

Jimmie's Chicken Shack, This Is Not Hell

if this is hell
well that's fine with me
all of the wonder presumable happily
eager to follow
the fool that's got into
the head of me
we don't have any doubt
we're out there making friends
unconsciously rolling through
meanings from pollings
the answers are meaner sometimes
than the means to our ends

so this is hell
what else could it be?
bask in the glories of glorified stories
of a basket case who has just
broken himself from the weave
we are not making sense
who really cares just how we feel
infantile ramblings of penniless gamblings
a fist full of hands swinging clubs
at our new baby zeal
yea 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 might have left
endless the road
which you past to explode
actions remain base
but intentions in treble clef
yeah right

this is not hell
this is purgatory
caught 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 that 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 fucked for free
everyday, yea, i feel fucked for free
everyday, yea, i feel fucked for free
everyday, yea, we're all fucked

i left my brain inside of my other head
you don't impress me, don't depress me
don't supress me, just get undressed
i left my brain inside of my other head
the teachers test me, my father blessed me
the pigs arrest me, i get upset

boo hoo