

# Tubes, Poland Whole/Madam I'm Adam

(Steen) (Spooner/Tubes)

Coming out of  
Lead guitar and drums  
Rest of the band comes  
Heavy  
Said come on baby  
Oh God, oh shit  
Black and white, yeah  
Polish sausages  
in a bun, in the sun  
It's hit-and-run

Hey man, like, like check this out man, really, I mean listen  
I was countin' the holes in the acoustic tile ceiling, you know  
Mumbling and fumbling with them little buttons on my mattress  
you know, that hold it together  
So anyways, my mind strays and the tricks that my memory plays  
Like fascination and abomination on a biblical Broadway stage  
Like dancers and singers and a fully landscaped gospel group  
and the harmony and whatever and  
Dinosaurs eatin' like veggie burgers at the snack bar out front  
in the lobby, you know  
So anyways on the same stage is me, naked like an empty page  
That's when I heard him  
Like a director's voice with too much echo  
I guess he was talkin' to yours truly, I mean me

Madam, that's Adam  
Ain't no other woman, that's had 'im  
He's stronger than a tree  
That apple tree over there  
Wealthy in his healthy way  
Never works, he never plays  
Sits around and cogitates  
Right now, he's planting his garden

Like I had to hear that chorus twice, you know, before I finally  
got the picture  
I screamed, "I ain't Adam! I never seen the dude, and I ain't no  
virgin either";  
So anyways, it's really lookin' bad man, like that director's  
mean when he gets mad  
Like, might wreck your career with just one nod and like cripple  
you, you know, for life--that's a long time  
My legs are shakin', my stomach's knotted, my mind has gone  
neurotic  
I'd run if I could, but you can't hid from him, and besides that  
jerk took my shirt and my trousers  
So anyways, in the depths of my despair, my co-star arrives--oh God,  
more beautiful than Cher  
I screamed, "Make up! Gimme the script--please sing that chorus  
once more";

Madam, that's Adam  
Ain't no other woman, that's Adam  
He's stronger than a tree  
And he's freshly molded from clay  
Wealthy in his healthy way  
Never works, he never plays  
Sits around and cogitates  
He's inventing the Original Sin now

Hey madam, that's Adam

Poland Whole--all people what's cold