

Type O Negative, Angry Itch

My sex-change operation got botched
My guardian angel fell asleep on the watch
Now all I got is a Barbie Doll-crotch
I got an angry inch

Six inches forward and five inches back
I got a
I got an angry inch

I'm from the land where you still hear the cries
I had to get out to sever all ties
I changed my name and assumed a disguise
I got an angry inch

Six inches forward and five inches back
I got a
I got an angry inch

Six inches forward and five inches back
The train is coming and I'm tied to the track
I try to get up but I can't get no slack
I got an angry inch, angry inch, angry inch

Six inches forward and five inches back
I got a
I got an angry inch

A long story short:

When I woke up from the operation
I was bleeding down there
Bleeding from the gash between my legs
My first day as a woman
And already it's that time of the month
But two days later
The hole closed up and the wound healed
And I was left with a one inch mound of flesh
Where my penis used to be
Where my vagina never was
A one inch mound of flesh
With a scar running down it
Like a sideways grimace
On an eyeless face
It was just a little bulge
It was an angry inch

Six inches forward and five inches back
The train is coming and I'm tied to the track
I try to get up but I can't get no slack
I got an angry inch, angry inch, angry inch

Six inches forward and five inches back
Stay undercover 'til the night turns to black
I got my inch and I'm set to attack
I got an angry inch, angry inch, angry inch