

I'm a Mineralist

Nick Mason

Here's a shocking revelation for you voyeurs
Such a heinous deviation, these are no clues
I'm a Mineralist, I'm a Mineralist

Just the thought of ironing gives me spasms of lust
I creep up to old wrecked cars and lick off the rust
I'm a Mineralist, I'm a Mineralist

Mother used to try to metal in my affairs
Keep your nose up off that grindstone, people
Will stare
Get the lead out of your pants and change your
Underwear

I've been stealing baby bottles since I was born
I'll go blind from balling bearings, doctors have
Warned
I like making out with steel-rimmed glasses
More than horned

Erik Satie gets my rocks off, Cage is a dream
Phillip Glass is a Mineralist to the extreme

I like tickling ivories and fingering stones
When my mercury goes up I play with my bone

Peole take for granite my perversion is wrong
I'm not harming anyone by beating my gong
I'm a Mineralist, I'm a Mineralist

I'll make love to minerals as long as I can
And in fifty years I'll be a jaded old man
I'm a Mineralist, I'm a Mineralist
I'm a Mineralist, I'm a Mineralist