

## Why "Jonathan's Hope"

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When I got better from the mumps  
Yes, my swollen nut and neck shrunk  
But, though subtle, I can smell distinctly  
Some sick and swollen stink, still to this day stays with  
me  
And irked as some dumb tart from Illinois  
In a shirt that says "I heart Michigan boys"  
But it's oy, still steel as a goy's gut  
Oh so concealed in the crease but  
Slow pitching like a Vatican priest to be Pope -- what?  
Dope. So every morning wake up with hope  
And at night fall asleep at the end of your rope  
Alone pretending to cope

As I'll as I am, I am  
But with all that's well I'll yell  
Good god, what the hell, what the fuck  
A white dove on the hood of a two-ton truck

It took me 30 years to learn my patterns  
Just for shit to turn weird in my return to Saturn  
I feel the freezing creep of greedy sleep sneaking in  
again  
I'm dangling  
Oh I don't have to pull a shitty fortune from dessert  
Like the piss poor son of a serf to know what I'm worth  
I know what I'm deserved of  
A freaking dirty dove dead  
And a bag of bread from a sellout club  
But will you spell out love in the lashes life serves up?  
Or am I just a red bump in the rash of cash worship?  
Lord. Huh? what's up?

As I'll as I am, I am  
But with all that's well I'll yell  
Good god, what the hell, what the fuck  
A white dove on the hood of a two-ton truck

Brief is the life of that bird  
Who brings your secrets, your deepest beefs and  
desires

Through it's beak in a minor squeak to be heard  
It's meaning complete no need for words  
It might not last more than a week  
And if this my final trip it be  
Lord take me quick, let me see ye  
And please heed the needs of my family

As I'll as I am, I am  
But with all that's well I'll yell  
Good god, what the hell, what the fuck  
A white dove on the hood of a two-ton truck

With mangled fingers I play it and say it  
Plain in my octaves with all that I've got  
And for all that I'll not have  
And cursing back to the big bang in slang they sang

As I'll as I am, I am  
But with all that's well I'll yell  
Good god, what the hell, what the fuck  
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