

The simplest story, and, if you stay home and watch this on television, uh, you'll s-, it'll be told again and again and again and nobody, every, ever-, nobody ever gets tired of this story . I call it "Man in a Hole", but it needn't be about a man in a hole. Somebody gets into trouble, gets out of it again
Ah, ha ha

World gettin' warmer, we goin' the other way
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Colors fade and bleed, a carousel of grey
New Years Day in Maine, weep for a working vein
Wonderin' the nerve it take to lay under lurchin' waves
Leapin' in praise, spittle sprays
The preacher overstays the pulpit
We shoul'da stayed in caves, wailin' at the sepulchers
The hunted draws vultures, a sea of mea culpas
Hollowed out the culture, crawled inside
Skinwalker, they cast me out the tribe
Inkatha Freedom Party, I caught a vibe
Amidst the revelry
Black Orpheus caught Death's eye
They killed it just to see it die
Don't believe they lies
Ivan Ilyich naggin' pain in my side
Laugh in yiddish
Think in Kitchen English
Grimace, hunchbacked at the chemist
Gregor Samsa in the bed
Family's wishin' this ugly business was finished
But you laughin' instead
You got plenty of meds
You orderin' movies with ya spiny legs splayed
Antennae spread, blind eyes twistin' out ya head
And the smell of rotted apples

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