

# Walkabouts, Specimen Days

Oh one night of mercy  
Give me one night of merciful  
Shocks to the skull  
Watching these specimens grow

Small miracles stuffed  
In old powder kegs  
Can't mix boot leather  
With common-sense rags  
Watching these specimens grow

I may know nothing  
But it never says no  
Won't answer in good turn  
Earth rumbling below  
Got hope in the backseat  
And truth on the roof  
Look out below  
This rumbling needs somewhere to go

All cut up and painless  
Brake lights blown out  
On the back of your skull  
Watching these specimens grow

O misery's daughter  
Please know when to quit  
Not a hose for the fire  
There's a snake in the pit  
Watching these specimens grow

I may know nothing  
But it never says no  
Won't answer in good turn  
Earth rumbling below  
Got hope in the backseat  
And truth on the roof  
Look out below  
This rumbling needs somewhere to go

One night of mercy  
Give me one night so merciful  
One night of mercy