

Awaiting Better Music

"Call It An Animal"

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Well i was born in a ghost town where a cactus was my
mom
And my dad was a gun-slinging criminal who was never
really at home
But that was fine because i had my...
I had my...
I had my...
I had my...
Television to keep me company
Yes
Television to teach me what i need
And i sat there under the shade of my mother
Watching my cartoons, listening to my Elvis records, or
twiddling with my thumbs
Until the ghost of my fathers memory did spring up
and he said he wanted to fight me
But i did not understand
And he said...
And he said...
And he said...
That you don't need to, understand why i must fight
you
Just put up your hands
And then my gun-slinger dad he killed me and now i
am stuck in hell
Where i sing over mono-rhythmic drum beats telling
this story that i have to tell
But still they have television to keep me company
Even in hell
Television to teach me what i need
Yay!

(Away, away)
(Save me)

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