I'm Palm Palm head and I wrote one good song But that was almost 20 years ago I tried and I tried to follow it up But you know how those sophomore jinxes go

So I became quite bitter as sales dropped like flies No one likes these dumb songs of racing cars and spies

Maybe it's my ape drape or hippies in my band But now we only tour in Arizona or Japan

So after much thought and a panel of experts
I came up with a brilliant little plan
I'll take out my frustrations
on one of these ungrateful new punk rock bands

Cuz I invented socks and I invented gravy I made up the cotton gin but no one ever paid me

Why beat a dead horse with a career that is cursed? I'll just sue for royalties on things I thought of first

Back in Ancient Egypt many Pharaohs went to jail for misappropriation of my Phrigian scale

I said listen to Tutankhamen you're driving me insane it's obvious those bellies are all dancing to Bloodstains

I figured out you owe me and please try not to laugh but every time I hear it I get one more golden calf

So I've bitten off a sizable chunk of the hands of the people with the food

Now I'm confined to the pages of Flipside a graveyard of punk rock's 35 year old dudes

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Palm Palm!
Palm Palm!
Palm Palm!
Ape Drape!
Ape Drape!
Poodle Head!
Poodle Head!