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 guiet 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.