

Jesus Christ Wore Leather

Get Set Go

Jesus Christ would never play rock and roll his tone was too low

Abraham Lincoln smoked crack cocaine on the down low
yeah, I'm an impediment bonafide degenerate

Mother Mary spread her legs for me and I made her plea
Buddhist monks would go suddenly wild and swallow my seed
yeah, I'm an impediment bonafide degenerate

Don't you try to turn the ordinary people into saints
cause everybody loves and everybody fears and everybody hates
and all the extraordinary people they never touch the ground
they're waiting on the ordinary people to count the hours down

Brother Gandhi turned a trick or two in his day
Mother Theresa liked to touch little girls in a special way
yeah, I'm an impediment bonafide degenerate

Martin Luther King traded slaves down the river wild
Jesus Christ would never play rock and roll on the radio dial
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