

Aborigine

Pulp

Starts so slowly, just a place to stay, somewhere warm where they can spend their days
Air is stagnant and he feels unclean, hair hangs greasy and he smells obscene
Something's happened and it's not so good, broken bottles in the face of love
Mottled flesh under the harsh strip light, nylon sheets to keep them warm at night
Once it's started it can never stop, fills his head with a dark damp fog
In the distance is a constant cry, growing louder as the years go by
Days get longer and he starts to drink, spews his stomach in the kitchen sink
Tells his children they should have respect, tells his wife that she's a nervous wreck
He hates his wife and he hates them all, he hates his wife and he hates them all

Can't be bothered when it's all the same, leave it long enough, it goes away
In the meantime stomach turns to fat, she tries to tell him but he can't have that
She's only jealous and she's telling lies, standing naked in his flesh disguise
It took him years to get her into bed, now he's got her he just wants her dead
She wants excitement and she needs romance, all she gets is dirty underpants
Stupid animal that can't know why, something's wrong so someone has to die
The wind is blowing and the rain falls down, sends his family on a trip down town
Sees them die in a burning wreck, sees them burn, smokes a cigarette
He hates his wife and he hates them all

He knows he's finished but he can't stop now and he wants to end it but he can't see how
And it's all in pieces, thrown it all away, oh, but he's not ugly he just looks that way
And he wants some quiet and he needs it now, but the scream he started's getting far too loud
He still pretends he does it just for now, his day will come he'll lose it all somehow
Killing time until his ship arrives, been dead 10 years but he's still alive
And the time is wasted and the ship has sunk, but he hasn't not

iced and he comes home drunk

He's just dead weight he'll never leave the ground, he tries to
stand but he keeps falling down

It's hard to know he doesn't count for much, he's not a has-
been, just a never-was

He hates his wife and he hates them all