

Little Pieces of Seaweed

Steve Vai

You're lookin' for trouble
You've come to the right place
Come on baby, smack the smegma
All across the place because...

I took little pieces of seaweed and I caused stretch marks to appear all over your little body. Yes I did. I really did. It was all over your body. Eh, your body looked like a road map, and my best friend got so confused, he thought you were doubting Thomas and put his fingers in your holes that I left there after I beat you up with an axe.

I looked at you and I suppose that you'd like to stick a pair of speakers in my throat because you don't like the way I speak. Of course you don't. Why don't you put me in overdrive and we'll get in treble. We'll have triplets together. We'll have to talk to the staff about it. Oh, I'm so flat; I'm so flat; I'm so flat; I'm so flat.

Ah, you're under arrest. You're under arrest. You're under arrest for smiling in Sector V, now; don't step across the line. Take off your clothes. Put your buttocks in your pocket and spread your hands. Now bend over. Now bend over. Bend over, bend over and spread those cheeks. Bend over and spread those cheeks. Bend over and spread those cheeks. Bend over and spread those cheeks. I'm going to insert my notes from an isotope that I scored off Einstein while he peeled off his pimples with plutonium. Why can't he perform the way he did earlier? (Well, I'll tell you). What's wrong with him? He's lost his style; he's lost his spunk; he's no good; he's funk. He smells like a cowbell. He has the personality of a road accident. He has the IQ of salamander sweat. And he smells like stale cat piss shoved intravenously through the IV of an aging welfare patient. Welfare, all fare, we're all fair on this universe, and I've got a ticket to ride you any time I want because I'm abusive. Don't cry at me with your wah-wah pedal. Don't plug in your amplifier and tell me you paid your dues. Don't tell me you went for this guy's act and you went for your own fame. Don't tell me that I'm to blame.

And I took little pieces of seaweed. I took little pieces of seaweed. I took little pieces of seaweed. I took little, I took little pieces of seaweed. Pieces of seaweed. I took little pieces of seaweed. Pieces of. I took little pieces of seaweed and I caused stretch marks to appear all over your little body. Yes I did. I really did. It was all over your body. Eh, eh, your body looked like a road map, and my best friend got so confused, he thought you were a doubting Thomas and he put his fingers in your holes that I left there after I beat you up with an axe. A

nd he put you in the car, and he drove you down to Sylmar to me
et this guy who used to play for the big guy. You know, the big
guy. I'll be Frank with ya, ya know. (Snork) But, no. It wasn'
t good enough for her. She wanted a sensitive guy. So I fuckin'
tok her out to the beach and I put some sandpaper in the KY Je
lly -- because you always hurt the ones you love. (Oh, that's w
hy you beat her up with an axe). I let the pelicans, I let the
pelicans, have their way with her. (I'm over here, Shorts. Here
Shorts...). And I threatened her with a pelican. I threatened
her with a pelican. Don't tell me that I'm to blame. Ya tell me
, tell me, tell me, ya tell me you're so good; you tell me you'
re so fine; you tell me you're so wonderful; you tell me you're
sublime. You tell me you're so good; you tell me you're so fin
e; you tell me you're so wonderful; you tell me you're sublime,
sublime, sublime, sublime, sublime. Eh ha, eh ha, ha, ha, eh,
ha ha...

And he judges. He judges. He says what's good and what's right,
and what's good and what's right, and what's good and what's r
ight, and what's good as what's right. He says, "This product w
ill sell many units in that demographic area". And I took littl
e pieces of seaweed and I caused stretch marks to appear all ov
er your little body. Yes I did; yes I did; yes I did; yes I did
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