

## **Birthday Party, The "Blundertown"**

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Blundertown is drowned in no brainstorm  
smothered in mud at the foot of the river  
the color vague is slapped around stupid  
blood dries to a very dull color  
I'm drowning and there is no relief from  
it's only 12,000 miles to heaven  
but the car is broken and we're all well-spoken  
I've met three people but I don't think they like me  
and we all talk about the state of the weather  
I'm drowning and there is no relief from  
and everything I say are my own thoughts  
don't listen to my very dull brother  
I'm drowning and there is no relief from

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