

I Dream Of Jesus

The Dead Milkmen

It was during my 2nd senior year when Mom found Jesus Christ. His spirit was trapped inside an old Nana Shepard's bottle that Mom picked out of the dumpster behind the 7-11. Mom brought the bottle inside and sat it down on top of the TV. Then she told all of us kids to gather round, and then she explained how Jesus lived in the bottle, and how, if she wanted to, she could call him out to do her bidding. Sis said it reminded her of an old TV show, and Mom slapped her and called her a heretic. I didn't say anything, cause I just still remember the time outside the Safeway, when it took 4 security guards to hold Mom down.

Jesus loves me, yes I know
For the Bible tells me so
When I'm weak he makes me strong
That's why I sing this song
If I die before I wake
Pray to him my soul don't take
Jesus loves me, yes I know

It wasn't long before people from all over the world started coming to our house to see the bottle. At first I thought that this would make me more popular at school. Instead it seemed to have the opposite result. Kids would stop and point at me in the hallway and say, "There's the boy whose mother keeps our savior cooped up in that tiny little bottle." And then everybody started calling me 'Bottle boy'. And that really hurt. It was also around this time that Mom began to attract some really weird followers. Like that guy who never used deodorant and spoke only in riddles. And that woman who collected 19th century hand made Amish swimwear.

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Mommy she loved Jesus, but not like others did
For she had a special bottle in which our savior lived
Mommy she loved Jesus, but not like others did
For she could unleash His vengeance by unfastening the lid

As the year went on, things went from bad to worse, and I realized that if there wasn't a big change pretty soon, I'd never be able to get a date for the prom. I couldn't go the year before because Mom belonged to a church that considered dancing a one way ticket to Hell. But that's a whole nother story. Anyway, by this point Mom had appeared on the Richard Bey Show, A.M. Philadelphia and Geraldo, so there was no use in me changing schools, since everybody knew who my Mom was. Also we had to spend all the money from Mom's personal appearances to hire a bodyguard, since by this point we were getting about 400 death threats a day.

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Then one night, I just couldn't stand it any more. While everyone else was sleeping I crept downstairs. Slowly I went up to the bottle and began to unfasten the lid. At first, nothing happened. But then the room filled with a thick white smoke. I was glad my sister had taken the batteries out of the smoke detector to put into her Walkman. When the smoke cleared, I found myself face to face with the son of God, who was much shorter than I had expected. He told me that since I'd freed Him, He'd grant me one wish. And that's how I got to go to the prom with Geena Davis. But you probably already read about that in People.

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