

The Antipop

Primus

The Earth it did crack open
on the day that I was born
and a thousand merry pranksters
came dancin' through the storm. I lay cradle bound
a howlin' at the wind
not knowin' years to come
I'd be shoutin' over din I sucked information through the holes in my skull
as my belly gurgles hungry my mouth is always full. I am Antipop; I'll run against the grain till the day I drop.
I am the Antipop; the man you cannot stop. As a young man,
I plug into the tube,
but the stench of all that pretense
I cannot muddle through. I lay on my back
and scan the radio
all that comes out my speakers
is a steady syrup flow. I suck information through the holes in my skull
as my belly gurgles hungry my mouth is always full. I stood by watching
and I seen 'em come and go.
I seen 'em make that million
then vanish in the snow. They come upon you
like a pack of rabid hounds
as they slobber in your ears
and purge you with their sounds. Pushing misinformation through the holes in my skull
my belly gurgles nauseous and still my mouth is full. I am Antipop; I'll run against the grain till the day I drop.
I am the Antipop; the man you cannot stop.

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