

# 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 dought  
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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