

Jimmy's Chicken Shack, This Is Not Hell

if this is hell well thats fine with me
all the wonder persumable happily
eager to follow the fool that's got into
the head of me we don't have any doupt
we're out there making freinds
unconsciously rolling through
meanings from pollings
the answers are meaner sometimes
than the meanings to our ends

so this is hell
what else could it be
bask of glories of glorified stories
of a basket case who just
broken himself from the weave
we are just not making sense
who really cares just how we feel
infantile ramblings of penniess gamblings
a fist full of hands swinging clubs
at our new baby zeal
yeah right

you think this is hell
would you care to bet
capture the beauty of domestic duty
the hampers are full and our
laundry's perpetually wet
think about traveling south
find the right something
you must have left
endless the road
wish your past to explode
actions remain base

but intentions in the treble clef
yeah right

this is not hell
this is purgatory
causght here in limbo
I.Q. of a dim bulb
how many gods does it take
to screw in the likes of me
you'd think one day I might learn
stare in the light and you cannot see
I've opened my doors of perception
and can't get them shut
now i feel f**ked for free
everyday yeah i feel f**ked for free
everyday yeah i feel f**ked for free
evaeryday we're all f**ked
I left my brain inside my other head
you can't impress me don't depress me
don't supress just undressed
i left my brain inside my other head
the teachers test me my father blessed me
the pigs arrest me i get upset
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