

Pulp, Aborigine

Starts so slowly, just a place to stay
Somewhere warm where they can spend their days
Air is stagnant and he feels unclean
Hair hangs greasy and he smells obscene
Something's happened and it's not so good
Broken bottles in the face of love
Mottled flesh under the harsh strip-light
Nylon sheets to keep them warm at night
Once it's started it can never stop
Fills his head with a dark damp fog
In the distance is a constant cry growing louder as the years go by
Days get longer and he starts to drink
Spews his stomach in the kitchen sink
Tells his children they should have respect
Tells his wife that she's a nervous wreck
He hates his wife and he hates them all
He hates his wife and he hates them all
Can't be bothered when it's all the same leave it long enough, it goes away
In the meantime stomach turns to fat
She tries to tell him but he can't have that
She's only "jealous" and she's "telling lies"
Standing naked in his flesh disguise
It took him months to get her into bed, now he's got her he just wants her dead
She wants excitement and she needs romance,
all she gets are dirty underpants
Stupid animal that can't know why something's wrong so someone has to die
The wind is blowing and the rain falls down
Sends his family on a trip down town
Sees them die in a burning wreck
Sees them burn, smokes a cigarette
He hates his wife and he hates them all
He hates his wife and he hates them all
He knows he's finished but he can't stop now
And he wants to end it but he can't see how
And it's all in pieces, thrown it all away
Oh, but he's not ugly, he just looks that way
And he wants some quiet and he needs it now
But the scream he's started's getting far too loud
And he still pretends he does it just for now
His day will come he'll lose it all somehow
Killing time until his ship arrives
Been dead ten years but he's still alive and the time is wasted
and the ship has sunk
But he hasn't noticed and he comes home drunk
And he's just dead weight, he'll never leave the ground
He tries to stand but he keeps falling down
and it's hard to know he doesn't count for much
He's not a has-been, just a never-was
Oh he hates his wife and he hates them all
He hates his wife and he hates them all
Hates his wife
Hates them all.