

Soaky In The Pooper

Lambchop

Standing in a stupor by the tank
Better call the super
As I grip the towel rack for strength
Studied all these cracks before
Stuff the towel beneath the door
Crawling up all upon the floor
And wait for it to pass
Hear the faucet dripping
As his brain is slipping into mud
Man I think he's tripping
Better pull his head out of the bowl
And as the ceiling starts to bleed
He carefully begins to read
The label on the toilet seat
It's like warning of some kind
As his face turns bluish
And his eyes roll back into his head
The funeral was Jewish
All the mourners traveled in one car
They remembered he had said
You're never lonely when you're dead
And as the final rights were read
The angels start to sing
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