

Craig

Stephen Lynch

Everyone knows Jesus,
The guy who healed the lame.
Well, I am Jesus' brother,
Craig is my name.
Jesus is the Prince of Peace.
Jesus is the Lamb.
Jesus is the Son of God,
But Craig don't give a damn.

Because when Craig's in sight,
We'll party all damn night.
I don't turn water into wine,
But into cold Coors Light.
I'm not my brother, I know,
Don't walk on H2O,
But I got hydroponic shit that me and Judas grow.

I'm fuckin Craig.
I'm fuckin Craig.
I'm fuckin Craig.
Craig Christ.

I hang out with Lepors,
Barabbas, and Solemay.
Jesus' friends are called Apostles.
Those dudes are totally gay.
Jesus performs miracles,
From Galilee to Rome.
But it would be a miracle,
If he brought a fuckin lady home.

Because while Jesus is prayin,
Fuckin Craig is layin,
Every lady in the Testament,
You know what I'm sayin'?
I won't die for your sin,
Like my famous kin.
But if you've got a little sister,
Then there's room at this inn.

I'm fuckin Craig.
I'm fuckin Craig.
I'm fuckin Craig.
Craig Christ.

Jesus was our mothers fave,
All her love to him she gave.
But there's no sibling rivalry,
When he's nailed to that tree.
Yeah.

And now the question for you,
Is not "What Would Jesus Do?"
But where will you be,
When the Craig Machine comes partyin' through?
And if the Lord will allow,
You've got to ask yourself how,

And who and why and when and where is your messiah now?

It's fuckin Craig.

Fuckin Craig.

Fuckin Craig.

I'm fuckin Craig.

Craig Christ.

Craig Christ.

Craig Christ.

I'm fuckin Craig.