

Back In Flesh

Stan Ridgway

Someone smashed my alarm
It's got me on the edge
You know it's so sharp
(aaaaaaaaa...)
And you know I won't go
You know I won't go
I don't wanna go
(he won't go)
The corporation's boiling over
Everybody's taking over

And I'm back in flesh
Back in flesh
Back in flesh
Back in flesh
Back in flesh

You better sign your time card now
They don't care about you anyhow
Sign in, your minimum cut
You're late again, your salary's cut!

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I won't go
(he won't go.)
I don't wanna go
(you must go!)
Is it time to go?
(the orders are in!)
Well, I'd rather go bowling!
(the lanes are closed!)
Maybe a little tennis?
(your racket's got a hole.)
How about some baseball?
(field's rained out.)
Maybe a little fishing?
(the fish are on vacation.)
Well, how about some golfing?
(the greens are overgrown.)
Well, what about some swimming?
(I don't think so!)

Well, what about this“c”cand that“c”c
(no, no, no, no, no!)
Well, you can't tell me what to do!
Well, you can't tell me what to do!
(hey, f**k you!)