

Jimmies Chicken Shack, This Is Not Hell

If this is hell, well that's fine with me
All of the wonder presumably 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 glories of glorified stories
Of a basket case who has just
Broken himself from the weave
We are not making sence
Who really cares just how we feel
Infantile ramblings of penniless gamblings
A fist full of hands swinging clubs
At our new baby zeal
Yeah 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
Wish your 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 you cannot see
I've opened my doors of perception
And can't get them shut
Now I feel f**ked for free
Everyday, yeah I feel f**ked for free
Everyday, yeah I feel f**ked for free
Everyday, yeah we're all f**ked
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
I left my brain inside of my other head
You don't impress me, don't depress me
Don't supress me, just undress me
The teachers test me, my father blessed me
The pigs arrest me, I get upset
Boo hoo