

# Nimrod's Son

## Pixies

One night upon my motorcycle through the desert spread  
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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