

# Wipeout

## Meat Puppets

I don't know what it's meant to mean  
If it doesn't sound real  
Or if it's just what it seems  
I don't remember, I forgot what I said  
But don't let it go to your head  
And don't hold me it's just the sound that I make  
And what do you care what I say anyway  
Unless you choose to hear me confuse  
I guess I got nothin' to lose

No one's really complaining  
About the pouring rain  
Somewhere off in the sunset the river bends  
And they all look so happy our pissed-off friends

The sound is totally fake  
It's kind of like the noise that a cow makes:  
Stupid, no more than stupid, so dumb I ought to be beaten  
Should be cooked and then be eaten - chewed right down  
Planted like corn in the ground  
To be fed to the hogs...

No one's really complaining  
About the pouring rain  
Somewhere off in the sunset the river bends  
And they all seem so happy our pissed-off friends

Like a wipeout I hit my face  
Right down like a turtle by the fireplace  
Glass eyes starin' to the rear  
On the table is a baby with five ears  
And the baby's has plans to an airplane  
The product of his big fat brain  
And out in the bushes he hears  
A small voice ringing in his extra ears

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A small voice ringing

No one's really complaining  
About the pouring rain  
There's no sense in explaining  
All the sense has been drained  
Somewhere off in the sunset the river bends  
And they all look so happy our pissed-off friends  
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