

Frank Black, Nimrod's Son

One night upon my motorcycle
through the desert I sped
And smashed my body so that all my friends thought I was dead
My sister held me close
And whispered to my Bleeding head
You are the son of a mother fucker

One two three four

I shook all night and held her hand
Shock the people, well I'll be damned
Land of plenty, land of fun
To find out I'm Nimrod's son

Oh bury me
Far away please
Bury me

Ha-haaa
The joke has come upon me

In my motorcycle mirror
I think about the life I've led
And how my soul's been leaking
Out the holes where I had bled
My image spoke to me
Yes to me and often said
You are the son of incestuous union

One two three

Now my head is clear
My roof has walls
My daughter's pure
My son is tall
Land of plenty, land of fun
To find out I'm Nimrod's son

Oh bury me
Far away please
Bury me

Ha-ha ha-ha
The joke has come upon me