

# In The Cube

Fishbone

Well let me pull myself up and out of this toilet  
That I'm in. It's liberating for a little while But living in shit  
with shit And bein' all about shit ain't my style  
So up to the front I go Past the ass rim where the sun and  
the snow melt into a river of sprinkly clear water

Deep in the toilet  
Doo Deep Doo  
I'm in the cube, in the cube  
(2x)  
Deep Doo Doo

Numb to the cold that I'm swimmin' in  
I imagine a world without sin Where there's  
mutual respect for every soul  
With no question And no testin' of no one's  
wits or individuality.

I'm in the cube And I'm deep in the toilet  
Way down deep Where no good scent can  
spoil it where I can get respect from all  
the shit around me As far a what comes  
down from above me I'm in the cube  
And I'm deep in the toilet Way down deep  
Where no good scent can spoil it  
It eventually turns into a degree of a flea  
Down here I see the future of life to be  
It's too crowded up here Everybody's  
greedy and they just Won't calm down  
Their intentions are good But they always  
get drowned by the ego overthrown  
And the know-it-all hard-heads that insist  
on running the show. The devil dookey that  
threatens my friends and me

Some get so caught up within the  
Whirlpool of bad that while trying  
to reach the good they still end  
up bein' sad from trying to rush into  
Helping God's plan

Back down I go to the toilet bowl roll  
Where no one is and are Afraid to go.  
I can find peace and tranquility amongst  
the peanuts and shit The smell is only a  
bluff Just to make me leave from  
In the cube this fuckin' cube In the toilet  
Where no good scent can spoil it.  
Let's be real with ourselves Let's be real  
with ourselves From the dirt we came And  
from the dirt we shall return This is a  
lesson in life We should all learn  
I'm in the cube And I'm deep in the toilet  
Way down deep Where no good scent can  
spoil it It eventually turns into a degree of a  
flea Down here I see the future of life to be.  
Cuzz no matter how much you

Stack it up high, it always goes down  
To the dirt where the shit fertilizes  
Some don't realize we come from this dirt  
Shit. The mineral pit. God made the devil  
But the devil makes us weak sometimes  
So are we fighting against a part of God  
Or is a part of God's creation lying?  
Let some woman or man deem himself  
special Cuzz when your label is gone  
Your road is long Back to the minerals and  
vitamins Where you belong

[Chant 4x]