Derek Webb "The Spirit Vs. The Kick Drum"

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I don't want the Spirit, I want the kick drum I don't want the Spirit, I want the kick drum I know how it works, oh I'm not dumb I don't want the Spirit, I want the kick drum

Like sex without love Like peace without the dove Like a crime scene without the blood I don't want the Spirit, you know I want the kick drum

I don't want the Son, I want a jury of peers I don't want the Son, I want a jury of peers Mascara's gonna run when you see my tears I don't want the Son, I want a jury of peers Like lies without the truth Like wine without the truth Like a skydive without the chute I don't want the Son, you know I want a jury of peers I don't want the Spirit, you know I want the kick drum

I don't want the Father, want a vending machine I don't want the Father, want a vending machine I know what I want if you know what I mean I don't want the Father, want a vending machine

Like heaven without gates Like hell without flames Like life without pain I don't want the Father, you know I want a vending machine I don't want the Son, you know I want a jury of peers I don't want the Spirit, you know I want the kick drum

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