Fatman

The Southern Death Cult

{he never minded he never cared he walks with his shirt off he walks and we stare don't laugh, don't mock, don't snicker don't point, he's happy to be alive he's happy that's the point} (well i think that) they're all called Charlie yet probably not, they're always sweating buckets, skins beating red hot, well it's like do you think you'll make it home ok, because step after step you'll be digging your grave they're good they got it they know what they need life's better for them for them i see, they ignore what they hate and keep what they like, this time i'm going to do it right - see him, in a store walking down the aisle, on his face a great big smile can't be certain moveing side to side, celebrating living is his passion and his pride out of control, asleep at the wheel, dave's got a friend and his name is neil {chorus} (manchester, singing beach, 2:00) a bleached whale he tries to flip over now,
can't, move, sand, what, tries to thrash around while the tide starts to move in, god i hope charlie swims now a red bellies floating around, all the kids are jumping off him on the beach there's a crowd, he doesn't mind in fact i think i see a smile, fatman's playing all the while, thinking of the time when he thought that no one cared, celebrating apathy controlled yet unaware, wondering if people thought that he was dumb and slow, maybe i don't know, but i don't think so, slip and slide out on the lawn so sad those days are gone, grass stains on all of his clothes, got yelled at by his mom well i'm fine now you wonder why now i always had my self respect never had a single doubt, never let your words cut through me, through me, it's those words that took his laughter, it's those words that took his pride, it's those words that left you helpless all alone you wonder why (repeat) {chorus}

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