

Crash Test Dummies, A Worm's Life

Though you think me cold and slimy
I've got a nice home
I've tasted your best guacamole
And siesta'd at noon in the cool of the soil

A worm's life can be easy
If you lay low, out of sight

Sometimes it's too hot for cooking
One wants just a salad
And then comes a breeze in the evening
The men light cigars and their scent fills the air

A worm's life can be easy
If you lay low, out of sight

But then the rains come, and the ground fills with water
And I must come up to the surface for air...

Then I was plucked from the wet slime
And dropped in tequila
I lay in a stupor for some time
And one fine night I was gulped down in a shot

A worm's life can be easy
If you lay low, out of sight