

Me and All the Other Vegetables

Nigel Burch & The Flea-Pit Orchestra

Well we are no philosophers
We got no thoughts at all
With not one brain-cell between us
We're just staring at the wall.
Well we got nothing to say or do
We got nowhere to go
We're rooted to our baskets
Just like cabbages in a row.

(chorus)

And me and all the other vegetables
Perishable goods all going bad
Me and all the other vegetables
Growing old, going moldy going mad

Well carrot top like his tipple, drinking himself blind
Old potato head himself is smashed up of his minds
We come in all shapes and sizes some of us need a good clean
Of the skin of an old turnip is a thin as a dream.

(chorus)

Well pick us cause we won't feel a thing and prick us we won't bleed
Me and all the other vegetables are slowly going to seed
And we are not religious, we just leave it all to fate
And all that we can really do is vegetate!
Oh but nothing lasts forever soon you won't see us around,
Every rotten one of us buried in the ground.

(chorus)

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