

Can't Be Brought Down

Roky Erickson

I was buried in a red man's Dan band
And the ants were tearing and pulling at my head
When I thought that I would be better off dead
So I decided to have this torture said

Well I found, yes I found, I just can't be brought down
I found, yes I found, I just can't be brought down
I can't try brand like peoples
Texas fever can't bring me around

Look like I was headed straight
For a championship tidal wind and tidal wave
It looked like I was going straight
For an earthquake an earthquake
Someone called out for me
To live underground you must be a mole
But like I always do to despair
I fill it full of holes

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My eyeballs were wooden vices until tears fell like rain
My eyeglasses were clamps which caused me great pain
I was butted, gutted, false interpretation propaganda I do not
need
When I decided to make a minus, minus before minus
In other words what proceed

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