

Burnett T-bone "Primitives"

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Primitives dress in feathers and masks
To scare away their enemies
The frightening thing is not dying
The frightening thing is not living
Scientists guess which is worse we will ask
The medicine or the disease
The frightening thing is not dying
The frightening thing is not living

There's an old man living on the edge of town, edge of town
With a skull in his window and the shades pulled down, shades pulled down
And he laughs at fortune and he laughs at fame, he laughs at fame
And he laughs at scandal and he laughs at shame, he laughs at shame

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To scare away their enemies
The frightening thing is not dying
The frightening thing is not living
Scientists guess which is worse we will ask
The medicine or the disease
The frightening thing is not dying
The frightening thing is not living

There's a young girl living on the edge of town, edge of town
With a light in her window and her hair falls down, hair falls down
And she loves me crazy and she loves me wild, loves me wild
And she loves me tender like a lonely child, lonely child

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To scare away their enemies
The frightening thing is not dying
The frightening thing is not living

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