## Worm Quartet, Hair On The Soap

There's a hair on my soap
An ugly little thing
A little pubic souvenir upon my Irish Spring
There's a hair on my soap
It's curly, long, and fine
There's a hair on the soap
And I don't think it's mine
My roommate must have used it
Cuz I see his soap is gone
It was just a sliver yesterday
And now it has passed on
I feel for his predicament
But still it isn't fair
Just cuz he used up his Ivory
Why should I bathe in his hair?

There's a hair on my soap
A hair on my soap
Can't rinse it off, can't scrape it off,
I don't know how to cope
With this hair on my soap
This hair on my soap
I just thought I'd take a shower,
But I've given up all hope

The water's pouring down on me And splashing in the drain The shampoo's running in my eyes I'm wincing from the pain I can't deal with the horror Of this most disgusting find This sample of his DNA My roommate left behind I look around the tub My other roommate's soap is there It's shiny white and barely used Devoid of pubic hair So I used it and I put it back Where it's supposed to go And I think that it's the perfect crime But little do I know

I left a hair on his soap
A hair on his soap
Well at least it's lest disgusting
Than to find one in your Scope
There's a hair on the soap
A hair on the soap
The cycle goes forever
And I don't know how to cope

There's a hair on the soap
A hair on the soap
Even in the yuppie bathrooms
Where they hang it on a rope
They still find hair on the soap
Yes hair on the soap
And no one of us is safe
Hell, I'd even bet the pope
Has found a hair on the soap
A hair on the soap
Could be from somebody's balding head
Or from their anal slope
There's a hair on the soap

A hair on the soap
Could be from a person, from a dog,
Or from an antelope
There's a hair on the soap
A hair on the soap
If you ask me if I like it
I'll just have to tell you nope
There's a hair on the soap
A hair on the soap
I'm running out of rhymes now
And I really have to grope