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 bouquetI'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 doA 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 ishist, 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 doYou 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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