

Gumby, I just can't do anything,  
can't do anything right  
don't ask me  
if I'll help when helping you  
just means someone to fight

It's so hard putting on your clothes  
you don't even move to cover your skin  
why move, moving is how things begin  
the front yard taken by the crows  
blackguards with their shiny pieces of tin  
so much fury  
you bury it in

Gumby, we should call your daughter  
please, call your daughter again  
you must see  
things are getting harder and  
getting more out of hand

Dude, you're not even that old  
how bad must it be to be bad as this  
all day, filling a bottomless pit  
all these trinkets bought and sold  
all tokens you've thrown down to the abyss  
there's a bottom that you'll never hit

And I don't know just how you explain this  
to a kid with nowhere to live  
tell her that the father she has means well  
but just has nothing to give

Gumby...  
you should call your daughter again  
don't call me...  
call your daughter.