

Gladiator

The Jesus Lizard

You should see her use a gun
She slips her nit-picking in in any way for everyone

More than an occasional hazard
You run the risk of conceiving a bastard

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In remembrance of the truth
In remembrance of Aunt Ruth
In memory of the gun
In memory of everyone

And of the warm sun
And the pain in my side

But if you ask her where she's gone
She'll spout a banter on and on
About a germ free place
About a germ free place in anywhere

Her sexual comedy from now until eternity
There is no joking, Moe, who knows what's going on
A droll spoof of a tragedy of awkward mediocrity
Performed on the plains of Serengeti