

# Frank Black, Superabound

You heard the sun today  
There she blows, there she blows  
You saw the wind a'shining  
You don't know, you don't know  
You felt a tree that does fall  
You don't know, that's OK  
You don't have much taste for bouquet

I'm bored with the valleys and bored with the peaks  
So I bought a ticket to the freaks  
I saw a chicken with two heads  
Saw something else that was headless  
Then P.T. said, "See the egress."  
'Cause you move when the salesman speaks

I superabound  
But I still got nothing to do

A space is made by telephone  
They thought time would be overthrown  
And they compiled a wish list  
From Mars duels to a dish kissed  
I tried to talk to the ishist  
But he was debating with his clone

I superabound  
But I still got nothing to do  
Well, they thought it was a coup  
But they still got nothing to do

You must see my domicile  
I had it built in decastyle  
The other day at the potlatch  
Come visiting was a sasquatch  
He said although I'm a mismatch  
Could I stay just for awhile?

'Cause the likes of us are few, yeah  
And we still got nothing to do  
I superabound  
But I still got nothing to do