

# This Is Not Hell

Jimmie's Chicken Shack

If this is hell  
Well that's fine with me  
All of the wonder presumable 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  
Which you 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, 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

Boo hoo...