

You think of death
The inevitable option
The thinking type
You just wanna tick some boxes
Now that you're out of calm
Now that the rubber has erased it
Oh, we're attacking now
I'm on the team, the immovable object
And exotic creature,
Wrapped around the tree of your life
Armed with little perfect teeth
Armed with long legs dancing
Armed with the type of smile
That will crack your pain
Oh, it's so ha-ha, ha-ha-ha-ha

We're just animals in the jungle, Sherman
In the jungle, Sherman
Animals in the jungle, Sherman
In the jungle, Sherman
What is it on that ramp, Sherman?
On that ramp, Sherman
Animals in the jungle, Sherman

Now you realize things have got out of control
There's no thinking time
There's no multiple choice
What is the action now?
How can it all just disappear ?
But why did you swallow that way?
You aren't a fool anybody in a court of law
Your braces hanging
You better pull up your trousers pants
There's no belts allowed
Oh, these people will heckle
They'll want life inside
And that's when you decided you'd died

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