

This Is Not Hell

Jimmie's Chicken Shack

If this is hell, well that's fine with me
All of the wonder presumably happily
Eager to follow the fool that's got into the head
Of me We don't have any doubt, we're out there making friends
Unconsciously rolling through, meanings from pollings
The answers are meaner sometimes
Than the means to our ends So this is hell, what else could it be?
Bask in the glories of glorified stories
Of a basket case who has just
Broken himself from the weave We are not making sense
Who really cares just how we feel
Infantile ramblings of penniless gamblings
A fist full of hands swinging clubs, at our new baby zeal, yeah right You think this is hell, would you care to bet?
Capture the beauty of domestic duty
The hampers are full and our
Laundry's perpetually wet Think about traveling south
Find the right something you might have left
Endless the road, wish your past to explode
Actions remain base, but intentions in treble clef, yeah right This is not hell, this is purgatory
Caught here in limbo, I.Q. of a dim bulb
How many Gods does it take
To screw in the likes of me? You'd think one day that I might learn
Stare in the light and you cannot see
I've opened my doors of perception
And can't get them shut, now I feel fucked for free
Everyday, yeah I feel fucked for free, everyday, yeah we're all fucked I left my brain inside of my other head,
you don't impress me
Don't depress me, don't suppress me, just get undressed
I left my brain inside of my other head, the teachers test me
My father blessed me, the pigs arrest me, I get upset I left my brain inside of my other head, you don't impress
me
Don't depress me, don't suppress me, just undress me
The teachers test me, my father blessed me
The pigs arrest me, I get upset

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