

Aesop Rock, Holy Smokes

(Give him one of these pills if he has any pain)
(A parable....What is it? Well it's a little story with a lot of truth
An earthly story with a heavenly meaning
Jesus told many parables to grown-ups and children alike
He told them simply and sincere, in words everyone could understand
So that all might learn the lesson he was trying to teach...)
(Yeah!)

They were selfish with the helmets on the little bus
'Till brick fluid sewage crippled up the get-retarded nickel punks
Slowly cope but swore his lowly robot foley folk
Would someday rise in sections to interrogate the Holy Ghost
(I knew it!)

Holy smokes!
Father, black suit white collar
Kiddie porn dungeon, guns, and three fingers for your daughters
Caught belly-up, antique Nazi paraphernalia
You can not pay you bills with holy water and Hail Mary luck (Oh my!)
Shucks, fucker, enjoy the Alcatraz shower fun
and mommies mad I'm cliché generation X Agnostic front
It aint the nifty fate, the 1958 before the New-New Testament approved altar-boy fistic rape
And "take me to your leader" lung as he dope manipulate toddler beaver (Leave him alone)
Call me crazy but I'll bet that wasn't God's demeanor
Sodometer peaking (Me too!)
But Long Island was Jesus every weekend spoon-fed to appease traditional upbringing
of a little Pennsylvania shit-hole where elders movement
stressed the stellar therapeutic Bible cycle (How?)
One church with a bait and tackle store next door and not much more
So the two moved to New York, made babies raised on what they'd saw
Christmas morning smelled fresher than angel pussy
But immaculate conception came second to playful goodies
Like laser-tag was way more spiritual than blood and body wafer bags
And manger staff as long as Santa ate the cookies (Well...)
Grandma was a saint while he'd paint with snakes and bullies
said If only you'd memorized your prayers like you did your Kool-G!
By the time I was old enough to know what religion was
I was Catholicism-numb and truly didn't give a FUCK!
94' Moved out the crib and it ain't seen a steeple since
while Knievel-evil seeps in a Christian leader's pitch.
Till priests lap slapped with parental advisory warnings
I'll be auditioning God's in my office on Monday morning

(Yeah!)

Uh oh! And yet another pill slipped
down the hatch It patch him through the kill-switch

I need a couple A's for Q's
I'm not an asshole I'm just a little confused

(This story reminds us of the one Jesus told about people who were kind and helpful
to others. He said that one day the king would say to these people:
Come. Inherit the kingdom prepared for you. For when I was hungry you gave me food
When I was sick and you visited me. I was in prison and you came to me
But the people asked, when Lord did we see you hungry and feed you?
Or sick or in prison and come to you? and the king answered:
In as much as you have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren
You have done it unto me)
(Yeah!)

Just a little bruised in the back of the pews

Acting amused with a mask on them Vatican blues
For in the eyes of the organization I was raised in
Aes is just another sinning brick in Hell's basement
Cubicle adjacent to the killers and rapists
For what? Drugs and fucking is part of growing up
Like cuffs over dumb shits better than the schools
I'm not an asshole I'm just a little confused
Just a lit fuse in the back of the pews
Watching a thousand flavors of the same God feud
I figure ultimate-peace is the common theme
So its a no-brainer piece when the blood hit the screen
Got a basic good and evil sensibility born
Good neighbor know a halo wouldn't fit over horns
I'm more science than faith, I'm more karma than bread and booze
I'm not an asshole I'm just a little confused
Not an asshole I'm just a little confused
Not an asshole I'm just a little confused
Not an asshole I'm just a little confused

(You know what Aesop, to be completely honest you're a fucking asshole)