

# Sherman

Tom Vek

You think of death  
The inevitable option  
The thinking type  
You just wanna tick some boxes  
Now that you're out of calm  
Now that the rubber has erased it  
Oh, we're attacking now  
I'm on the team, the immovable object  
And exotic creature,  
Wrapped around the tree of your life  
Armed with little perfect teeth  
Armed with long legs dancing  
Armed with the type of smile  
That will crack your pain  
Oh, it's so ha-ha, ha-ha-ha-ha

We're just animals in the jungle, Sherman  
In the jungle, Sherman  
Animals in the jungle, Sherman  
In the jungle, Sherman  
What is it on that ramp, Sherman?  
On that ramp, Sherman  
Animals in the jungle, Sherman

Now you realize things have got out of control  
There's no thinking time  
There's no multiple choice  
What is the action now?  
How can it all just disappear ?  
But why did you swallow that way?  
You aren't a fool anybody in a court of law  
Your braces hanging  
You better pull up your trousers pants  
There's no belts allowed  
Oh, these people will heckle  
They'll want life inside  
And that's when you decided you'd died

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