Jerdacuttup Man

The Triffids

I live under glass in the British museum
I am wrinkled and black, I am ten thousand years
I once lost in business, I once lost in love
I took a hard fall, I couldn't get upI was frozen out in the lean winter years
When the dollars were few and the faces were mean
I was frozen in business and frozen in love
I took a ten minute nap, man, I never woke upOld and lonely, dirty and cold
I'm a Jerdacuttup man
They stitched up my eyelids so l couldn't see
They sewed up my mouth, so very carefully
They stitched up the wound they had made in my side
They wrapped me up tight and they threw me insideI tried to object but the words didn't come
Say, "You're making a mistake, boys, you've got the wrong one
I'm a little out of shape but I'm too young to go"
But my throat just seized up and it started to snowOld and lonely, dirty and cold
L'm a Jerdacuttup manThey soaked me in brine and they stewed me in juice
Thy took out my eyes and replaced them with glass
And with skin made of leather, and teeth made of dice
I slept in the peat, under ten feet of ice
I had no luck in business and no luck in love
I guess, I'm a fool, you could say I'm a chump
I'm shriveled and black and my bandage is torn
But my fingers are cold, won't you please take me home?Old and lonely, dirty and cold
I am the Jerdacuttup Man
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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