

# 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 tippie, 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 as 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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