

The Flaming Lips, Jesus Shootin' Heroin

Well, I never really understood religions,
Except it seems a good reason to kill.
Everybody's got their own conceptions,
And you know, they always will.
These days are needles under my skin.
Jesus shootin' heroin.

If there are priests at your party,
And you're playing cards that are numbered,
And you got no reason to think it,
Until your chances are uncovered.
Tell me that I got to believe in,
Jesus shootin' heroin.

The police in New York city,
Chased a boy, right through the park.
In a case of mistaken identities,
They put a bullet through his heart.

I met Mary, on the corner with the streetlights.
She asked me if I'd come up to her room.
I told her that I didn't have no money.
She said she had to leave pretty soon.
I decided that I would go in.
Jesus shootin' heroin.