

Feel So Bad

"Cabin Fever"

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The Captain's fore-arm like bunched-up rope
with A-N-I-T-A wrigglin' free on a skull'n'dagger
and a portrait of Christ, nailed to an anchor
etched into his upper...

O o o' Cabin Fever!
O o o' Cabin Fever!
Slams his fucken tin-dish down
Our Captain, takes time to crush
Some Bloo-Bottles glowin in his gruel
with a lump in his throat, and lumpy mush
Thumbing a scrapbook stuck up with clag
and a morbid lump of Love in his flags.
Done is the Missing, now all that remain
Is to sail forever, upon the stain
Cabin Fever! O o o' Cabin Fever!

The captain's free-hand is a cleaver
which he fashions his beard, n' he rations his jerkey!
and carves his peg outa the finest mahagony!
Or was it Ebony?

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and a morbid lump of Love in his flags.
Done is the Missing, now all that remain
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Cabin Fever! O o o' Cabin Fever!

Tallies up his loneliness, notch by notch
For the sea offers nuthin to hold or touch
Notch by notch, winter by winter
Notch x notch, winter x winter

Now his leg is whittled, right down to a splinter
O o Cabin Fever! O o o Cabin Fever!

O the rollin sea still rollin on!
She's everywhere! now that she's gone! Gone! Gone!
O Cabin Fever! O Cabin Fever!

Welcome to his table, Beloved-Unconscious
Raisin her host of hair from her crooks
and strugglin to summony one of her looks!
His arm now like coiled s-s-s-snakes
Whips all the bottles that he's drunken,
like crystal - skittles about the cabin,
of a ship they'd been sailing
Five years sunken...

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