

# Can't Be Brought Down

Roky Erickson

I was buried in a red man's Dan band  
And the ants were tearing and pulling at my head  
When I thought that I would be better off dead  
So I decided to have this torture said

Well I found, yes I found, I just can't be brought down  
I found, yes I found, I just can't be brought down  
I can't try brand like peoples  
Texas fever can't bring me around

Look like I was headed straight  
For a championship tidal wind and tidal wave  
It looked like I was going straight  
For an earthquake an earthquake  
Someone called out for me  
To live underground you must be a mole  
But like I always do to despair  
I fill it full of holes

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My eyeballs were wooden vices until tears fell like rain  
My eyeglasses were clamps which caused me great pain  
I was butted, gutted, false interpretation propaganda I do not  
need  
When I decided to make a minus, minus before minus  
In other words what proceed

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