

Nimrods Son

Pixies

One night upon my motorcycle through the desert spead
And smashed my body so that all my friends thought I was dead
My sister held me close and whispered to my bleeding head
"you are the son of a mother fucker" One two three four

I shook all night and held her hand
Chocolate people well I'll be damned
Land of plenty, land of fun
To find out I'm nimrod's son Oh bury me

Far away please
Bury me Ha-haaa

The joke has come upon me In my motorcycle mirror I think about the life I've led
And how my soul's been asking all the holes where I have bled

My image spoke to me, yes to me and often said
"you are the son of incestuous union" One two three

Now my head is clear
My Luke hands washed
My daughter's pure
My son is tall
Land of plenty, land of fun
To find out I'm nimrod's son Oh bury me

Far away please
Bury me Ha-ha ha-ha
The joke has come upon me

Songwriters

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