

## **The 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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