

The Jesus Lizard, S.D.B.J.

Lyin' around
like some goddamn walrus
you make me
sick to my stomach
The smell is here
hangs like a killer
hangs like a deadman
and I can't take another day
sick
drunk
blow
job
The smell is here
hangs like a killer
hangs like a deadman
and I can't take another day
Some kind of bra-wearin'-hairy-fish
droolin' into your dish

Pastoral
Your life is gone
your youth is over
years of cheer
reduced to this
A crumbling mess
on a September morn
your blood flows by
like a meandering stream
bubbling
gurgling
brook-like
baking in the midday sun
hard on the outside
soft on the inside
(That's a nice contract)
I saw you there
Sioux City bound
In a cornfield
I saw you there
stinking