

Cross my heart and cross my eyes  
Stick a needle in my thigh  
Drop kick my unscrewed lid  
And fiddle fiddle fiddle fiddle fiddle with what's inside

A rusty mass of machinations  
Still I'm vying for the right vaccination

I make a masterful selection like Louis Pasteur  
Certain I've found at least a temporary cure  
If there's one thing I've learned in this chemical world  
It's very very very very very little is pure

My gluefoot sticks, I wrestle with it  
I try to skedaddle but my gluefoot is fixed

If they'd give me a shovel in this communication age  
Maybe I'd have kept my mouth shut and done something today  
I want to blame democracy and it's inherent lies  
I want to blame my heritage for my leisurely demise

Everybody wants to wear the cleats  
Everybody wants to be Dominique  
I want to be someone separate from me  
I want to have a sustained feeling

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