

Nick Cave & The Badseeds

"Can"

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Nick Cave & The Badseeds - Big-Jesus-Trash-Can

Big Jesus soulmates Trash Can
fucking rotten business this
bot feet in the bad-boot
siff in the crypt, babay, like a rock
rock-rock-rock
Big-Jesus soul-mates Trash-Can
pumped me fulla Trash at least it smelt like Trash
wears a suit of Gold (got greasy hair)
but God gave me sex appeal
well-well-well-rock
he drives a trash can
he's comin to my town rock rock rock
ro-o-o-o-o-ck!
Big Jesus Oil King down in Texas
drives great holy tanks of gold
screams from heaven's graveyard
American heads will roll in Texas (roll like Daddies
meat)
roll under those singing stars of Texas
well-well-well
he drives a trash can
he's coming to my town

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