

Mudhoney, Talkin' Randy Tate's Specter Blues

Haunted by the specter of Randy Tate
Oh, the horror of that disembodied balding pate
Cast a shadow in the sunlight and glows in the dark
And hovers among the righteous light a fetus in a jar

Claims the backing of the heavenly host
And been seen scheming with Joe McCartney's ghost
To drain away your freedom and deny you a choice
And get you belivin' in the lies they foist

With the eyes of a newt and a grinch-like grin
It throws the first stone because spirits don't sin
Well night after night I'm kept awake
Tormented by the specter of Randy Tate