

## Frank Black "Superabound"

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You heard the sun today  
There she blows, there she blows  
You saw the wind a'shining  
You don't know, you don't know  
You felt a tree that does fall  
You don't know, that's ok  
You don't have much taste for bouquet

I'm bored with the valleys and bored with the peaks  
So I bought a ticket to the freaks  
I saw a chicken with two heads  
Saw something else that was headless  
Then p.t. said see the egress  
'cause you move when the salesman speaks  
I superabound  
But I still got nothing to do

A space is made by telephone  
They thought time would be overthrown  
And they compiled a wish list  
From mars duels to a dish kissed  
I tried to talk to the ishist  
But he was debating with his clone  
I superabound  
But I still got nothing to do  
Well, they thought it was a coup  
But they still got nothing to do

You must see my domicile  
I had it built in decastyle  
The other day at the potlach  
Come visiting was a sasquatch  
He said although I'm a mismatch  
Could I stay just for awhile?  
'cause the likes of us are few  
And we still got nothing to do  
I superabound  
But I still got nothing to do

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