

THE GOSPEL OF THOMAS

EPISODE



THIRTEEN

AT LAST, OUR SHAMELESS HOST REVEALS HIS UTTERLY DEGRADED TENDENCIES, RELYING ON FAR MORE TALENTED ARTISTS TO PAD OUT A FULL LENGTH SHOW WITH THEIR OWN EFFORTS WHILE HE RELAXES IN HIS SUBTERRANEAN CHAMBERS, SIPPING GINGER ALE AND TAKING ALL OF THE CREDIT FOR THE EFFORTS OF OTHERS POSSESSING TALENTS FAR SUPERIOR TO HIS OWN MEAGER ABILITIES WHICH, BY NOW, ARE WEARING VERY THIN INDEED AND ONLY THE HOPE THAT AN "ALL MUSIC" EPISODE WILL DISTRACT THE PATHETICALLY FAITHFUL REMAINING FEW LISTENERS THAT THERE'S SOMETHING HERE STILL WORTH LISTENING TO DESPITE ALL EVIDENCE TO THE CONTRARY. ✱

LAW MAN

by T.M. Camp

Oh...
Catch me if you can

Law man, what's your plan?
Aw man, good goddamn!
Law man, what's your plan?
That's never happening.

I heard you coming
I heard you were near
You think you're sneaky
but baby it's clear

You're just too slow
slow slow slow
I always go

All day and night
You're following me
You're acting just like
my paparazzi

But you're too slow
slow slow slow
To catch my show

You're the detective
Studying my clues
But the life that I live
is yesterday's news

I'm on the run from you foolish law man
Let's see you try to catch me if you can

I'm like an invisible gingerbread man
Just try to catch me if you can

Oh...
Catch me if you can

Law man, what's your plan?
Aw man, good goddamn!
Law man, what's your plan?
That's never happening.

Your motorcycles,
your sirens, your cars
Are not enough
to get me back behind bars

You're just too slow
slow slow slow
I gotta go

The helicopters
that buzz overhead
they're loud enough man
to wake up the dead

Go sit and spin
spin spin spin
You'll never win

You just can't face it
we both know that it's true
if there's a criminal here, buddy
it's gotta be you

I've got you trapped in my devious plan
Let's see you try to catch me if you can

You waste your time and all the money you spend
Just try to catch me if you can

Oh...
Catch me if you can

Law man, what's your plan?
Law man, what's your plan?
Aw man, good goddamn!
This can't be happening.

Let's talk turkey copper
Time to face up to the facts
You know there's no stopping
I ain't never coming back

I'm on the run from a stupid lawman
I'm on the run and it's never gonna end

Why don't you go home?
Leave well enough alone?
Why don't you go home?
Leave my tired ass alone?

Why don't you leave me alone?
Leave me alone!
Leave me alone!
We could all just go home?

How long will you run, you stupid law man
Before you see I'll never be in your hands?

I'm on the run and it'll never end
Can't someone set me free from this crazy law man

I just want to go home
I just want to go home
I just want to go home

Catch me if you can

BABA YAGA

by T.M. Camp

a long hungry life 'mongst th' stones
No meat! No blood! No bones!

Nothin'
jus' dust and death and rot

Nothin' t' warm my ol' heart
or pot

no bird above t' sing
no friend or lover t' bring
some small morsel o' joy
no chile for me t' love
no sweet girl
or boy

no chile t' love
t' treat
t' feed
t' fatten
t' cook
and eat!

No meat! No blood! No bones!

Jus' po' Baba Yaga,
hungry 'mongst th' stones

JUSTINE TIME

by T.M. Camp

You know my name
Just give me a call
I'll be there
Justine Time.

Don't call me baby
I'm not your whore
You won't find me walking a corner
In your backwards world.

Got my own connection
Don't need a pimp
No time for affection
It leaves me limp

I'm Justine Time

Doesn't matter how you pay me
I take Galactic credits, Greek drachmas, and Roosevelt
dimes
Doesn't matter when you need me
Precambrian, Neolithic, or even far out future times

I'm always there, Justine Time

Got a call from Cleopatra
looking for a quick lay
Told her it didn't matter
just so long as she could pay

Hooked up in the future
A big shot looking to get laid
He ended up a little, shall we say, premature
But not me, like always, I still got paid

Justine Time

Doesn't matter what your thing is
I've done cavemen, cowboys, and even computers
Doesn't matter what your kink is

I've got paddles, trampolines, and robot poodles
I've got it all,
Justine Time

Oh from the Garden of Eden
to the shores of Tripoli
I might keep my wormhole busy
But you know you can always call me

I'm Justine Time

PILATES WORKOUT

by T.M. Camp

You're one of the good girls it's very clear
Never looking for any trouble
But you can't seem to get the boys to come near
You need help on the double

All that holiness they fed to you
Along with the church casseroles
Greasing you up for the pearly gates
Along with the other fat assholes

It's time to lighten up, lighten up
Better just brighten up, instead of tightening up
The only way to get with the hotties
Is to sweat it out with Pontius Pilates

Start it off slow, just stretch your arms
Keep your balance on the the scales
Take a deep breath and give a shout
While I'm pounding in the nails

Think of all the boys that will flock to you
Once your looks start start to turn
What's a little sacrifice between friends
Can't you feel the burn?

It's time to turn it up, turn it up
Can't you feel it burning up, burning up
The only way to get with the hotties
Is to sweat it out with Pontius Pilates

And now you're burning up, burning up
Don't give it up, your time is up

The only way to get with the hotties
Is to sweat it out with Pontius Pilates

MORNING RITUAL

by T.M. Camp

Birdsong
at a quarter to five
leave the alarm for now
you'll survive
another hour
just let the silence cover your
and wait for dawn

Kick the dust out now
lean into the cold
you're too young somehow
to ever feel this old
you'll survive
just let the current carry you
it's all you can do

Just another Wednesday
Just another Wednesday

Babble
tune the voices out
all their chattering
don't give out
you'll survive
just grind your teeth and wait until noon
it's coming soon

Press your hands down flat
against your tombstone desk
hold your future back
like the rest
you'll survive
there's still time to find a way
to learn to pray

It's just another Wednesday
Just another Wednesday

Another Wednesday...

This is a work of fiction. All situations, events, and characters are nothing more or less than products of the author's imagination — although, to be fair, he did have a lot of help from those crazy Genius Car guys. Just saying.

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He's the one to blame.

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NEXT UP...
BACK TO SCHOOL



WHEN YOU SEE YOUR LIKENESS,
YOU REJOICE.