

He gets up every morning and he lights upon the floor.
He migrates to the washroom and he opens up the door.
The whiskers on his chin tells him he's in, and then
Through the paste and the soap, sees an image without
hope.
He's a broom of a fellow, an oddity in parenthesis.
So infected with disease of yellow dirt down in his
soul.

He usually spends his spare time counting hairs upon
his arm.
The ants upon the cupboard to his thinking add their
charm.
He never starts to notice that his shoes are full of
lead.
He's dead, through cough. Labored breathing, he is
seething.
He's a sandwich of a fellow, an all-spread personality.
So infected with disease of yellow dirt down in his
soul.

Last night a thousand stars were his to mold like clay,
and so
In one split second's anger he did reach and take a
hold.
He saw himself a captain way off in some kissin'
situation.
That would have made his father proud, he laughs out
loud.
He conceals the hurt. He reveals the dirt.
The yellow dirt down in his soul. The yellow dirt down
in his soul.
The yellow dirt down in his soul. The yellow dirt down
in his soul.