

Nimrod's Son

Pixies

One night upon my motorcycle through the desert speed
And it 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 The joke has come upon me In my motorcycle mirror I think about the life I've led
And how my soul's been aching 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 The joke has come upon me

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