fingers through your hair and over your pale skin
On the fringe, shit, Jesus Christ man, you sure wanna nail ya

Get ya nailed
Nailed
Nailed
Nailed
They made you Christ to get ya nailed

He died for me
Died for no one else
He died for no one
And he'd see and complain
Oh the sweet and the sigh, to pain

And your heart was left out naked and exposed
I wish that you had left more to the eye I feel
And I can't find the words to say I love you
And why and why and why and why and why ha

Nailed
Nailed
Nailed
It's just a fight to get ya nailed
They sent you Christ to get ya nailed