

Worm Quartet, I'm Gonna Procreate

People say to me Shoebox
You've got a wife now
Do you have any plans
To start a family life now?
We really don't want your help
Perpetuating the species
So I just bend over and turn around
And tell them to lick my feces

I've gotten the impression, since I was in preschool
That some people are opposed to my wading in the gene pool
They've mostly been subtle hints, but it sure raised my suspicions
When 300 protestors showed up on my lawn and showed me their signed petitions
Total strangers wish upon me an infection of the pelvic plexus
And children scream and point and cry and ask their parents what my sex is
But I remain undeterred despite the death threats that I'm getting
Your kids will have to deal with my crap too, cuz my seed will soon be spreading!

I'm gonna procreate and there's nothing you can do about it
It's gonna be so great, my wife'll pop out kids like a diesel-powered pez dispenser
If you're against her helping me produce my offspring let me know
I'll tell you where to go
Cuz I'm gonna procreate

My wife's won awards for her uteral perfection
She's got more freakin' eggs than the Wegmans' dairy section
If she even wants to hold my hand, I wear a condom before I'll let her
Cuz she's more fertile than cow manure, and thank god, she sure smells better
I've been checking my sperm count, and it couldn't be higher
They're practically shooting out of my pores whenever I perspire
I'll fertilize anything that moves, my semen is so kickin'
If I shove an Egg McMuffin down my pants, it turns into a McChicken

I'm gonna procreate and there's nothing you can say about it
Thanks to a twist of fate I've found a girl who doesn't throw up when she sees me naked
Why would she make it with a fatass long-haired ultra-geek like me?
Well it's a mystery

I can't wait until the day
The OB/GYN will say
Let's see the ultrasound of what you've bred
The nurses will all faint and scream
Because I'll bet they've never seen
A fetus with a mullet on its head
And full-sized man-boobs

I've been reading bout Darwin and natural selection
And wondering how it could apply to the fruits of my erection
I want all my swimmers to be just the fastest fancy sleek ones
So I wax my carrot twenty times a day just to weed out the weak ones

I'm gonna procreate and there's nothing you can do about it
Each time I copulate there's a chance that something's gonna be fertilized now
Don't be surprised now if someday it comes to be that there's a
Warm and mushy fleshy thing that's looking up at you
With a head all full of questions and a diaper full of poo
With a bottle full of Folger's and a Bad Religion tee
And a face that's trial-sized but looks an awful lot like me
I'm gonna procreate