

From One Jesus To Another

The Mission

From one Jesus to another napalm can be a treat Religion is only cold comfort 'cos Judas Iscariot was a cheat Bullet holes in my mirror and a minefield across my floor I don't want to be a soldier, don't want to fight someone else's war I don't need no Hare Krishna I don't need no primal scream I don't need no mantra chant I don't need no self esteem

I'll take to bed John the Walrus 'cos my Baudelaire has been pawned Plagued by demons, deceived by angels What little devils have we spawned? And Buddha sits on my shelf shooting up Edgar Allan Poe And I'll dream in 'Forbidden Colours' just like Vincent van Gogh I don't need no suit of armour I don't need no sword and shield I don't need no immortality I don't need no Elysian fields I don't need no lollipops or rainbows I don't need no hare of the hound I don't want to be mummy or daddy I don't need no duty bound

It's bedlam just like Walt Disney and Mickey Mouse causes a scandal Kahil Gibran was a junkyard and Genghis Khan was a vandal And I fell in love with Marilyn Monroe and Then Kennedy told me she'd died And anyway, if it came to a choice, I'd take Mata Hari for my bride I don't need no religion or faith I don't need no collusion I don't need no spiritual healing I don't need no selfdelusion And Jesus walks on water But does he ever walk on air? I'm getting lost again, mummy, scared again, daddy And the beauty of it all is I no longer care.