Big-Jesus-Trash-Can

The Birthday Party

RightBig Jesus, soul mates, trash can
Well, it's a fucking rotten business this
Both feet in the bad-boot
Lie stiff in the crypt, baby, like a rock
In a rock, in a rock, in a rockBig Jesus, soul mates, trash can
And he pumped me fulla trash
At least it smells like trash
And he's got greasy hair
Wears a suit of gold
But God gave me sex appeal
Right, right, right, rightWell well well rock
Well well well rock
Well well well rock
Well well well rockHe drives a trash-can
He drives a trash-can
He drives a trash-can
He drives a trash-canAnd he's comin' to my town
He's comin' to my town
He's comin' to my town
He's comin' to my town
Rock, rock, rock, rock, rightBig Jesus, oil king down in Texas
Drives great holy tanks of gold
Screams from Heaven's graveyard
American heads will roll in TexasRoll like daddy's meat
Roll under those singing stars of Texas
Roll under those glorious singing stars of TexasWell well well rock
Well well well rock
Well well well rock
Well well well rockHe drives a trash-can
He drives a trash-can
He drives a trash-can
And he's comin' to my town
He drives a trash-can
And he's comin' to my town
He drives a trash-can
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