

# 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  
Menville  
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Menville

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