

## Primitive Man

Fruit Bats

Oh, the time that you broke down and told me that one dream  
Your eyes a bit misty and so sincere  
Where the rivers were veins so relentlessly pumping  
And the sky was a monster made out of tears

I recall when you woke up and told me another  
Of huge uncontrollable helium hands  
And an antelope's heart and a quiver of arrows  
Were the gifts that you got from the primitive man

Or the time you were screaming and sweating and crying  
Dreaming of a ride in a leaky raft  
Down the rivers, the veins so relentlessly pumping  
Deep in to the heart of the primitive man  
Deep in to the heart of the primitive man  
Deep in to the heart of the primitive man

One two three stop