

Your ears fell off in the parking lot  
Your blood's still drippin', God, I hope it clots  
You say you're okay but we know you're not  
Your eyes went crossed do you see spots?

Well I'm not sayin' that you're gonna die  
I just might be hintin' that you'll feel a little ill  
And I guess we've all learned a lesson  
And I guess we'll all get a little thrill

Your hands fell off and then your mind eroded  
Your arms fell asleep and then your lungs corroded  
Shoulders slumped forward then your heart exploded  
Looked pretty gross so we all got loaded

Well I'm not sayin' that you're gonna die  
I just might be hintin' that you won't be around  
And you can go ahead and sell all your records  
'Cause you got an appointment 6 feet underground  
And

You got an earwig  
It's crawling towards your brain  
And you got an earwig  
The glorious pain

Your mind went blank about a week ago  
Your hair fell out but you didn't know  
Ya' might wanna relax and take it slow  
'Cause in a couple a' days you might begin to glow

Well I'm not sayin' that you're gonna die  
I just might be hintin' that you may puke a lot  
And could ya' pay me that money ya' owe me  
Ya' know I really hate to put you on the spot  
'Cause

You got an earwig  
It's crawling towards your brain  
And you got an earwig  
The fashionable pain

Well I'm not sayin' that you're gonna die  
I just might be hintin' that you'll bee a little ill  
And I guess we've all learned our lesson  
And I guess we'll all get a little thrill