

My Friend Roy (Greb)

I've got a plastic Jesus, but I like to call him Roy
I keep him in my pocket, my little plastic Jesus boy
I talk to plastic Jesus, I trust him with my thoughts
And if I ever lose him, a new one can be bought

When I'm feeling troubled, when I'm feeling low
I pull out plastic Jesus and let my feelings go
Roy he is my savior, my savior he is Roy
I keep him in my pocket, my little plastic Jesus boy

Jesus please have mercy and let my people go
Jesus if you can hear me then let my people know

God is good and God is great
But if God is coming then I think God's late
God's omniscient, all things at once
But I think our God has missed the bus

If God's not a sadist then He's a real heavy sleeper
But don't ask me which 'cause I'm not my God's keeper
A god of retribution makes a lot more sense
Just ask the homeless about God's tenderness
Or maybe God's like Reagan, a really nice
He's just not all there, man, and He likes to take naps

I've got a plastic Jesus and he's looking kind of sick
Just hanging around on his plastic Jesus stick
He cannot withstand the pressure, he looks like any other goy
It would help his confidence if we referred to him as Roy