

Soul Coughing, Monster Man

Stop hitching the monster man
It was a bad plan, but I had to get to town
Unbitten, but the way I found it was a hand came down
And pow, I got illuminated

That's why I have got my mind in my own
Hand over the wave, hand over the water
The realest of the real
It's like the burnout said - phenomenon

To the ruder bar in a Buddha plump van
It was a stamped can, it was a clamor
Understanding, and all you people jumping but we raised the bar
You're dumber than a box of rocks
Give up, star

The inscrutable, the irrefutable, the illegible, the indisputable
The undisputed
Makes me go on a dig