

The Sloth

Phish

They call me the sloth
Way down in the ghetto
Italian Spaghetti
Singing falsetto
Sleeping all day
Rip Van Winklin'
Spend my nights in bars
Glasses tinklin'

I'm so bad
He's so nasty
Ain't got no friends
Real outcasty
Stay out of my way
Or you'll end up a cripple
I'll take this piece of paper
And slice your nipple

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Colonel Forbin stared at the fourteen bars that stood at the end of the cell. He ran his hand across the cold, damp dungeon wall and thought again about the door. He had traveled through the door out of necessity. Once he knew it existed, he simply couldn't leave it alone. Just like Wilson. Just like Tela. Just like Errand Wolfe. And he sat in the dungeon, and he realized that he was back again through the door. And through the tiny window in the corner of his cell, he heard the distant strains.

Errand
Errand
Errand
Errand

And from atop the mountain Icculus looked down on all that went on below him. And he smiled.