

# Mr. Bungle, Bloody Mary

When life comes down to a sharp point  
Onto the head of a pin  
Something relieves the pressure  
And the cycle begins  
All the ladies run to the barstools  
Anticipation grows  
Mother nature adds the ingredients  
The women sip it slow  
One day God had to get off his ass  
He had to walk to the kitchen and get his own glass  
To this glass he had to pour his own booze  
For this, his woman had to pay the dues  
Now all women must pay this terrible bill  
That arrives every month against their will  
A crescent hang over, half-irritated smirk  
Full migraine cramps, and Maxi-pads don't work!  
Have another round now  
Complete the recipe  
All your pain and anger  
Wash into a crimson sea  
He who filled your ocean  
Sinks not but bobs afloat  
Your sweet menstruation  
Will capsize his boat  
Don't you think it's scary  
Life's a Bloody Mary  
Blood and alcohol  
Makes you think that nothing's wrong  
Howling at the moon  
When the wolf bane blooms  
Raise your glass and toast  
To the thing that hurts you most  
Drink hard drink deep!  
When life comes down to a sharp point  
Onto the head of a pin  
Something relieves the pressure  
And the cycle begins  
All the ladies run to the barstools  
Anticipation grows  
Mother nature adds the ingredients  
The women sip it slow  
Concentrated into a liquid state  
Released out of a spigot, the tampon awaits  
Flowing out of the nozzle and into your cup  
Although you've had too much, it's bottoms up  
Every woman's got a secret with Mother Sun  
Saying we'll meet same time same place next month  
We'll drink till dawn and we'll reminisce  
And we'll bleed for each other with no remiss  
Have another round now  
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Raise your glass and toast

To the thing that hurts you most  
Drink hard drink deep!  
Excuse me bartender, fill it to the rim  
And fetch me a sanitary napkin  
To wipe off what's dribblin' down my chin  
And forget about the troubles of this month's sin  
Every girl washes out the month's bad times  
By flushing her cares out into her panty liners  
Tabasco sauce stings the memories  
No release  
Dreadfully eternal  
The stain of tomato juice  
Never understand why  
Your crotch is singin' the blues  
Stirring up emotion  
With a celery stick  
Sickening combination  
Your blender loves to mix