

# Aborigine

## Pulp

Starts so slowly, just a place to stay  
Somewhere warm where they can spend their days  
Air is stagnant and he feels unclean  
Hair hangs greasy and he smells obscene  
Something's happened and it's not so good  
broken bottles in the face of love  
Mottled flesh under the harsh strip-light  
Nylon sheets to keep them warm at night  
Once it's started it can never stop  
fills his head with a dark damp fog  
In the distance is a constant cry  
growing louder as the years go by  
Days get longer and he starts to drink  
spews his stomach in the kitchen sink  
Tells his children they should have respect  
Tells his wife that she's a nervous wreck  
He hates his wife and he hates them all  
He hates his wife and he hates them all  
Can't be bothered when it's all the same  
leave it long enough, it goes away  
In the meantime stomach turns to fat  
She tries to tell him but he can't have that  
She's only jealous and she's telling lies  
Standing naked in his flesh disguise  
It took him months to get her into bed  
now he's got her he just wants her dead  
She wants excitement and she needs romance  
all she gets are dirty underpants  
Stupid animal that can't know why  
something's wrong so someone has to die  
The wind is blowing and the rain falls down  
Sends his family on a trip down town  
Sees them die in a burning wreck  
Sees them burn, smokes a cigarette  
He hates his wife and he hates them all  
He hates his wife and he hates them all  
He knows he's finished but he can't stop now  
and he wants to end it but he can't see how  
and it's all in pieces, thrown it all away  
Oh, but he's not ugly, he just looks that way  
And he wants some quiet and he needs it now  
but the scream he's started's getting far too loud  
and he still pretends he does it just for now

His day will come he'll lose it all somehow  
Killing time until his ship arrives  
been dead ten years but he's still alive  
and the time is wasted and the ship has sunk  
but he hasn't noticed and he comes home drunk  
and he's just dead weight, he'll never leave the ground  
He tries to stand but he keeps falling down  
and it's hard to know he doesn't count for much  
He's not a has-been, just a never-was  
Oh he hates his wife and he hates them all  
He hates his wife and he hates them all  
Hates his wife  
Hates them all.

Songwriters

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