

## Thought Industry "Michigan Jesus"

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Brent: Christ, you've toiled hard. So grab a stool. You get to buy the first round.

Jesus: Guinness Stout?

Brent: I'll cleanse your feet with my beer. We'll have another round, Collin. May I bum a smoke? Thank you.

Jesus: Citizens, the proletariat will rise. Marx was right to believe in something new.

Dippy: Can I quote that?

Jesus: Government, reduced to a momentary guard. I was born just a man within a plan.

Lippy: That's with a "J", right?

Brent: Christ, the girls are onto you. A godless herd. But I don't believe in god either.

Jesus: And neither do I.

Brent: Let's pound some shots of Quervo. I'm always thinking wrong loaded. So, damn it, come along. We'll sing.

Jesus, Brent, and the People: Tralala lalalalalalalala  
lalalalalala lalala.  
Tralala lalalalalalalala lalalalalala lalala.

Dippy: Genius, who's your agent?

Lippy: Is that in Hebrew?

Brent: I'm outta here. Call me a taxi. Christ, my keys. You sure know how to drink my friend J.C.

Dippy: I love you.

People: Adieu, adieu, and yes we love you Jesus, too.  
Please come back to conclude in lost Hebrew.

Lippy: Please, don't leave.

Jesus: Thank you much. Come meet my wife at the  
laundromat.

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