

Frank Zappa "Jesus Thinks You're A Jerk"

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There's an ugly little wasel 'bout three-foot nine
Face puffed up from cryin' 'n lyin'
'cause her sweet little hubby's
Suckin' prong part time
(in the name of the lord)

Get a clue, little shrew
Oh yeah, oh yeah
Jesus thinks you're a jerk

Did he really choose tammy to do his work?
Robertson says that he's the one
Oh he sure is,
If armageddon
Is your idea of family fun,
An' he's got some planned for you!
(now, tell me that ain't true)

Now, what if jimbo's slightly gay,
Will pat let jimbo get away?
Everything we've heard him say
Indicated that jim must pay,
(and it just might hurt a bit)
But keep that money rollin' in,
'cause pat and naughty jimbo
Can't get enough of it

Perhaps it's their idea
Of an affirmative action plan
To give white trash a 'special break';
Well, they took those jeezo-bucks and ran
To the bank! to the bank! to the bank! to the bank!
And every night we can hear them thank
Their buddy, up above
For sending down his love
(while you all smell the glove)

Jim and pat should take a pole
(right up each saintly glory-hole),
With tar and feathers too --
Just like they'd love to do to you

('cause they think you are bad --
And they are very mad)

'cause some folks don't want prayer in school!

(we'd need an ark to survive the drool
Of micro-publicans, raised on hate,
And 'jimbo-jimbo' when they graduate)

Convinced they are 'the chosen ones' --
And all their parents carry guns,
And hold them cards in the n.r.a.
(with their fingers on the triggers
When they kneel and pray)

With a ku-klux muu-muu
In the back of the truck,
If you ain't born again,
They wanna mess you up, screamin':
'no abortion, no-siree!'
'life's too precious, can't you see!'
(what's that hangin' from the neighbor's tree?
Why, it looks like 'colored folks' to me --
Would they do that...seriously?)

Imagine if you will
A multi-millionaire television evangelist,
Saved from korean combat duty by his father, a u.s.
senator

Studied law --
But is not qualified to practice it

Father of a 'love child'
Who, in adulthood, hosts the remnants
Of papa's religious propaganda program

Claims not to be a 'faith healer',
But has, in the past,
Dealt stearnly with everything from hemorrhoids to
hurricanes

Involved with funding for a 'secret war' in central
america
Claiming ronald reagan and oliver north as close
friends

Involved in suspicious 'tax-avoidance schemes',
(under investigation for 16 months by the i.r.s.)

Claims to be a man of god;

Currenty seeking the united states presidency,
Hoping we will all follow him into --
The twilight zone

What if pat gets in the white house,
And suddenly --
The rights of 'certain people' disappear
Mysteriously?

Now, wouldn't that sort of qualify
As an american tragedy?
(especially if he covers it up, sayin'
'jesus told it to me!')

I hope we never see that day,
In the land of the free --
Or someday will we?
Will we?

And if you don't know by now,
The truth of what I'm tellin' you,
Then, surely I have failed somehow --

And jesus will think I'm a jerk, just like you --
If you let those tv preachers
Make a monkey out of you!

I said:
'jesus will think you're a jerk'
And it would be true!

There's an old rugged cross
In the land of cutton --
It's still burnin' on somebody's lawn
And it still smells rotten

Jim and tammy!
Oh, baby!
You gotta go!
You really got to go!

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