Jonathan's Hope

When I got better from the mumps Yes, my swollen nut and neck shrunk But, though subtle, I can smell distinctly Some sick and swollen stink, still to this day stays with me And irked as some dumb tart from Illinois In a shirt that says "I heart Michigan boys" But it's oy, still steel as a goy's gut Oh so concealed in the crease but Slow pitching like a Vatican priest to be Pope -- what? Dope. So every morning wake up with hope And at night fall asleep at the end of your rope Alone pretending to cope

As I'll as I am, I am But with all that's well I'll yell Good god, what the hell, what the fuck A white dove on the hood of a two-ton truck

It took me 30 years to learn my patterns Just for shit to turn weird in my return to Saturn I feel the freezing creep of greedy sleep sneaking in again I'm dangling Oh I don't have to pull a shitty fortune from dessert Like the piss poor son of a serf to know what I'm worth I know what I'm deserved of A freaking dirty dove dead And a bag of bread from a sellout club But will you spell out love in the lashes life serves up? Or am I just a red bump in the rash of cash worship? Lord. Huh? what's up?

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Brief is the life of that bird Who brings your secrets, your deepest beefs and desires Through it's beak in a minor squeak to be heard It's meaning complete no need for words It might not last more than a week And if this my final trip it be Lord take me quick, let me see ye And please heed the needs of my family

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With mangled fingers I play it and say it Plain in my octaves with all that I've got And for all that I'll not have And cursing back to the big bang in slang they sang

As I'll as I am, I am But with all that's well I'll yell

WHY?

Good god, what the hell, what the fuck A white dove on the hood of a two-ton truck