

Incompetent

Slothrust

I couldn't do what they asked of me
So I cut off my hands
Yeah, I cut off my hands
Ripped up some muscle
To build some new tissue
To meet my demands
Yeah, to meet my demands

Ain't got no space
In a crowded place, yeah
It ain't got no space
Yeah, it's gone without a trace, yeah
So tip me over and pour me out
Show me what your bong water's all about

Sometimes I think
That I'm made up of worms, yeah
Takes a toll to admit
That I'm full of dirt, yeah
Well that's okay
Ra-ah-aah

A-R-G-E-N-T-I-N-A
Up on your feet, and then
Down on your back
For a day

Sometimes I think
That I'm made up of worms, yeah
Takes a toll to admit
That I'm full of dirt, yeah
Well that's okay
Ra-ah-aah