

Terry Allen "Show"

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Standing in the spotlight
Listening to the crowd
Screaming for his insides
Wantin him to let it out
But can they handle what they want?
Can they handle what they get?
There's a creature coiled inside
Been wantin out 3 hundred thousand years
Hits one lick on his guitar
Holds it to the ground
Tryin to kill every livin thing
A hundred miles around
Your Momma warned you about this
Your Daddy bought a gun
But there is no turning back
Once the show has begun

And there's Jesus the promoter
Standing in the wings
Waiting on some cocaine
An twidlin with his rings
He's got a black gospel hairdo
Haloed in the light
Like he could walk on water
If his shoes just weren't so tight

And Magdalena the groupie
Just OD'd on the bus
But she seems kind of stupid
So Hey what's all the fuss?
But someone called the police
Now they're out drivin her around
Trying to cop up some feels
Before they take her downtown

And soundman Izzy Judas
Squats way up in the booth
Smokin ganja like some Buddha
In his quest for the truth
And all their is is highs
Izzy's fingers on the board
Got his 30 piece of silver

Throws a kiss out to the Lord

Ah standing in the spotlight
Listening to the crowd
Hits one lick on his guitar
Holds it to the ground
Tryin to kill every livin thing
A hundred miles around
Your Momma warned you about this
Your Daddy bought a gun
There is no turning back
Cause the show must go on

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