Blundertown

The Birthday Party

Blundertown is drowned in no brainstorm
Smothered in mud at the foot of the river
The color vague is slapped around stupid
Blood dries to a very dull colorI'm drowning and there is no relief fromIt's only 12,000 miles to heaven
But the car is broken and we're all well-spoken
I've met three people but I don't think they like me
And we all talk about the state of the weatherI'm drowning and there is no relief fromAnd everything I say are my own thoughts
Don't listen to my very dull brotherI'm drowning and there is no relief from

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