

Bump A Grape

Pile

Traded up for stronger cologne
Cause he turned his skull into a broken bone
He tried to cry cause it hurt to think
But neither lobe works

In a leisure suit made of rhinestones
He watches his dog clean his clothes
He seems an alright guy from what I know

Transit authority funds what I bypass
To get my feeding tube
And the plastic it's made from
Holds up so strong and true

But I want a string quartet
While I use the loo
Spiders crawl up from under
Me to make sure I move

They crawl into my holes
And make me weep and remember my name

He will only dance to a dial tone
He lives on function and function alone
There's not much behind the eyes
From what I know

Traded up for stronger cologne
Smells like going out
Looks like staying at home
And all the while there were spiders in my butt
Crawlin' around

And I want a string quartet
While I use the loo
Nothing crawls up over my head
To make sure I move