Nimrod's Son

One night upon my motorcycle through the desert spead And smashed my body so that all my friends thought I was dead My sister held me close and whispered to my bleeding head "You are the son of a mother fucker"

One two three four

I shook all night and held her hand Chocolate people well I'll be damned Land of plenty, land of fun To find out I'm Nimrod's son

Oh bury me Far away please Bury me

Ha-haaa The joke has come upon me

In my motorcycle mirror I think about the life I've led And how my soul's been aking all the holes where I have bled My image spoke to me, yes to me and often said "You are the son of incestuous union"

One two three

Now my head is clear My luke hands washed My daughter's pure My son is tall Land of plenty, land of fun To find out I'm Nimrod's son

Oh bury me Far away please Bury me

Ha-ha Ha-ha The joke has come upon me