

Vic Chesnutt, Degenerate

I am a rough ball of twine
I have a duty to do
I been tied to the table
but now I am frazzled and aloof

degenerate, disintegrate the tight knots
degenerate, rot away the nooses
degenerate, out come those tangles
oh degenerate, oh degenerate

acorn squash and a hearty rows of okra
stand of sweet corn by the trickling creek
winter dead that was buried 'neath the pole beans
behold a sink-hole in the spring

degenerate, washed by weather cycles
degenerate, bleach the deadly night shades
degenerate, prepare to take the profit
oh degenerate, oh degenerate

degenerate, disintegrate the tight knots
degenerate, bleach the deadly night shades
degenerate, out come those tangles
oh degenerate, oh degenerate