

# Primus, The Antipop

The Earth it did crack open  
on the day that I was born  
and a thousand merry pranksters  
came dancin' through the storm.

I lay cradle bound  
a howlin' out my mind  
not knowin' years to come  
I'd be shoutin' over din

I sucked information through the holes in my skull  
as my belly gurgles hungry my mouth is always full.

I am Antipop; I'll run against the grain till the day I drop.  
I am the Antipop; the man you cannot stop.

As a young man,  
I plug into the tube,  
but the stench of all that pretense  
I cannot muddle through.

I lay on my back  
and scan the radio  
all that comes out my speakers  
is a steady syrup flow.

I suck information through the holes in my skull  
as my belly gurgles hungry my mouth is always full.

I stood by watching  
and I seen 'em come and go.  
I seen 'em make that million  
then vanish in the snow.

They come upon you  
like a pack of rabid hounds  
as they slobber in your ears  
and purge you with their sounds.

Pushing misinformation through the holes in my skull  
my belly gurgles nauseous and still my mouth is full.

I am Antipop; I'll run against the grain till the day I drop.  
I am the Antipop; the man you cannot stop.