

# 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