

The Spirit Vs. The Kickdrum

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I don't want the Spirit, I want the kick drum
I don't want the Spirit, I want the kick drum
I know how it works, oh I'm not dumb
I don't want the Spirit, I want the kick drum

Like sex without love
Like peace without the dove
Like a crime scene without the blood
I don't want the Spirit, you know I want the kick drum

I don't want the Son, I want a jury of peers
I don't want the Son, I want a jury of peers
Mascara's gonna run when you see my tears
I don't want the Son, I want a jury of peers

Like lies without the truth
Like wine without the fruit
Like a skydive without the chute
I don't want the Son, you know I want a jury of peers
I don't want the Spirit, you know I want the kick drum

I don't want the Father, want a vending machine
I don't want the Father, want a vending machine
I know what I want if you know what I mean
I don't want the Father, want a vending machine

Like heaven without gates
Like hell without flames
Like life without pain
I don't want the Father, you know I want a vending machine
I don't want the Son, you know I want a jury of peers
I don't want the Spirit, you know I want the kick drum