

Stephen Lynch, Craig

Everyone knows Jesus,
The man who healed the lame,
But I am Jesus' brother:
Craig is my name.

Jesus is the Prince of Peace,
Jesus is the Lamb,
Jesus is the Son of God,
But Craig don't give a damn.

Because when Craig's in sight,
We'll party all damn night!
I don't turn water into wine,
But into cold Coors Light!
I'm not my brother, I know,
Don't walk on H2O,
But I got hydroponic shit that me and Judas grow!

I'm fuckin' Craig!
I'm fuckin' Craig!
Yeah, I'm fuckin' Craig!
Craig Christ.

I hang out with lepers,
Barabas and Salome.
Jesus' friends are called Apostles;
Those dudes are totally gay.

Jesus performs miracles
From Galilee to Rome,
But it would be a miracle
If he brought a fuckin' lady home.

Because while Jesus is prayin',
Fuckin' Craig is layin'
Every lady in the Testament,
You know what I'm sayin'?
I won't die for your sin
Like my famous kin,
But if you've got a little sister,
Then there's room at "this" inn!

I'm fuckin' Craig!
Yeah, I'm fuckin' Craig!
I'm fuckin' Claagh!
Craig Christ.

Jesus was our mother's fave.
All her love to him she gave.
But there's no sibling rivalry
When he's nailed to that tree! Yeeeeeeaaaaaaahhhhhhh!

And now the question for you,
Is not "What Would Jesus Do?";,
But where will you be
When the Craig Machine comes partyin' through?
And if the Lord will allow,
You've got to ask yourself how,
And who and why and when and where is your messiah now?

It's fuckin' Craig!
It's Fuckin' Craig!
Fuckin' Craig!
Fuckin' Craig!

I'm fuckin' Craig!
Craig Christ.
Craig Christ.
Craig Christ.
I'm fuckin' Craig.