

Story of the Grandson of Jesus

Cloud Cult

Today is a good day to flex the muscles of the weary.
A miracle is a miracle, even when it's ordinary.
We will walk on the water even though it seems scary,
if someone will show us the way.

I shook hands with a man who honestly thinks
he's the grandson of Jesus with a penchant for pinchies.
He served us communion of cola and Twinkies.
I guess everyone has their own view.

He stood on his soapbox and told us a parable
of a man with eye-glasses so small they're unwearable.
And the moral of the story is that it all looks terrible,
depending on what you look through, what you look through.

He said
"Do unto yourself as you do unto your neighbor;
it's not an eye for an eye, it's a favor for a favor,
and it's okay if this world had a billion saviors,
'cuz there are so many things to be saved."

"Take my words with a boulder of salt,
or blame it on your devil, it's always the scape-goat's fault
we all point fingers when it comes to a halt.
Will somebody show us the way?"