

Crawlspace

"AIN'T THESE THE TIMES?"

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Well, I done said it, and I'll say it one more time
Every day a little frog will crawl up out of your slime
A cactus will salute you, and you will head on down to
Moanland
Uncle-Auntie-Brother-Mother will prove you are the
better man

Judge Craver can't condemn you
While you runnin' behind his car
And let me tell you this
Everybody really is a star (who cares!)

Ain't these the times?
I can't remember
Is it really three o'clock
Or a week till November?

I don't know (yeah, you do)
I used to but I forgot
Ain't these the times?
Ain't it?
I mean, it better be
Oh baby, oh mama, I been goin' through some changes
Ain't these the times?

Well, I said it once, and I'll say it one more time
Every day a little frog will crawl into your slime

Ain't these the times?
I can't remember
Is it really three o'clock
Or a week till November?
October
September
August!

Oh baby, I been goin'
I don't knowin'
I don't know about no Millennium
But it's still yesterday in Walker Springs
And last time I heard, it's still tomorrow down in

Mississlippy Town

Right behind yo' face
That was the place
One upon a timespace

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