

Jesus Lizard

"Inflicted By Hounds"

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Blistering outbursts, like burning a bratwurst at the
PTA's playground ordeal
Too bad you've erased all the times you've been
chased
by some pre-schoolers new cannonball
Bandage the wounds inflicted by hounds and press the
rib meat right back inside
A dozen old ladies who visit from Hades have filed
their art down to a point
No need, no need no need no need, no need no need
No need to be harried, whether unique or varied,
you'll find the bigger lumps real tough to hide
Simply a lard ass, a festering hard mass,
the tumors help the doctors decide, but
They're wrong, they're wrong, they're wrong
The catch of the day is now getting away 'cause the
strong boy is losing his grip
His eye cannot focus where his forefinger poke us but
the blankets are soft and they're warm
They're warm, they're warm they're warm,
they're warm, they're warm they're warm
While the kid in the street with the blood on his feet
is eating handgun burritos with cheese
Ideas are like treasure but they're harder to measure
even with our new technology
They're wrong, they're wrong, they're wrong
(I was talking to my, my buddy Bernie,
about these hooker people, fuckin' puke, I think they
eh..forget it)
Hundreds of potholes, and half full beer bottles
Gazpacho, gestapo, gefilte, guerilla
Tiny childish plans to assassinate the tutor
A docile seeing eye dog, who owns his own computer
The local union workers ready willing and they're able
Elementary principle who drinks under the table

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