**I MISS MY LITTLE MOHAMMED**

In July 2005 I composed this little ditty. It is the world as seen through the eyes of the mother of a suicide bomber. She expresses the pride and appreciation that one would expect from a loyal participant in the jihad.

G C

I miss my little Mohammed, since he blew himself away.

D G

Drove a little Nissan van, down to Isaac’s café.

C

He was wearing a snappy vest loaded with C-4

G

Wish I could have heard the screams

D G

when he rode right through the front door.

C

Of all my sons he was my favorite for he was the most full of hate

D G

I knew one day he’d make us proud when himself he did detonate

C

I cherished his anger and violence, I loved to hear him rave

G

If I could find just one piece of him now

D G

I’d lay him in a hero’s grave

I miss my little Mohammed, since he went out with a blast

He was the first killer in our family, but I pray he won’t be the last

Killed 34 innocent people, a puppy and two police

He murdered them so splendidly to spread our religion of peace.

He listened intently to his imams, and learned his lessons well

Every time he stepped on a bus

we knew he might blow himself to hell

Saved us so much money, he needed no education or skill

All he needed to please us all was a willingness to kill

I miss my little Mohammed, he was my delight

I think about him as I squeal, tortured sounds at night

At the masque we tell the tale of how he made the death toll increase

Blew away thirty-seven lives to spread our religion of peace.

**DIG ME UP**(THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HYMN)

It is probably only a legend that Christian Science founder Mary Baker Patterson Glover Eddy was buried with a live phone line so she could call and report that she was not really dead. Whether or not that tale is true, one thing is certain – she was a real nut case. From her giant rocking chair to her satanic religion, this woman was the perfect example of what happens to those who reject the Light. This song was written in November of 1993 after reading some of her teachings and looking into her bizarre life story.

C G C

I’m Mary Baker Eddy, Dig me up, dig me up

F C

I’m down here and I’m ready, Dig me up, dig me up

G F

I’ve been waiting for a long, long time

C G

To prove death’s only in your mind

C G C

I’m Mary Baker Eddy, Dig me up.

It’s all a grand illusion Dig me up, dig me up

That preys on your confusion Dig me up, dig me up

If you’re not sure the dead to die

Just check my bones, they’ll testify.

I’m Mary Baker Eddy, Dig me up.

I know you think that I was chosen Dig me up, dig me up

But right now I’m decomposin’ Dig me up, dig me up

I’m trying to deny my death

But I can’t seem to draw a breath

I’m Mary Baker Eddy, Dig me up.

Bible says the worms are feeding Dig me up, dig me up

But you don’t trust what you’re reading

Dig me up, dig me up

Six feet down in a wooden box

Nothing there but my teeth and sox

I’m Mary Baker Eddy, Dig me up.

Hey, you rebellious nation Dig me up, dig me up

That worships education

Dig me up, dig me up

You’ll gladly sing my strange refrain

That makes a god of your own brain

I’m Mary Baker Eddy, Dig me up.

In case you have forgotten Dig me up, dig me up

I’m down here getting rotten

Dig me up, dig me up

I tried to call you on my telephone

But I can’t get no dial tone

I’m Mary Baker Eddy, Dig me up

Oh I know what you’re fearing Dig me up, dig me up

The end you know is nearing

Dig me up, dig me up

But a cunning fable I’ll devise

Reject the truth if you’re so wise

I’m Mary Baker Eddy, Dig me up.

In case you have forgotten

I’m down here getting rotten.

I tried to call you on the telephone

But I can’t get no dial tone.

Dig me up.

## THE TV PREACHERS’ THEME SONG

Everybody knows these guys are crooks, except the dim-wits that make them rich. I put these words to a familiar hymn back in 1985 and we’ve been having fun with this song ever since.

There’s a call comes ringing o’er the old airwaves

Send the cash. Send the cash.

There are debts to conquer, there are bills to pay

Send the cash. Send the cash.

Send the cash. The blessed gospel cash.

Hear us beg, from shore to shore.

Send the cash. The blessed gospel cash.

We’ll go off, if we don’t get more.

We have heard our banker make his call today

Send the cash. Send the cash.

So a golden offering at our feet please lay

Send the cash. Send the cash.

Send the cash. The blessed gospel cash.

Hear us beg, from shore to shore.

Send the cash. The blessed gospel cash.

Just next week, we’ll want some more.

We will not grow weary, it’s your purse we love

Send the cash. Send the cash.

For a fifty dollar gift you get a ten cent dove

Send the cash. Send the cash.

Send the cash. The blessed gospel cash.

Mascara tears, you can’t ignore.

Send the cash. The blessed gospel cash.

You’ll get mail, for evermore.

How we pray that dimwits everywhere abound

Send the cash. Send the cash.

And that our true intentions never will be found

Send the cash. Send the cash.

Send the cash. The blessed gospel cash.

Hear us whine, from shore to shore.

Send the cash. The blessed gospel cash.

We’ll go off, if we don’t get more.

**YOU’RE IN HELL**(REQUIEM FOR CHARLIE DARWIN)

The droning, repetitious melody is deliberate. We all know there is hardly any preaching on hell these days. It’s pretty certain no one has bothered to write a song about the place, or those who have made it their home. Until now, that is.

C FC FC

Half a planet lies above you in a grave yard somewhere.

C FC FC

They are covering your cold bones but you cannot be there.

Christ FC FC

You have come to dwell forever in the place of your choice

C FC

Where you cry in your anguish but there’s none to hear your voice.

GC

You’re in hell.

Here in outermost darkness where your worm cannot die

You’ve eternity to ponder every sin and each lie

And it doesn’t matter down here what good deeds you have done

For the crime that condemned you was rejecting God’s Son.

You’re in hell.

For a single drop of water for the smile of a friend

For a single moment’s respite for the misery’s end

For a single glimpse of daylight for a single second chance

But you did not heed the warning you had well in advance.

You’re in hell.

You’re in hell.

When a million years have ended up on heaven’s bright shore

Down inside the lake of fire you will burn a million more.

And the glory you despised is the greatest torment

For into this place of terror you so willingly went.

You’re in hell.

You’re in hell.

## WHEN YOU DON’T LOVE ME

It has always amazed me how people can lie about you, stab you in the back, betray your confidence, seek to destroy you and do it all with the alibi “You just don’t have enough love.” The words of 1 John 4:20 reveal the heart condition of those who think love is just a four letter word. If you talk about it, but do not practice it, the only love you have is self-love, which is not love. This expose’ on hypocrites was composed in April 1983 in wake of the assassination of my character by my two best friends. It has perfectly fit similar situations ever since.

G

I’ve heard you criticize my being critical

C G D

Heard you say that you hate my hatred too.

G

I’ve heard you speaking out against my speaking out.

C G D

Never thought at my judgment I’d stand before you.

C D G

And I want to ask you one small question.

C

If you think you can answer truthfully.

C D C D

How can you say that you love the Father whom you’ve never seen

G D G

When I’m visible, and you don’t love me.

I’ve heard as you’ve condemned my condemnation.

Seen you look at me dirty for my dirty looks.

I’ve heard you say you would not yield to one so unyielding.

But how are you gonna fare when they open your books?

And I still want an answer to my question.

Maybe you can’t answer truthfully.

How can you say that you love the Father whom you’ve never seen

When I’m visible, and you don’t love me.

Oh you know as well as I what the Bible says

If you don’t have the love in your heart

You’re abiding in the shadow of death.

And you know that Jesus said we gotta love one another.

How can you say you belong to Him

When down in your heart you hate your brother?

I’ve seen my lady weeping o’er your slander.

Seen your gossip crawling in every place.

I’ve listened as you mocked my lack of kindness.

While you were throwing dirt in my children’s face.

And you still haven’t answered me Mr. Hypocrite.

Could it be that you see you’re just like me.

How can you say that you love the Father whom you’ve never seen

When I’m visible, and you don’t love me.

BABYLON CITY BLUES

Some things stand out in your memory. It was November 1976. I was under deep conviction and would be saved within a month. I was really tired of the world and the life I had so enjoyed. That morning a college professor had assigned us a literature project. We had to write an essay on our home town and the people there. I left class, sat on a bench with Heather McDonald, a classmate whom I did not know and why I remember her name I cannot tell, and said to her, “I can sum up my town in less than one half hour. Want to watch?” She said yes. I began humming this tune and writing these verses. The whole thing took about 20 minutes.

I dropped a few verses from that original piece and for this record added the “homeland security” verse.

I don’t know where this wind’s from but it’s got an icy breath.

Apartment house behind me, it reeks of pain and death.

And sitting in the trashcan is the morning news.

And me I’ve got the Babylon, Babylon city blues.

Shadows fall at random across the concrete world.

Black banners fill the skyway, from smokestacks they’re unfurled.

Kids ramble in their street gangs, they’ve got nothing to lose.

And me I’ve got the Babylon, Babylon city blues.

Queen Jane lives on that corner it must be where she was born,

she’s out with every sunset and she’s died again by dawn.

She took in the city socialite and made him pay his dues.

And me I’ve got the Babylon, Babylon city blues.

The college kids are talking outside Fisher’s joint.

They all voice their opinion but none seems to see the point.

Their higher education, has them all confused.

And me I’ve got the Babylon, Babylon city blues.

Smiling, friendly agent from homeland security

Throws me up against the wall and says it’s best for me

He used to wear a brown shirt, now he’s red white and blue

Man he sure is giving me the Babylon city blues.

They call him Jeremiah. He’s the prophet of these walks.

He knows by heart the scriptures. No one listens as he talks.

He had a friend called Daniel. Kid musta blew a fuse.

And me I’ve got the Babylon, Babylon city blues.

Grandma’s on the front porch watching lovers stroll

The way she’s watched her lifetime, like an ocean roll

Ceaselessly to nowhere, endlessly it moves

And me I’ve got the Babylon, Babylon city blues.

Professor he knows everything eats facts at nine and noon.

He wears a coat of tangerine. His slacks are bright maroon.

Unless it’s wrote in numbers he cannot read the hues.

And me I’ve got the Babylon, Babylon city blues.

A song fell from a window four flights of stairs above

made me think of someone and a place I once did love

But it’s not on the road map and I got no walking shoes

And me I’ve got the Babylon, Babylon city blues.

Moon man walks in circles round and round the block

He talks to all the pigeons that sit up on the clock

Told me once he sent his mind on a Caribbean cruise.

And me I’ve got the Babylon, Babylon city blues.

The admiral says my hair’s too long so he won’t loan me time.

His wife just swims in cocktails – she’ll get hers in time.

Their lifeline is the people that they so abuse

And me I’ve got the Babylon, Babylon city blues.

Mary’s got a market at the edge of town

No one’s ever seen her they just know that she’s around

Each tale whispered bout her is taken to be true

And me I’ve got the Babylon, Babylon city blues.

The night is coming quickly and the silence stalks its prey.

The wheels they cease their motion till time brings another day.

Guess they’ll all pass the nighttime with something to amuse

And keep their minds from Babylon, Babylon city blues.

WHEN YOU FINALLY MEET JESUS

This song has gone through about five transformations. It was a very hard, driving thing when I wrote it. Then Charlie and I recorded it as a bluesy choppy piece for an album in 1983. Then Ed toned it down for this record. However you sing it, the truths herein must be addressed.

C G CFC

When you finally meet Jesus How you gonna plead

F C

Will you argue bout the heathen in some far away land

F C

Or will you say the Bible you just couldn’t understand

F G CFC

When you finally meet Jesus How you gonna plead

When you finally meet Jesus What you gonna do

Will you stand there in your glory and stick out your chest?

Or will you fall down at His feet and say He is the best?

When you finally meet Jesus

What you gonna do

When you finally meet Jesus What you gonna say

Will you argue that you never thought He was the Lord?

Or will you tell Him in your eyes His way was just too hard?

When you finally meet Jesus

What you gonna say

When you finally meet Jesus How you gonna feel

Will you feel great joy and gladness bursting out of your soul?

Or will you want to crawl away and hide in some dark hole?

When you finally meet Jesus

How you gonna feel

When you finally meet Jesus What you gonna see

Will He be the feeble rascal of the Hollywood screen?

Or will He be the greatest power you have ever seen?

When you finally meet Jesus

What you gonna see

F C

Oh I know you’ve got all kinds of ideas

F C

Inside your little ole mind

F C

But it could well be while you think you see

F G

You’re actually so spiritually blind.

When you finally meet Jesus What’s He gonna say

Will He say “Hello my servant you have truly done well?”

Or will He say “I never knew you, boy get on to hell?  
When you finally meet Jesus

What’s He gonna say

IT’S A CHRISTIAN SONG NOW

I have always known that musical tastes and preferences are varied. I have always known that saved people fall into one of two categories, they have no convictions about holy music or worldly music and will listen to anything, OR, they have lit upon music that blesses them and sentence everyone who differs with their tastes to hell or worse. Most of those in the latter group either decry contemporary music while feeding on Southern Gospel (go figure) or pretend that there is a style of music used in the church that cannot be found in the world.

My purpose in writing, recording and singing has always been for two reasons, to try and be a blessing to saved people and to try and draw the lost to Jesus Christ. The fury and nature of some of the criticism leveled against me for our music projects has been disappointing but is consistent with the way people respond to the preaching of the word. This is a fun little tribute to those critics.

This was the first of the July 2005 songs.

Thought that I would sing about the beauty of the Lord

Thought that I would magnify His name.

Thought that I would help His people dwell upon His truth

Thought if I praised Him they would do the same.

But I shoulda known the brethren cannot get beyond

The force of their opinions to the real

Meaning and the message and the intent of the heart

Their authority is how they feel.

So I didn’t change the words, didn’t change the beat

Didn’t change the melody and yet somehow

This time when I sang, I did it with a twang

And brother it’s a Christian song now.

Those hillbilly singers are such a worldly crew

I been around em long after the show

I’ve heard their testimonies while they wept upon the stage

But how they really live I really know

But I shoulda known the sisters don’t pay that any mind

Long as mama’s preaching brings a tear

I’ve them grumble when I sang, I know the reason why

I got their whiny message loud and clear.

So I didn’t change the words, didn’t change the beat

Didn’t change the melody and yet somehow

This time when I sang, I did it with a twang

And brother it’s a Christian song now.

OLD JOE SMITH

After reading over twenty detailed works on the history, doctrine and practice of true Mormonism, as set forth and lived by its founders, it is apparent to me that it is not a religion but a sex cult for men. Here is the history of the cult – past, present and future – summed up in five minutes.

This was the second of the July 2005 songs.

Now old Joe smith he tried his hand

At working for a living like an honest man

But one day a flash of inspiration came

And this old world would never be the same

Joe told his buddies that an angel of light

Showed him some gold plates in a cave one night

He could read their hieroglyphics with his face in his hat

But then forgot where the plates were at

Take a little Bible, take a little lodge

Take a big imagination, make a big hodge podge

A new religion growing out of the dust

Collecting lonely ladies for a god of lust.

Joe’s womanizing got him throwed in jail

And no one cared to come and post his bail

Died in a shootout like a crim in el

But his polygamous religion fared very well.

Bring ‘em young, bring ‘em old

Bring him all the women his cabin can hold

Bringham moved the faithful out to Utah

Beyond the arm of the law.

Out in the desert with lots of space

They bred like rabbits their master race

Can’t be a priest if you got dark skin

But any blonde lady can walk right in.

Now Joe’s got boys riding through the world

Seeking lustful ladies and silly girls

They say hey baby if you’ll be my wife

Joe smith said you’ll have eternal life

Old Joe smith, he was such a liar

Now he thinks about it while the flames get higher

Instead of making babies with his spirit bride

He’s calling out for water while his soul gets fried.

**SELLIN’ WATCHTOWER PAPERS**

This had more of a country flavor when I wrote it, but we tweaked it a bit in the final version. This was the third of the July 2005 songs.

It’s Saturday, we’re on our way

Knockin at your door

It’s clear that you don’t want us here

Knockin at your door

You wonder why we never learn

Knockin at your door

Cause eternal life we’ve got to earn

Knockin at your door

Sellin papers, sellin watchtower papers

Selling papers, knockin at your door

We used to long for heaven fair

Knockin at your door

But then they filled the space up there

Knockin at your door

One hundred and forty four

Knockin at your door

Thousand get in and not one more

Knockin at your door

Sellin papers, sellin watchtower papers

Selling papers, knockin at your door

We built Jesus a mansion fair

1914 He’d come live there

The secret we may never know

As to why He did not show

Sellin papers, sellin watchtower papers

Selling papers, knockin at your door

We’ve got a Bible we rewrote

We took out hell you’ll gladly note

Another thing that you will see

We removed Jesus’ deity

Hop in we’ll take you for a ride

Roll along with a blind guide

**OUR LADY OF THE PEDOPHILES**

What no one can explain to me is why child molesters go to jail – UNLESS they are Roman Catholic priests. They get reassigned to a new hunting ground. This is the fourth of the July 2005 songs and was composed in one of my favorite writing spots, pushing the lawn mower.

Hey there mama, where’s your little boy

Hey there daddy, where’s your little boy

Hope you didn’t leave him, to serve a while

Down at our Lady of the Pedophiles

They got pretty candles, and incense fine

They got pretty statues, and incense fine

Beautiful scenery designed to beguile

Helpless souls at our Lady of the Pedophiles

Old Father Nimrod slipped out of town

Old Father Nimrod ain’t seen him around

Transferred down the road a thousand miles

To another branch of our Lady of the Pedophiles

A billion dollars paid and more to come

A billion dollars paid and more to come

All the money in the world cannot reconcile

Or pay for what’s done at our Lady of the Pedophiles

Look at that shiny robe, look at that hat

Look at that big ring and that pointy hat

You gotta admit they wear some crazy styles

Dressed to kill at our Lady of the Pedophiles

What do you expect from a band of men

What do you expect from a band of men

Who’d chose to live without the comfort of wife and child

To dwell with the brothers at our Lady of the Pedophiles

Remember Father Ramses the way he looked at you

Remember Father Ramses, you said it couldn’t true

Now you know what made it such a creepy smile

He was all you imagined at our Lady of the Pedophiles

I heard the archbishop calling the pope

I heard the archbishop frantically calling the pope

Four more lawsuits, they’re gonna cost a pile

So he wrote another check to our Lady of the Pedophiles

I’m looking through the door and I wanna know

I’m looking through the door and I want to know

I see you like a zombie lined up in the aisle

Why are you still at our Lady of the Pedophiles

##### **SLOWLY TURNS THE SECOND HAND**

Traditional Christian music, such as found on our previous albums, does not allow for the lyricist’s highest aim – to be visual. What the composer of words most enjoys is being able to create a picture for the reader/listener. The subject matter of this record makes room for that.

This is one of Lilian’s favorite melodies.

G C G C

Slowly turns the second hand Slowly comes the dawn

G C D

Slowly turns the planet earth That I stand upon

G C G C

Laughing comes the river Laughing comes the wind

G C G D

Laughing comes the tempter Calling me his friend.

G C G C

Falling is the powder snow Falling is the curse

G C G D

Falling is the landmark Woman can’t you nurse

C G C G

That baby that’s a hungry That baby that’s in need

C D C G

That baby that’s a crying cause She’s born of mortal seed.

Marching are the soldiers

Marching are the foes

Marching are the hangmen Who the day oppose

Fleeing are the guardians

Fleeing are the true

Fleeing are the fearless ones That our fathers knew

Thirsting for the water brooks

Thirsting for the light

Thirsting for a tender touch They think would make it right

Paint upon their faces

Paint upon their walls

Paint upon the wickedness That talks within your halls.

Swiftly comes the hammer

Swiftly comes the doom

Swiftly comes the judgment On all brought from the womb

Fleeing to the mountains

Marching to the grave

That baby’s grown to sorrow Falling is the slave

Paint upon the doorposts

Thirsting for reprieve

Laughing comes the tempter You would not believe

Slowly turned the second hand

Now it turns no more

Time has ceased its motion You’re locked without the door

Slowly burns the dawn

Slowly burns the planet earth

Slowly burns the one who swapped Eternity for mirth.

**IN MY N.I.V.**

The fifth of the July 2005 songs deals with verses omitted from the corrupt New International Version. This song was done one morning during the thirty-minute drive from my home to the church house.

A E A E A

Oh Colossians chapter one Many times just for fun

E

I dwell upon what Jesus did for me

A E A E A

Yet searching for that crimson flood The Redeemer’s holy blood

A E A

I couldn’t find it in my NIV

I love to read about the way Jesus up and flew away

From the mount outside of Bethany

But alas I must lament I looked find out where He went

But couldn’t find it in my NIV.

DA D E

NIV what have done to me?

D A E

Where are all those verses, that I used to see?

D A D E

NIV it’s time I let you know

D E A

You shouldn’t change the Holy Bible so.

Hail the blessed three in one The Father, Spirit and the Son

The blessed doctrine of the trinity

I sought to read the record fair But after searching everywhere

I couldn’t find it in my NIV.

.

Riding through the desert sand A noble Ethiopian man

Said to Philip will you baptize me

The preacher said you must believe The reply? I’ve got to grieve

I couldn’t find it in my NIV.

NIV what have done to me?

Where are all those verses, that I used to see?

NIV it’s time I let you know

You shouldn’t change the Holy Bible so.

I learned so much blessed truth From godly men in my youth

I’m glad they gave a KJV to me

Sadly in our modern world Good church going boys and girls

Can’t find these truths in their NIV.

NIV what have done to me?

Where are all those verses, that I used to see?

NIV it’s time I let you know

You shouldn’t change the Holy Bible so.

##### **CHURCH OF CHRIST BLUES**

This is a leftover musical piece from my high school days. We redid the vocal with these lyrics and tried to get the sound of a very old LP. I have a collection of blues and gospel records from the 1940s and 1950s and tried to duplicate that sound and feel. We hope the irony of using a full band for a song about the Church of Christ will not be lost on our audience.

The lyric was part of the July 2005 writing spree.

Well I got up Sunday morning went down to the Church of Christ

Well I got up Sunday morning went down to the Church of Christ

Them dapper men and handsome ladies well they sure was nice.

I said excuse me for intruding, it’s salvation that I seek

I said excuse me for intruding, it’s salvation that I seek

The minister jumped up smiling said let’s hurry down into the creek.

I said I remember mama told me something bout the blood

I said I know mama told me something bout Jesus’ blood

He said you’ll find it swirling round down in the flood.

I don’t mean to be contentious but ain’t I got to be born again.

I been hearing people tell me that I got to be born again

He said I’ll baptize you and it will happen then.

He put me in the water I opened my eyes and looked for blood

I opened up my eyes and looked for that swirling blood

I didn’t nothing man but a few crawfish and mud

Climbed out of the water said I’m going to heaven now

I shouted Hallelujah I’m going to heaven now

They said you got lot’s of works to do and you might make it there somehow.

I said you mean I’m baptized but I can’t sure of heaven yet

They said you been baptized but you can’t be sure of heaven yet

It was then I realized I got nothing that day but wet.

Well let me tell you children if you want eternal life

Let me tell you something children if you want eternal life

You better get yourself to Jesus and stay away from that church of Christ.

MILLION DOLLAR BASH

When Bob and The Band recorded The Basement Tapes they did several dozen songs that were never completed. This tune was recorded three or four different ways and the lyric was made up on the fly. There had to be a song on this album about the number one religion in America, watching television, and the worship of the gods and goddesses of celebrity. I rearranged the tune, wrote what I dare say is the perfect lyric, and with Lilian did this song in one take. Music: Robert Zimmerman Lyrics: JWK

C F

The bell tolled midnight, the red carpet’s out

C G

The vermin and sleaze is crawling about

C F

Idols retouch their makeup, false gods tighten their sash

C G C

It’s all on display at the million dollar bash

Am F C

Ooo baby, ooo wee,

why live your life when you can watch tv

GC C

It’s that million dollar bash

Now the rehab maiden with snow up her nose

Is cavorting and shaking in her designer clothes

She’s glazed and glossy, she’s reeling and smashed

But she’s the hit of the party at the million dollar bash

The tramp of the month with his mistress was there

The foul mouthed rapper with his dreadlock hair

The media drooled at their pockets of cash

And followed them into the million dollar bash

That big dumb blonde arm in arm with the beast

Provides all the tabloids with a scrumptious feast

The paparazzi scream and the cameras all flash

While they chase them inside that million dollar bash

That football player with the steroid head

Smiles with uncertainty at the living dead

America loves him cause with a ball he can dash

He’s touching down now at the million dollar bash

The acting man with no lines to read

Says that the president is not fit to lead

He smarter than ever since he smoked his stash

And took his thespian genius to the million dollar bash

The brain-dead brunette with the chain in her nose

Has run out of ways herself to expose

It’s matter over mind with an awful crash

Falling headlong into the million dollar bash

Losers in limos, pornographers in pearls

Sodomite madmen and heroin girls

It’s like the devil cleaned his garage and took out the trash

And dumped it all at the million dollar bash

BIG FAT BUDDHA BLUES

When I wrote this song in July 2005 its original lyric was Pig Trappin’ Blues and was a tribute to a man from the north who thought food came from a grocery store before he came south and found out the origin of sausage. It did not seem this record would be complete without a look to the east, so this new set of words was put to the tune. Ed’s oriental intro and close had us laughing like children.

I got the big fat Buddha blues. I got the big fat Buddha blues.

From the top a my head to the sole a my shoes

I got the big fat Buddha blues.

How many times must I come here?

How oft must I reincarnate?

No matter what my color, no matter what my shape

I always meet the same old fate.

Last time I was toad frog.

Next time I might be a snake.

It don’t seem to be getting no better

How many lives can I take.

Checked into the shoalin temple

Thought I might raise some cain

Snatched that pebble from the blind man’s hand

But still they sent me back again

Eat my rice in the morning.

Eat my rice when night does fall.

I’d love to eat a nice hamburger

But it might be my grand ma.

Sitting cross legged for hours

Trying to perfect my hum

Looking for the cosmic explosion

But instead my feet get numb