

The Thing

Pixies

While I was walkin' down the beach
One bright and sunny day
I saw a great big wooden box
A-floatin' in the bay
I pulled it in and opened it up
And much to my surprise
Oh, I discovered a...
Right before my eyes
Oh, I discovered a...
Right before my eyes

I picked it up and ran to town
As happy as a king
I took it to a guy I knew
Who'd buy most anything
But this is what he hollered at me
As I walked in his shop
"Oh, get out of here with that...
Before I call a cop"
"Oh, get out of here with that...
Before I call a cop"

I turned around and got right out
A-runnin' for my life
And then I took it home with me
To give it to my wife
But this is what she hollered at me
As I walked in the door
"Oh, get out of here with that...
And don't come back no more"
"Oh, get out of here with that...
And don't come back no more"

[Instrumental Interlude]

I wandered all around the town
Until I chanced to meet
A hobo who was lookin' for
A handout on the street
He said he'd take most any old thing
He was a desperate man
But when I showed him the...
He turned around and ran
Oh, when I showed him the...
He turned around and ran

I wandered on for many years
A victim of my fate
Until one day I came upon
St Peter at the gate
And when I tried to take it inside
He told me where to go
Get out of here with that...
And take it down below
Oh, get out of here with that...
And take it down below

The moral of this story is
If you're out on the beach
And you should see a great big box
And it's within your reach
Don't ever stop and open it up
That's my advice to you
'Cause you'll never get rid of the...
No matter what you do
Oh, you'll never get rid of the...
No matter what you do