

Wiggley Worm

NoMeansNo

You are not in focus
(pinch the buns und pass the weenie, looking for the perfect queen bee)

In your heart you know this (mirror, mirror on the wall, who is the phoniest of all)

Through the cracks you crawl
(in between the contradictions, what is truth and what is friction)

With no legs at all (in the corner with the pie, you kissed the girls
and made them cry but when the boys came out to play, you made a perfect getaway)

Wiggley, wiggley, wiggley, wiggley, wiggley wiggley, wiggley, wiggley, wiggley worm

Now your dreams have come true
(high atop an ivory tower, counting every precious hour)

There is nothing to do (in the comfort of the soil there is no place for sweat and toil)

Bigger fish get fried (I don't want to grow a head, I'd rather fuck myself instead)

In the grass you hide
(mommy told me, and its true, I am a better worm than you
oh, how I love the squeaky sound of music from the Underground)

Wiggley, wiggley, wiggley, wiggley, wiggley, wiggley, wiggley, wiggley, wiggley worm

When is man not a man?
When he's a sham

Stick the bait upon the hook

Wiggley, wiggley, wiggley, wiggley, wiggley wiggley, wiggley, wiggley, wiggley worm