

## **Butthole Surfers "Colored FBI Guy"**

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I don't know just how it started  
A week I covered up of the sky high  
His body and his mind had parted  
You can see it happen in his eyes  
I don't know just what they're for  
Cones and rods and bars and arrows  
Dots and dashing eyes that roll right into sight and out  
Out of control  
I don't know just what they're there for  
Flashing lights and passing near us  
Dashing eyes with dots that roll right in my mouth and  
out  
Out of control  
I don' know just how it happened  
There was glass in from ofthe sky high  
My body and my face got shattered  
I hope I'm together when I die

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