

## **Kilgore Smudge** **"Senorita Beefeater"**

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Everyone's footsteps pound like hammers  
To my brain  
And all the lives I've broke  
And all that remains  
Everything, everyone around me reminds me  
Of my sins  
If I was Mr. Turtle Man  
I'd pull my head back in  
I'm not your Jesus  
I'm not your  
Here in my shell, alone I dwell  
My so called friends come with pitchforks  
And drag me off to hell  
"cause I made too many promises  
That I can't alter  
I may look like your Jesus

But I can't walk on water  
I'm not your Jesus  
I'm not your  
False, indifference  
Not really here right  
Just a lump of clay with a crown of thorns  
Could've been the leader of the master race  
Or a Greek poet before I was born  
My soul is not my own  
It's shared with a thousand fading dreams  
Exposed to the naked eye is why  
I'm always picked last on the team  
I'm not your Jesus  
I'm not your

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