

11-1000  
The Tao of Nothing

You hear about the uncarved block  
Some say wisdom, some say crock  
The metaphor is plain to see  
at birth we're perfect, screwed by three

Our youths are very far from pure  
Of this I am extremely sure  
Not one among us not neurotic  
Despite efforts quite quixotic

We're all damaged goods  
some more than others  
Unintended victims  
of our fathers and our mothers  
We're all damaged goods  
We'll laugh and keep on living  
no reason to be bitter  
All is forgiven