

The Plan

Megan Hilty

Oh, boy
Alright, here's the plan
It's the best plan you've ever had
And you're gonna say the plan right now
Right now

Step one
Uh, surgical tools, surgical tools
We got pliers, clamps, forceps
You know what?
Let's just take all of that
Step two
Uh, gloves
Gotta keep clean from the blood
And if there isn't blood, it's probably 'cause
They're cadavers, and cadavers don't bleed
Step three
Another drink
You're gonna need another drink to think
There's a lot going on
Gotta keep your head on straight, ha-ha-ha-ha-ha

Tools, check, booze, check
Now go upstairs and reattach that neck
Then off you go and no one will know
That the women are dead, but they're alive
They're dead, but they're alive

Step one
New step
Gonna start it with a whole new step
Step one is a whole new step this time
So everybody just look out
Step two
Ooh, get glue
Hot glue, superglue, Elmer's
Something to seal up all the cuts and the cracks
And the flaps pulled back on the skin

Oh, the skin
What do I do?
The two of them are turning blue
And their makeup won't stick
So I guess I have to seal that in
Oh my God, oh God
Oh, Ernest
What a mess, oh God
If this gets in the press
You'll be cancelled, you'll be shamed
You'll watch your life go up in flames
You'll die and desecrate the Menville family name
No

You're Ernest Menville, damnit
Surgeon to the stars
If someone needs a nose, they come to you
You fix faces, and butts

You sew lacerations and cuts
So what's the difference with a big ol' hole
That, Jesus Christ, you can see right through

Clay

You need clay
You need clay to fill the hole in the lady
"That's a good idea"
Well, thank you, friend
You ain't so bad yourself
Okay
Next step
Uh, what do we got, what do we got
We got Mod Podge, Mod Podge
"Acrylic Sealant Spray"
Ooh, pray spaint, I mean spray paint
You just need a little spray paint
It's thin, it'll stick to the skin on its own
And it comes in a variety of flesh-colored tones

Oh my god, I think I did it
I don't know if I did, but I really think I did it
A little airbrush here, shadow there
Basic care to the nails and hair
A quick shellac for the wear and tear
And wham, yes

You're Ernest Menville, damnit
Surgeon to the stars
You gave Cher the cheeks she has today
You fix boobies, and necks
You graft the fat, and they write the check
So who's to say you can't Bob Ross
A little zombie decay, huh?

You're Ernest Menville, damnit
Surgeon to the stars
The steadiest hands in all of L.A., ha-ha-ha-ha
Who's capable and confident
At a towering six-foot-three
Ernest Menville, M.D.

Ernest
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You're Ernest Menville, damnit
Surgeon to the stars
Steadiest hands in all of L.A.

Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha

Who's got tools, booze, spray, clay, paint, and a medical degree?
Ernest Menville, M.D.

That's me

E-R-S-T and that...

Tools, booze, clay, fill the hole in the lady, paint the—paint the corpse, t
hat's the plan

Yeah