

Butthole Surfers "John E. Smoke"

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This here a song, is about John W Smoke Junior
It's about bein' in love and lovin' the love that's hatin'
the love
The love and the love and the hate that's lovin with all
It's around the love that's hate that's the hate that's the
love
And the love is the love that is the hate that's hatin' the
love,
It's lovin' the hate
It's about John W Smoke's mom, it's with his mom
It's about his mom it's about his mom it's about lovin
his mom
And bein' without his mom and lovin' the hate that's
hatin' the love
And his mom and all the time they're there
Hatin' the hate that's lovin' the hate it's love it's the love
that's hate
And it goes somethin' about like this
John E Smoke, oh John E Smoke
John Smoke, oh John E Smoke
Whaoh John E Smoke, John E John E John E John
John, John Smoke
John E Smoke
Here we go
John, John was a little crippled midget lesbian boy
But stood ten foot tall with a knife
Pretty soon the mole had appeared on John's left leg
And real black it extended out 469 different miles
And veirly veirly it was 69 different nuns
Speaking simotainesouly to John in 69 different
languages
And then it evolved itself and it was the legless dog
that became
A cycle in John's fater's fore head
And there is was like a twinkie with a haylo storm in it
And it revolved down into the sky and talked to John
Like he was a little puppy himself
And John said that I am not the magma, I am not the
crust
And I shall evolve when the rain had come down here
and was he'd on John
And he said that I will be a cigerrate butt before it's all

done with
And they said no, you are the flame itself and you shall
burn pure
In the South American sky where the blood dogs
worship the stairway
John E Smoke, oh John E Smoke
Oh John Smoke, ooo OW!
John E Smoke, oh John E Smoke
Oh oh John E Smoke
Oh John E John E John E John E John E John E John E John
E John E
John E John E Joooooooooooooooooooo
And so brainlessly leglessly hairlessly the foil tip top of
itself,
And revealed to John that the kiawe twe laxury liner
extended out of John's left side
And so it had preach you in Mars with a saram
backwards
And up waralve they did evole
Downward they fell like a thin sheet of waste plaunt it
with would come over John's body
His body was no longer the tribe vehicle express itself
And he could be the dog and the dog's eyes which had
blood comin' out like they were
Roped around John's leg and pulled him up, like he was
a canoe and and he flew
On the live peasents himself, the South American
where he was in mathe

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