

Rickie Lee Jones, Altar Boy

A monk with a hard on in a lavender robe
That scratches his thighs for the height that he strode
As he follows a path filled with harried desire
And mimics his footsteps and sets his prayers on fire
Glad to have chosen that which left no choice
To sing without loving in a solitary voice
To observe with passion each careful denial
The protrusions which give my life meaning for a while

Sometimes I see you eating berries and weeds
You're brushing your teeth with licorice seeds
Standing too close, holding your clothes
Smiling at God, the meaning of life grows
No, no I'll never tell and I'll never know
What candles you light after the show
And I'll never tell and I'll never ask
The meaning of life after mass