

Glamorous

The Jesus Lizard

Well, they called me a little so and so
And so, yeah, now hummin' a different tune
Oh, this is a job for a stupid man
Smoke it down to the filter and
Put it out on your hand Them, cops was lined up
About a week long all down the road
True crime, homosexual gangster men
Were, were piled up on my living room floor Well, I'm gonna get my own rifle down
And point it on in your eye
And huff a big long breath, and shoot it
Shoot it and, and shoot it and shoot it and, and shoot it
And shoot it and shoot it and shoot it I'll call the cops on my own self
Figure out a way to please those men
I'll play detective, I'll play bloodhound
Sniffin' up clues with my nose in the mud Down here in my shantytown, leave you alone
For the rest of my life, by the time I got my ass up
Off the grass and on the sidewalk Made my way toward the house
Well, I realized they made their way home
I know this shit will continue

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