

Extra Medium

The Ergs!

Please don't turn on the TV
Or open the paper
'cause the chances of tragedy
are now part of the weather

I've got myself a notion
To keep me safe for a while
I think I'm gonna go hide myself
Behind hot water and tile

Every decade they say it's getting worse
I don't know if it's true or a cynical curse
But it's bearing down on me constantly
And pretty soon now, I think it's gonna burst

I'm not coming out of the shower
It's such a comfortable crutch
It's a warm loving womb, and intoxicating tomb
And I don't miss the outside world that much

Now all my harshest critics
Are screaming for murder
But I'm doing what we've done all along
I'm just taking it one step further

I've always been a good American
I drank a lot of soda and I didn't question
In whose deft hand the grenade was in
And now I feel someone is gonna pull the pin