

Blundertown

The Birthday Party

Blundertown is drowned in no brainstorm
smothered in mud at the foot of the river
the color vague is slapped around stupid
blood dries to a very dull color
I'm drowning and there is no relief from
it's only 12,000 miles to heaven
but the car is broken and we're all well-spoken
I've met three people but I don't think they like me
and we all talk about the state of the weather
I'm drowning and there is no relief from
and everything I say are my own thoughts
don't listen to my very dull brother
I'm drowning and there is no relief from