

## Triffids

### "Jerdacuttup Man"

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I live under glass in the British museum  
I am wrinkled and black, I am ten thousand years  
I once lost in business, I once lost in love  
I took a hard fall, I couldn't get up

I was frozen out in the lean winter years  
When the dollars were few and the faces were mean  
I was frozen in business and frozen in love  
I took a ten minute nap, man I never woke up

Old and lonely, dirty and cold  
I'm a Jerdacuttup man

They stitched up my eyelids so I couldn't see  
They sewed up my mouth so very carefully  
They stitched up the wound they had made in my side  
They wrapped me up tight and they threw me inside

I tried to object but the words didn't come  
Say, "You're making a mistake, boys, you've got the  
wrong one,  
I'm a little out of shape, but I'm too young to go!"  
But my throat just seized up and it started to snow

Old and lonely, dirty and cold  
I'm a Jerdacuttup man

They soaked me in brine and they stewed me in juice  
They took out my eyes and replaced them with glass  
And with skin made of leather, and teeth made of dice  
I slept in the peat under ten feet of ice

I had no luck in business and no luck in love  
I guess I'm a fool, you could say I'm a chump  
I'm shrivelled and black and my bandage is torn  
But my fingers are cold, won't you please take me  
home?

Old and lonely, dirty and cold  
I am the Jerdacuttup Man  
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