

# Worm Quartet, Call Me Jennifer And Steal My Stapler

In the vestibule  
Near the stained-glass window of Jesus trying to eat a Ford Pinto  
There's a carrot, and a penis, and an eyebrow mangler  
Choose wisely, bite the spoon-hive  
Lick the mattress, laminate your relatives  
Try to find a way to fit the word speculum into your obituary  
I am the salmon master  
I am the crouton blaster  
I'm only normal in that my ass has a hole  
Chalk it up to Mommy's shetlin pony casserole  
You am a scrotum scraper  
You am a walrus raper  
Keep your mucus in a furnace  
Blow your nose and try to burn us  
And you can't escape my thermos

(But you gotta) Call me Jennifer and you can steal my stapler  
Paint the leaves but it won't make your elm tree any mapler  
Arm your credenza but you still can't fight the urge  
To pee in your Mountain Dew and call it homemade surge  
Do you really think that it will bring you great success  
To leave me emasculated and staplerless  
Though you dare to call me Jennifer  
And you dare to steal your stapler  
Someday you'll find an octagonal llama in your beard (in your beard)

Where's your vegetables?  
Are they buried in phlegm at the bottom of a yak aquarium?  
Are they tasty? Are they boneless? Are they masturbating? (blaaah!)  
Moon Gandhi, Paint your kittens  
Figure out which condiment you can most easily impersonate  
Is it mustard? Yes it's mustard! It is so, you lying bastard!  
I am the warthog waxer  
I am the corn relaxer  
Blowing my nose on a Whitesnake bandana  
Reading all your anti-string propaganda  
You am a lemur pooppy  
You am an Urkel groupie  
When you walk along and stumble  
Kick the chickens as they mumble  
Put a bookmark in your bunghole

(then ya gotta) Call me Jennifer, and try to steal my stapler  
Go to Naples, and try like hell to make it Napler  
Swivel like a narcoleptic ice cream scoop  
Write an essay comparing the civil war to pine cone soup  
You can tour the brand-new lobster factory  
Come in the front, and leave through the backtory  
If you're born and raised in Syracuse  
By a pack of Nazi caribous  
Then I'm sure, that you can relate to all I say (all I say)

You might say  
Why not start a cult that worships Popeye?  
How about cuz Popeye sucks?  
Build yourself a condo in the wilderness  
That's made out of live ducks!  
Why can't strudel bitch and pout?  
Why won't bicycles put out?  
What's this stupid song about?

( And why the hell do you ) call me Jennifer, and try to steal my stapler  
If you do weird things with grapes, than can you be called a grapler?  
Does your mother still collect electric cheese?

Do you use prosthetic chipmunk limbs to sodomize Rick Dees?  
When you're barnlike, do rabid toasters lick your hair?  
Do Egyptians all wear Wonder Woman underwear?  
Do you have a tampon in your skull?  
Can I use you as a urinal?  
Do you fill your shoes with sticks and lard?  
Do the Care Bears make your nipples hard?  
Do you pray to yeast and Michael Dorn?  
Do you wish there was Sock Monkey porn?  
Do you weep whenever you see a homeless pear?  
I don't CARE!