

## When Jesus Gets a Brand New Name

Jim White

Damn them dogs is really smart  
Think I'd better lose the snowshoes  
Thought the skid marks on the road'd throw them off,  
But damn them dogs is smart  
And on Devil's Island of the heart,  
You can't afford to make a big mistake  
You gotta plan your jail break carefully  
Very carefully!  
And them crickets chirping in my hair  
They're about to drive me smack insane.  
I don't know quite who put 'em there  
But everytime I hear 'em it sound just like;

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Now I'm hiding in a funky shadow  
I see a TV show through the window  
There's lawyers riding in a speedboat  
They're solving cases on the ocean.  
I'm going over the waterfalls  
I'm a lamb to the slaughter ya'll  
Better duck because that flying thing  
Is coming back this way!  
I tell you what the hay!  
Friggin A!  
A certified genius couldn't do it better.  
You disagree?  
Well, that's okay, we'll notify you with a letter!

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Golden dust, golden bones, golden opportunities.  
You flush 'em all down the rusty drain  
Better laugh, boy, before you feel the pain.  
And get yourself good and saved,  
Make sure that you are well behaved;  
You should part your hair,  
You should shine your shoes,  
You should say your prayers,  
You should pay your dues  
You do heart surgery with a hammer  
Then you lock 'em all up in the gospel slammer  
'Till there's nothing left for this corpse to say  
Except "Drag my stinking butt away!"

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My friends;  
Cross your fingers, cross your hearts,  
'Cause they've ripped that sucker clean apart  
And don't catch my whole guitar on fire  
As you embrace the lips of my wild desire.  
Now you're messing with my superstition  
Hey, what about the Inquisition?!

Yeah I like 'em big, like 'em chunky,  
I like 'em pasty faced, like a superjunky.  
You steal the water from the well of love,  
It'll sit in your tummy like O.J.'s glove  
So don't you give me none  
Of that dadgummed shango,  
'Cause I know that it takes two to tango!

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