

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 P.T. 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 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
Well, they thought it was a coup
But they still got nothing to do

You must see my domicile
I had it built in decastyle
The other day at the potlach
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