

## Aborigine

### Pulp

Starts so slowly, just a place to stay, somewhere warm where they can spend their days  
Air is stagnant and he feels unclean, hair hangs greasy and he smells obscene  
Something's happened and it's not so good, broken bottles in the face of love  
Mottled flesh under the harsh strip light, nylon sheets to keep them warm at night  
Once it's started it can never stop, fills his head with a dark damp fog  
In the distance is a constant cry, growing louder as the years go by  
Days get longer and he starts to drink, spews his stomach in the kitchen sink  
Tells his children they should have respect, tells his wife that she's a nervous wreck  
He hates his wife and he hates them all, he hates his wife and he hates them all

Can't be bothered when it's all the same, leave it long enough, it goes away  
In the meantime stomach turns to fat, she tries to tell him but he can't have that  
She's only jealous and she's telling lies, standing naked in his flesh disguise  
It took him years to get her into bed, now he's got her he just wants her dead  
She wants excitement and she needs romance, all she gets is dirty underpants  
Stupid animal that can't know why, something's wrong so someone has to die  
The wind is blowing and the rain falls down, sends his family on a trip down town  
Sees them die in a burning wreck, sees them burn, smokes a cigarette  
He hates his wife and he hates them all

He knows he's finished but he can't stop now and he wants to end it but he can't see how  
And it's all in pieces, thrown it all away, oh, but he's not ugly he just looks that way  
And he wants some quiet and he needs it now, but the scream he started's getting far too loud  
He still pretends he does it just for now, his day will come he'll lose it all somehow  
Killing time until his ship arrives, been dead 10 years but he's still alive  
And the time is wasted and the ship has sunk, but he hasn't not

iced and he comes home drunk

He's just dead weight he'll never leave the ground, he tries to  
stand but he keeps falling down

It's hard to know he doesn't count for much, he's not a has-  
been, just a never-was

He hates his wife and he hates them all