

Frank Black, The Cult Of Ray

What is there to say?
Still I can't be silent
Hear the Cult of Ray
And you'll be enlightened
People: they're no fun

I saw Raymond speak one time, he said, "Hello."
And as he opened up my mind, oh
So fried and battered, I
I heard his words so very fine
So high above this constant dripping chatter

Young sharks feeding on the scrapple, and
It pushes up on your Adam's apple, and
You can't hear yourself in all this babble, and
Are you feeling role strain?

Melting rock into metal
Melting rock into metal
Melting rock into metal again

Melting rock into metal
Melting rock into metal
Melting rock into metal again

In a dark place in the deep sky
There's an old man in a coffee can
And he's waitin' in the old rain
In the deep sky and he's waitin

And he's waiting
And he's waiting
And he's waiting
And he's waiting

Hear the Cult of Ray
Fear the boy as tyrant
People have their way
When their mood is violent
People: they're no fun

I had a century in mind, wait, oh no
At least two centuries in mind, wait
It does not matter and
This rock is turning into sand
While we are drowning here in our own shatter

But you can't eat dirt 'cause it tastes so awful
Like no sugar in your Turkish coffee, and
I can't smile 'cause I got me a mouthful, and
I been grindin' this grain

Melting rock into metal
Melting rock into metal
Melting rock into metal again

In a dark space in a deep water
Lives an old man in a coffee can
And he's waitin' in the old rain