

Peasant in the Big Shitty

The Strangers

The day is sticky yellow
The night was so untight
The cows go moo moo moo.
Is everything alright?

Baby digit at my face.
Who the man with the smile, mum?
Do you like it like that?
I'm just a peasant in the Big Shitty

I'm going real slow
But if the light ain't real
Then there can't be a hole
Not even some red

Do you like it like that?
Do you like it like that?
You're not real. Oh no! You're not.
You're not real. Oh no! You're not.
You're not real. Oh no! You're not.
You're not real. Oh no! You're not.

There be a strange garlic here
The room is full of fear
With empty wavelength touch
It's coming in a rush
It's coming in a rush
It's coming in a rush
It's coming in a rush

Do you like it like that?
Do you like it like that?
Do you like it like that?
Do you like it like that?

I'm just a peasant in the Big Shitty