

The Flaming Lips, Thank You Jack White (For Th

Spoken- Let me tell ya a story about a very special gift I received from a, from a man that I didn't kn

Goes like this-

Backstage in Detroit
And the room is full of smoke and apprehension
We'd been playing shows
As the warm-up and the band for Beck Hanson
In walks Jack, says - "How'd ya do?" (Oh yeah)
Then he handed me this wonderful statue.

And I said, "Thank you Jack White
For the fiber-optic Jesus that you gave me."
It shined so bright
That I couldn't help believin' it would save me.
When I finally got it home
My whole neighborhood was aglow
And I said, "Thank you Jack White
For the fiber-optic Jesus that you gave me."

(Here comes the pick)
(Oh Yeah)

Jack and Meg are funny
They got a modern backwards-liberal family code
Brother and sister
Playing rock 'n' roll and doing it on the road
I bet that van begin to stink
But then I wonder - oh - what Christ would think.

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For the fiber-optic Jesus that you gave me."
It shined so bright
That I couldn't help believin' it would save me.
And when I finally got it home
My whole neighborhood was aglow
And I said, "Thank you Jack White
For the fiber-optic Jesus that you gave me."
(Nice one)