The first time I saw jesus
he had lust in his eyes;
life on his breath and stories big as life
a head that was buzzin' from the worlds that he'd seen
and a mind stuck forever in a dream
and hearing his laughter, Ihad to think anew
about all of our yesterdays and how it went askew
and how losing our minds was so much more important when
he was my best friend

Never trust your memories, you drink them better every time soon they're nothing more than a sack of guilded lies did it really happen or did I read it in a book? was fifteen years really all it took to lose all that innocense, that full on lust for life the undilluted power that cut like a knife through all the teenage bullshit that we slipped in on the way, when

he was my best friend  $% \frac{1}{2}\left( \frac{1}{2}\right) =\frac{1}{2}\left( \frac{1}{2}\right) +\frac{1}{2}\left( \frac{1}{2}\right) +\frac{1}$ 

The last time I saw jesus,
he had holes in his eyes
wine on his breath
and conviction in his lies
a head that was buzzin' from all the worlds that he'd seen
but a mind stuck forever in a dream
and hearing his laughter, I had to think anew
about all of our yesterdays, and how it went askew
he took the road less travelled, but somehow won out in the end
I wish he was still my best friend...