SIX POLITICALLY INCORRECT SONG LYRICS

by Harris Tobias

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BY HARRIS TOBIAS

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BIO-JESUS

I used to be a gambler a liar and a cheat
And I only had myself to thank
But I have found salvation
And my life is now complete
Since I put Bio-Jesus in my tank

Bio-Jesus gives you mileage like you've never had before
Nothing else but Bio Jesus burns so clean
There maybe only one thing in this sorry world's that sure
You'll never get to heaven on gasoline

Fill her up with Bio-Jesus and you'll see your engine soar
There is no other fuel that's quite so green
And only Bio-Jesus can take you door to door

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Cause you'll never get to heaven in your old machine

Fill her up with Bio-Jesus Fill her up
Fill her up with Bio-Jesus Fill her up
It's God's high octane fuel
What could ever be more cool
Than to drive to heaven in your pick up truck?

Bio-Jesus
Bio Jesus
Gonna drive to heaven in my pick up truck
Bio Jesus
Bio Jesus
Cause you'll never get to heaven on gasoline

GREEN SONG

I am green green greener than green
I'm the greenest human you've ever seen
When I go to the market I bring my own bags
I make my own fuel from junk mail and rags
I only wear old American flags
Because I am so green

I'm green, green, greener than green
I'm so green it's nearly obscene
I gather my vegetables down in the glade
I only drink coffee that's grown in the shade
I never eat chickens who died while afraid
That's because I'm green

I'm so green it even scares me
I recycle everything even my pee
I put it in bottles and burry them at sea

Because I'm absolutely green

I'm green, green, greener than you
I do more for the planet than you'd ever do
My car is a hybrid it only takes sips
But that doesn't matter I never take trips
No modified veggies will pass through my lips
All because I'm green

I'm so organic it's almost a cult
My fake fur's so real I think it could molt
I take global warming as a personal insult
That's how green I seem

I'd never use anything animal tested
I was chained to a tree until I was arrested
Half of my diet has been pre-digested
My money is green and is fully invested
In wildlife rescue and land unmolested
Oh I am ever so green

Can You Re-cycle a Heart?

(Intro)
You told me you loved me you said you'd be true
You'd stand by me through thick and thin
Next thing you say is it ain't me it's you
And my heart's in the re-cycling bin

There's a bin for plastic and another for glass
And there's one for brown paper bags
You can re-cycle newspapers, iron and brass
And they'll happily bundle your rags

They'll take your computer
They'll take your old car
And cheerfully take them apart
But what can you do when your baby leaves you
Can you re-cycle a heart?

Can you re-cycle a heart?
Can you re-cycle a heart?
A heart isn't something you
Toss in a dumpster you
Don't put it out to the curb
A love's something special
It's deep in the flesh it'll
Tear you apart with a word
You can't take a man
Throw his love in the can and
Then walk away from his dream
You should treat him more gentle
More environmental
Not part of the solid waste stream

There's a bin for plastic and another for glass...

Can you re-cycle a heart?
Can you re-cycle a heart?
A heart's something fragile
It needs to imagine you'll
Be someone on whom it depends
Not tossed in the compost
Like yesterday's french toast
But someone who's there til the end
So if my heart's bent or
Slightly off center
That doesn't mean throw it away
For time can't repair

A heart that's not there
And love simply doesn't decay

There's a bin for plastic and another for glass...

MEDICAID BOOGIE

I hope I don't have aches and pains in heaven
Cause here on Earth I ache in all my parts
These old bones don't have the spring they used to
I sure hope heaven has electric shopping carts

I hope they hand out spectacles in heaven
Passed out with the halos and the wings
I'm sure I'm gonna need my old bifocals
Cause without them I can hardly see a thing

They say that when you die
And your soul to heaven flies
You'll find that you no longer need complain
For no matter your complaints
If you just tell them to the saints
Let doctor Jesus takes away your pain
Oh the blind will see and the lame will walk
The deaf will hear and the mute will talk
When doctor Jesus hollers out your name

I hope that they have hearing aids in heaven
Otherwise I'll have to read god's lips
How sad if I can't hear the angels singing
It makes me wonder if it's worth the trip

I hope that they have medicaid in heaven
I'd hate to find my soul was uninsured

They say the devil offers good insurance
But do you know anyone the devil ever cured

They say that when you die
And your soul to heaven flies
You'll find that you no longer need complain
For no matter your complaints
If you just tell them to the saints
Let doctor Jesus takes away your pain
Oh the blind will see and the lame will walk
The deaf will hear and the mute will talk
When doctor Jesus hollers out your name

Republican Blues

What was Jesus thinking
When he made Republicans?
You'd think with all his power
He'd have a better plan

Maybe it's a trial
Something we have to bear
Like sin and hate and evil
We wish it wasn't there
But Jesus in his wisdom
Inflicted this on man
In case we got too comfortable
He made Republicans

It takes a lot of patience
To listen to them speak
It give us a chance to practice
Turning the other cheek

It takes a lot of practice
To put up with their demands
God knows what he was thinking
When he made Republicans

You'd think that they would have
Some ideas they'd like to share
But when you take a closer look
You'll see there's nothing there.
It's not that they're bad people
And I suppose they have their fans
But you wonder what's the purpose
Of all those Republicans

What was Jesus thinking
When he made Republicans?
You'd think with all his power
He'd have a better plan

The Needle's Eye

Matthew 19:24 "Again I say to you, it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God."

Well it says here in the good book that every man's a king
And that Jesus loves every single soul
It also says the rich man cannot have everything
Cause he'll never get through that tiny hole
If you want to get to heaven
Then you better not be rich
Cause the bible says no rich man need apply
Your big fat soul is gonna make the needle drop a stitch
If you can't fit through that needle's eye

That needle's eye, that needle's eye
That needle's eye, that needle's eye
You won't get into heaven no matter how you try
If your soul can't fit through that needle's eye

Now some people say Saint Peter is the keeper of the gate
And he tells you where to go when you die
But you won't even get to meet him no matter what your fate
If your soul can't fit through that needle's eye
If you want to get to heaven
Then you better not be rich
Cause the bible says no rich man need apply
You thought that you could have it all but there's one little hitch
There are just some things that money cannot buy
It can't buy a place in heaven no matter how you cry
If you can't fit through that needle's eye
That needle's eye, that needle's eye
That needle's eye, that needle's eye
No matter how long and hard you cry
Heaven awaits but you won't get through the pearly gates
Unless your soul fits through that needle's eye