

# Superabound

**Frank Black**

You heard the sun today, there she blows, there she blows  
You saw the wind are shining, you don't know, you don't know  
You felt a tree that does fall, you don't know, that's okay  
You don't have much taste for bouquet I'm bored with the valleys and bored with the peaks  
So I bought a ticket to the freaks, I saw a chicken with two heads  
Saw something else that was headless, then P.T. said see the egress  
'Cause you move when the salesman speaks  
I superabound, but I still got nothing to do A space is made by telephone, they thought time would be overthrown  
And they compiled a wish list, from Mars duels to a dish kissed  
I tried to talk to the ishish, but he was debating with his clone  
I superabound, but I still got nothing to do  
Well, they thought it was a coup, but they still got nothing to do You must see my domicile, I had it built in  
decastyle  
The other day at the potlatch, come visiting was a sasquatch  
He said although I'm a mismatch, or could I stay just for a while?  
'Cause the likes of us are few, yeah, and we still got nothing to do  
I superabound, but I still got nothing to do

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