

Well, tend, tend, tend; tend to your trodden lives
While I, I, I poke you between the eyes
Well, I can smell, smell, smell, yeah; smell you from here, ooh
!
Because your pants, pants, pants are stained with fear
Yeah, yeah!
Yeah, yeah!

Well, tend, tend, tend, yeah; tend to your trodden lives
While I, I, I poke you between the eyes
Well, I can smell, smell, smell, yeah; smell you from here, ooh
!
'Cause your pants, pants, pants (are stained with fear)
Yeah, yeah!
Yeah, yeah!