

Gumby, I just can't do anything,
can't do anything right
don't ask me
if I'll help when helping you
just means someone to fight

It's so hard putting on your clothes
you don't even move to cover your skin
why move, moving is how things begin
the front yard taken by the crows
blackguards with their shiny pieces of tin
so much fury
you bury it in

Gumby, we should call your daughter
please, call your daughter again
you must see
things are getting harder and
getting more out of hand

Dude, you're not even that old
how bad must it be to be bad as this
all day, filling a bottomless pit
all these trinkets bought and sold
all tokens you've thrown down to the abyss
there's a bottom that you'll never hit

And I don't know just how you explain this
to a kid with nowhere to live
tell her that the father she has means well
but just has nothing to give

Gumby...
you should call your daughter again
don't call me...
call your daughter.