

Black Frank

"Superabound"

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You heard the sun today

There she blows, there she blows

You saw the wind a'shining

You don't know, you don't know

You felt a tree that does fall

You don't know, that's OK

You don't have much taste for bouquet

I'm bored with the valleys and bored with the peaks

So I bought a ticket to the freaks

I saw a chicken with two heads

Saw something else that was headless

Then PT said see the egress

'Cause you move when the salesman speaks

I superabound

But I still got nothing to do

A space is made by telephone

They thought time would be overthrown

And they compiled a wish list

From Mars to duels to a dish kissed

I tried to talk to the ishist

But he was debating with his clone

I superabound
But I still got nothing to do
You must see my domicile
I had it built in decastyle
The other day at the potlatch
Come visiting was a sasquatch
He said although I'm a mismatch
Could I stay just for awhile?
'Cause the likes of us are few
And we still got nothing to do
I superabound
But I still got nothing to do

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