

The Big Burn

The Bogmen

I haven't seen you since the big burn
Now you look like a Boston fern
We had a pig roast with the earth
And it spun on its axis like a pig on a spit
The older you get, the younger you look
Slide me a recipe from your cookbook
All lies, it's all axioms
That's life in a microwave, sign today
In a microwave, sign today
Button your lip, you're talking out of turn
Another cell out of your brain, another marble from the urn
Certain things we can't replace
Once you're a raisin, you can never be a grape
The entire world is counting on a team of scientists
To figure the solution if they do indeed exist
Fallacy and fantasy and anonymity
Turned on us all at once
Viola! Viola
Fricassee, rock soup every day
You can read it in the dead sea discs
You can read it in the dead sea discs
I really don't know what I'm going to have to say
It's only the beginning of a shitty day
What am I to do, and how am I to prepare
For the loneliest beginning on this day of despair?
I haven't seen you since the big burn
No you look like a Boston fern
We had a pig roast with the earth
And it spun on its axis like a pig on a spit
Everybody pickin' at it
Like a pig on a spit
Everybody pickin' at it
Like a pig on a spit

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