

My Ass Is On Fire

Mr. Bungle

Impotence
Boomerang
I'll stab you

Clumps of hair
In the sink
Who's hiding
Things from me?

You knew all along, goddammit
But you wouldn't tell me
Well, look at you now

It's not funny, my ass is on fire
Paraplegic, inhuman liar

Carve a smile
On your face
Everything's great
Suffocate

What the fuck?
Whatcha' lookin' at, fuck?
Whatcha' lookin' at, FUCK?
Don't you fuckin' look at me
Don't you FUCKIN' look at me
Don't you fuckin' look at me

It's beyond my control
It's beyond my control
It's beyond-
I- I'm coming!

It's not funny, my ass is on fire
Paraplegic, inhuman liar

Boo.
Redundant
"Excuse me, I am lost. Please help me."
-"Tai-bo-chi, wah me la-loo. Chimnie bon-bong."

"Will there be anything else, Mr. Bungle?"
"No, that's fine, Carl. Thank you."

"So you see, Mr. Bungle, Phillum's fucking up your whole campaign. He's totally incompetent. (Sleeper-X ?) commercials will be laughed off of television if you approve his campaign."

"Well that's very interesting. I-
I've never thought too much of Phillum, now that you mention it."

"And I'm starting my OWN agency, Mr. Bungle. I could do a hundred percent better job than that turkey."

"I'll bet you could. What you say is very interesting. Infact, you are very interesting."

"Oh, Mr. Bungle, I didn't know you were interested. And you will give me your (account ?) for my new agency?"

"Later. Honey, we'll talk business later. Right now I wanna make love to your beautiful, beautiful body."