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"

Lyrics submitted by otersos.

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