

# Welcome

## Guv'ner

I don't know where everybody went  
They took away my clothes  
They stole my tent  
And left me naked  
And stranded  
With a digital recorder  
The trees are so old  
They put me out of order

There's no way I'll survive in this garden without Eve  
An Adam with no madame has nobody to mislead  
I have to get along with all the neighboring trees  
The fruit on lower branches is too ripe I cannot eat

Welcome any messages  
Telepathy messages  
Family messages  
And the brainwash won't wash off  
Help the cobra get a leg  
She needs your lip to lay the egg  
Be still, be still  
A cobra on its way  
Don't wanna make it angry you'll get venom in the egg  
A clip to the lips is more scary than it's painful  
She might be satisfied but she doesn't seem so grateful

Welcome any messages  
Telepathy messages  
Family messages  
And their brainwash won't wash off  
Help the cobra spawn her young  
'Cause she's your Eve now and it's your  
She's your Eve now it's your  
She's your Eve now it's your  
It's your son  
It's your son  
It's your son  
It's your son

It's your son

I was naked when the regiment returned with all my things  
I said to the leader "????"  
To myself and my wife and my new offspring  
He said "it was a test" had I made the record yet  
He said it was a test then the corpse started popping  
Banquet tables, laughter, the great chance of your own chopping  
A feast of some kind with a roasted tree  
"It's snake" said the leader  
"Welcome to the elite"  
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Lyrics submitted by otersos.

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