

## Soaky In The Pooper

Lambchop

Standing in a stupor by the tank  
Better call the super  
As I grip the towel rack for strength  
Studied all these cracks before  
Stuff the towel beneath the door  
Crawling up all upon the floor  
And wait for it to pass  
Hear the faucet dripping  
As his brain is slipping into mud  
Man I think he's tripping  
Better pull his head out of the bowl  
And as the ceiling starts to bleed  
He carefully begins to read  
The label on the toilet seat  
It's like warning of some kind  
As his face turns bluish  
And his eyes roll back into his head  
The funeral was Jewish  
All the mourners traveled in one car  
They remembered he had said  
You're never lonely when you're dead  
And as the final rights were read  
The angels start to sing  
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