

Jesus Shootin' Heroin

Flaming Lips

Well, I never really understood religions
Except, it seems a good reason to kill
Everybody's got their own conceptions
And you know, they always will
These days are needles under my skin
Jesus shootin' heroin a

If there are priests at your party
And you're playing cards that are numbered
And you got no reason to think it
Until your chances are uncovered
Tell me that I got to believe in
Jesus shootin' heroin

The police in New York city
Chased a boy, right through the park
In a case of mistaken identities
They put a bullet through his heart

I met Mary on the corner with the streetlights
She asked me if I'd come up to her room
I told her that I didn't have no money
She said, she had to leave pretty soon
I decided that I would go in
Jesus shootin' heroin