

The Pit

The Dead Milkmen

Are you ready Dave? Uh, uh
Malory? Okay
Joe? I don't know
Well, alright fellas, let's go

Hee and a hoe and I love my baby so
In the bottom of the bottomless pit
Don't make a sound or we might drag your baby down
To the bottom of the bottomless pit

I'm covered with slime and ick and goo
But that's okay 'cause my woman is too
And we live in the stench of a dirt-walled hole
And we don't give a damn about pest control

It's a hee and a hoe, God, I love my baby so
In the bottom of the bottomless pit
Don't make a sound or we might drag your baby down
To the bottom of the bottomless pit

Well, call us nauseating if that's what you please
Or call us Ron and Nancy 'cause it's all the same disease
This kind of thing happens in the best of homes
This kind of thing happens wherever I roam

It's a hee and a hoe and I love my baby so
In the bottom of the bottomless pit
Don't make a sound or we might drag your baby down
To the bottom of the bottomless pit

I wanna hear you shout the words to this song
So let's all join in and we'll all sing along
And maybe scare the neighbors or your mom and dad
Or maybe get rich off some brand new fad

It's a hee and a hoe and I love my baby so
In the bottom of the bottomless pit
Don't make a sound or we might drag your baby down
To the bottom of the bottomless pit