

Bob Mould, Lowdown Ground

Water came and washed it all away
Taught me a valuable lesson
Living in lowdown ground
Leaves you little protection

And other folks around us had it bad
Couldn't light candles to find our way
Food began to rot, festering
Forgetting how to sleep

Thunderclaps, electric strikes
For days and days, with no end in sight
Heavens open up, exacting force
There goes my everything

Can't hold down my insides
Coughing and vomiting all the time
Dying in lowdown ground
The burial at sea