

Jesus Died at Charing Cross

Jesus died at Charing Cross
For a homeless girl in a cardboard box
I hurried past hoping she wouldn't look up
As Christ brought her coffee in a plastic cup

Jesus died in Liverpool
For a twelve-year old sniffing lighter fuel
I said I blamed it all on his mum and dad
As Christ sat and listened to the dreams he had

Jesus died in Halifax
For a schoolgirl mother in a twelfth-floor flat
I registered my pity with a knowing glare
As Christ heaved her pushchair up the stairs

Jesus died at King's Cross Station
For the prostitutes of a hopeless generation
I signed a petition against this sad disgrace
As Christ wiped a tear from every made-up face

Jesus died in Coventry
For a beaten-up rent-boy in an alleyway
I thought of what he'd done with his sordid life
As Christ bore the agony of boot and knife

Jesus died in my front room
I told him that he'd come too soon
There wasn't any real need that I could see
And picking up his cross, Christ wept for me