Pixies, 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