

# Neverending Hum

Lemon Demon

Inside of everybody's head,  
inside of everybody's head  
there is a hum,  
there's a hum,  
there's a neverending hum,  
and no one ever seems to notice it.  
No one seems to notice it.  
You have never noticed it.  
Never Ever Never Ever.  
Until now.

Deep in the dankest corners of the human mind  
of any given person you happen to see,  
there rests a creature,  
or, more specifically,  
a critter, hiding and sitting  
in the churning, boiling, philosophical pot  
of self-aware chowder that we call Thought.

This critter has a name,  
but it's different for each person.  
Mine is named Corey  
and it looks like an armadillo

in Kiss make-up.

jabbidy jabbidy jabbidy jabba  
jibba jabba  
jabbidy jabbidy jabbidy jabba  
jibba jabba  
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jibba jabba  
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jibba jabba

Picture your spirit in a delicatessen  
in the slums of the universe,  
"Open" sign dangling, daring all parasites,  
giving you mosquito bites,  
sucking out the life out of all of your customers.

But fear not, it's your critter to the rescue,  
hum emanating from its lips.

And fear disappears  
as the parasite trips  
and lands in a puddle,  
and that's your rebuttal  
to the argument that you  
weren't even listening to  
because the neverending hum.