

Can You Believe It

Fog

We'll dig a hole in the ground
And cover it up with sticks
And chase a wooly mammoth in
And jab at it with our spears

The lady at the counter
With cold oatmeal eyes,
'Take a number', she said,
'They'll call you when they're ready for you.'

I was waiting for
My hunting with early man license
They said it costs one hundred bucks
Can you believe it?

We'll dig a hold in the ground
And cover it up with sticks
And chase a wooly mammoth in
And jab at it with our spears...

They said it cost one hundred bucks,
Can you believe it?

The lady at the counter
With cold oatmeal eyes!