

# Vic Chesnutt, Degenerate

I am a rough ball of twine  
I have a duty to do  
I been tied to the table  
but now I am frazzled and aloof

degenerate, disintegrate the tight knots  
degenerate, rot away the nooses  
degenerate, out come those tangles  
oh degenerate, oh degenerate

acorn squash and a hearty rows of okra  
stand of sweet corn by the trickling creek  
winter dead that was buried 'neath the pole beans  
behold a sink-hole in the spring

degenerate, washed by weather cycles  
degenerate, bleach the deadly night shades  
degenerate, prepare to take the profit  
oh degenerate, oh degenerate

degenerate, disintegrate the tight knots  
degenerate, bleach the deadly night shades  
degenerate, out come those tangles  
oh degenerate, oh degenerate