## Colonel Les Claypool's Fearless Flying Frog Briga

You gotta be crazy, you gotta have a real need You gotta sleep on your toes, and when you're on the street You gotta be able to pick out the easy meat with your eyes closed And then moving in silently, down wind and out of sight You gotta strike when the moment is right without thinking And after a while, you can work on points for style Like the club tie, and the firm handshake A certain look in the eye, and an easy smile You have to be trusted by the people that you lie to So that when they turn their backs on you You'll get the chance to put the knife in You gotta keep one eye looking over your shoulder You know it's going to get harder, and harder, and harder as you get older And in the end you'll pack, fly down south Hide your head in the sand Just another sad old man All alone and dying of cancer And when you loose control, you'll reap the harvest that you've sown And as the fear grows, the bad blood slows and turns to stone And it's too late to loose the weight you used to need to throw around So have a good drown, as you go down alone Dragged down by the stone I gotta admit that I'm a little bit confused Sometimes it seems to me as if I'm just being used Gotta stay awake, gotta try and shake of this creeping malaise If I don't stand my own ground, how can I find my way out of this maze Deaf, dumb, and blind, you just keep on pretending That everyone's expendable and no one had a real friend And it seems to you the thing to do would be to isolate the winner And you believe at heart, everyone's a killer Who was born in a house full of pain Who was trained not to spit in the fan Who was told what to do by the man Who was broken by trained personnel Who was fitted with collar and chain Who was given a seat in the stand Who was breaking away from the pack Who was only a stranger at home Who was ground down in the end Who was found dead on the phone Who was dragged down by the stone