

# Rheostatics, I Dig Music

Dave Bidini

I dig music.  
I dig its sound at every year.  
I dig music.  
To scream and scream, to shed a tear.

Some say I'm an animal.  
I'd say that's probable.  
Some think there's something you should fear.

I'd say you need a transplant of the ear.  
Let's swing to the top of the top, my atonal peers.

I dig music. Yeah!  
I dig the way it sways and swings.  
I dig music. Oh!  
Its razor teeth, its brittle wing.

Some say music is a fad.  
I say, "Too fuckin' bad"  
For you, you know not anything.

You hear the seagull cries. The dinnerbell, it rings.  
Let's climb to the hill of the heap, my ambivalent sheep. Oh boy!

Martin! ("First day of school...")  
And Tim! ("Is it wrong...")  
That's Mikey, he likes everything.  
He likes Squarepusher to Deep Purple or the Queen. (Yeah.)  
I know him well and I know he likes everything.

Hey, some folks like to dream  
Of a stardom so obscene,  
With rocket cars and caviars and cream.  
Others like to dine  
Eating out with Seymour Stein,  
His bondage-roping, toilet-groping dream.

I dig music.  
I dig the way it sways and swings.  
I dig music.  
Its razored teeth, its brittle wing.

Some say I'm an animal...  
Yeah, I say I'm an animal...  
(He's an animal...)  
I'm an animal... jazz animal!