

Neverending Hum

Lemon Demon

Inside of everybody's head,
inside of everybody's head
there is a hum,
there's a hum,
there's a neverending hum,
and no one ever seems to notice it.
No one seems to notice it.
You have never noticed it.
Never Ever Never Ever.
Until now.

Deep in the dankest corners of the human mind
of any given person you happen to see,
there rests a creature,
or, more specifically,
a critter, hiding and sitting
in the churning, boiling, philosophical pot
of self-aware chowder that we call Thought.

This critter has a name,
but it's different for each person.
Mine is named Corey
and it looks like an armadillo

in Kiss make-up.

jabbidy jabbidy jabbidy jabba
jibba jabba
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jibba jabba

Picture your spirit in a delicatessen
in the slums of the universe,
"Open" sign dangling, daring all parasites,
giving you mosquito bites,
sucking out the life out of all of your customers.

But fear not, it's your critter to the rescue,
hum emanating from its lips.

And fear disappears
as the parasite trips
and lands in a puddle,
and that's your rebuttal
to the argument that you
weren't even listening to
because the neverending hum.