

# Jesus Shootin' Heroin

Flaming Lips

Well, I never really understood religions  
Except, it seems a good reason to kill  
Everybody's got their own conceptions  
And you know, they always will  
These days are needles under my skin  
Jesus shootin' heroin a

If there are priests at your party  
And you're playing cards that are numbered  
And you got no reason to think it  
Until your chances are uncovered  
Tell me that I got to believe in  
Jesus shootin' heroin

The police in New York city  
Chased a boy, right through the park  
In a case of mistaken identities  
They put a bullet through his heart

I met Mary on the corner with the streetlights  
She asked me if I'd come up to her room  
I told her that I didn't have no money  
She said, she had to leave pretty soon  
I decided that I would go in  
Jesus shootin' heroin