The Cult Of Ray

Frank Black

What is there to say, still I can't be silent
Hear the cult of Ray
And you'll be enlightened
People, they're no funI saw Raymond speak one time, he said, "Hello"
And as he opened up my mind, [Incomprehensible] so fried and battered
I heard his words so very fine, so high above
This constant dripping chatterYoung sharks feeding on the scrapple
And upstarts on your Adam's apple
And you can't hear yourself in all this babble
And are you feeling role strainMelting rock into metal
Melting rock into metal
Melting rock into metal againMelting rock into metal
Melting rock into metal
Melting rock into metal againIn a dark place, in the deep sky
Is an old man in a coffee can
And he's waiting in the old rain
In the deep sky, he's leaning
He's leaning, he's leaning
He's leaning, he's leaningHear the cult of Ray
Fear the boy as tyrant
People have a way when their mood is violent
People, they're no funI have a century in mind, wait, oh no
At least two centuries in mind, wait, it does not matter
And this rock is turning into sand while we are drowning
Here in our own shatterYou can't eat dirt 'cause it tastes so awful
Like no sugar in your Turkish coffee
And I can't smile 'cause I got me a mouthful
And I've been grinding this grainMelting rock into metal
Melting rock into metal
Melting rock into metal againIn a dark place in the deep water
Is an old man in a coffee can
And he's waiting in the old rain

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