

Butthole Surfers

"The Colored F.B.I. 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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