

Wipeout

Meat Puppets

I don't know what it's meant to mean
If it doesn't sound real
Or if it's just what it seems
I don't remember, I forgot what I said
But don't let it go to your head
And don't hold me it's just the sound that I make
And what do you care what I say anyway
Unless you choose to hear me confuse
I guess I got nothin' to lose

No one's really complaining
About the pouring rain
Somewhere off in the sunset the river bends
And they all look so happy our pissed-off friends

The sound is totally fake
It's kind of like the noise that a cow makes:
Stupid, no more than stupid, so dumb I ought to be beaten
Should be cooked and then be eaten - chewed right down
Planted like corn in the ground
To be fed to the hogs...

No one's really complaining
About the pouring rain
Somewhere off in the sunset the river bends
And they all seem so happy our pissed-off friends

Like a wipeout I hit my face
Right down like a turtle by the fireplace
Glass eyes starin' to the rear
On the table is a baby with five ears
And the baby's has plans to an airplane
The product of his big fat brain
And out in the bushes he hears
A small voice ringing in his extra ears

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On the table is a baby with five ears
And the baby's has plans to an airplane
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A small voice ringing

No one's really complaining
About the pouring rain
There's no sense in explaining
All the sense has been drained
Somewhere off in the sunset the river bends
And they all look so happy our pissed-off friends
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