

The Bug Collector

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And there's a centipede
Naked in your bedroom
Oh, and you swear to God
The fucker's out to get you

And I digress
'Cause I must make you the perfect morning
I try my best
To scoop the slugger out the window

And there's a praying mantis
Prancing on your bathtub
And you swear it's a priest
From a past life out to getcha

And I digress
'Cause I must make you the perfect evening
I try my best
To put the priest inside a jam jar

And there's a millipede
Angry on your carpet
Oh, and I must admit
He's staring with a vengeance

Oh, and I digress
'Cause I must make you the perfect morning
And I try my best
To prove that nothing's out to get you
To prove that nothing's out to get you