

Dead Jesus

"Jock-O-Rama"

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You really like gorillas?
We've got just the pet for you
It's the way you're forced to act
To survive our schools

Make your whole life revolve around sports
Walk tough-don't act too smart
Be a mean machine
Then we'll let you get ahead

Jock-O-Rama-Save my soul
We're under the thumb of the Beef Patrol
The future of America is in their hands
Watch it roll over Niagara Falls

Pep rally in the holy temple
And you're forced to go
Masturbate en masse
With the favored religious cult

Cheerleaders yell-"Ra Ra Team"
From the locker room parades the prime beef
When archaeologists dig this up
They'll either laugh or cry

Jock-O-Rama-On the brain
Redneck-a-thon drivin' me insane
The future of America is in their hands
Watch it roll over Niagara Falls

Unzip that old time religion
On the almighty football field
Beerbellies of all ages
Come to watch the gladiators bleed

"Now boys, this game ain't played for fun
You're going out there to win
How d'ya win?
Get out there
And snap the other guy's knee!"

Beat 'em up! Beat 'em up!
Ra Ra Ra
Snap those spinal cords
Ha Ha Ha

The star quarterback lies injured
Unconscious on the football field
Looks like his neck's been broken
Seems to happen somewhere every year

His mom and dad clutch themselves and cry
Their favorite son will never walk again
Coach says, "That boy gave a hundred percent
What spirit
What a man"

But who cares?
Games over-Let's go get wasted man
To the 7-11, to the liquor store
Let's party all night and party some more

Another Trans-Am
Wrapped itself around a telephone pole
"I ain't drunk, officer
I just fell gettin' out of my car"

Don't worry about it, son
We were that way when we were young
You've got all the skills
To make a damn good businessman

Jock-O-Rama-that's the law
Come lick the butts of the Beef Patrol
If the future of America is handed to them
Watch it roll over Niagara Falls

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