

Bogmen, The Big Burn

I haven't seen you since the big burn
Now you look like a Boston fern
We had a pig roast with the earth
and it spun on its axis like a pig on a spit

The older you get - the younger you look
Slide me a recipe from your cookbook
It's all lies - it's all axioms
but that's life in a microwave

Sign today
In a microwave - sign today

Button your lip - you're talking out of turn
Another cell out of your brain - another marble from the urn
Certain things we can't replace
Once you're a raisin you can never be a grape

The entire world is counting on a team of scientists
to figure the solution if they do indeed exist
Fallacy and fantasy and anonymity turned on us all at once
Viola! Viola!
Fricassee - rock soup every day
You can read it in the dead sea discs
You can read it in the dead sea discs

I really don't know what I'm going to have to say
It's only the beginning of a shitty day
What am I to do - and how am I to prepare
For the loneliest beginning on this day of despair

I haven't seen you since the big burn
No you look like a Boston fern
We had a pig roast with the earth
And it spun on its axis like a pig on a spit
Everybody pickin' at it
Like a pig on a spit
Everybody pickin' at it
Like a pig on a spit