

The Ballad of Boogie Christ

Joseph Arthur

Christ would wear cowboy boots
Christ would have sex
Christ would eat pizza
And cut black jack decks
Christ would be sober
But christ would be fun
Christ would get over
On those trying to run
Christ would love hip hop
Metal and soul
Christ would bring chaos
The breath of control
Christ would be rocking
Christ would be free
He'd say there's no difference
Between you and me

This is the ballad of Boogie Christ
Toss my salad
And feed me your rice

Christ baked potatoes
Christ chewing gum
Christ without pathos
Saying "yum yum"
Christ in the middle
Like the monkey with balls
Christ picking up
When euphoria calls
Hello, dear father
Hello there, my son
How have you been?
Well, I gotta run
OK I love you
See you real soon
Maybe September
Maybe next June

This is the ballad of Boogie Christ
Toss my salad
And throw wedding rice

Christ would be careful
Christ would be brave
But Christ, he would never
Be anyone's slave
Christ is here now
Christ is beyond
Christ would watch Rocky
And On Golden Pond
Christ would relax
And Christ would get mad
Christ would help answer
If judgment is bad
Well, no and then yes
Well, yes and then no
Nothing is easy

But it's simple to glow
Just walk away
From fear and deceit
Never surrender
But never compete
Cheer for your brother
Your rival, your friend
And help their survival
To beat you again

This is the ballad of Boogie Christ
Toss my salad
And feed me some rice

Give and give freely
All that you can
Help show the worried
What it is to be man
Christ would be handsome
Christ would be gross
Christ would buy butter
And make you some toast
Christ would be savage
But Christ would be true
He'd say if you want him
Then look inside you
Yes, Christ would be savage
But christ would be true
He'd say if you want him
Then just look in you

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