

**S.D.B.J.**

**The Jesus Lizard**

Lyin' around  
like some goddamn walrus  
you make me  
sick to my stomach  
The smell is here  
hangs like a killer  
hangs like a deadman  
and I can't take another day  
sick  
drunk  
blow  
job  
The smell is here  
hangs like a killer  
hangs like a deadman  
and I can't take another day  
Some kind of bra-wearin'-hairy-fish  
droolin' into your dish  
Your life is gone  
your youth is over  
years of cheer  
reduced to this  
A crumbling mess  
on a September morn  
your blood flows by  
like a meandering stream  
bubbling  
gurgling  
brook-like  
baking in the midday sun  
hard on the outside  
soft on the inside  
(That's a nice contract)  
I saw you there  
Sioux City bound  
In a cornfield  
I saw you there  
stinking

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