Dead Milkmen, Earwig

Your ears fell off in the parking lot
Your blood's still drippin', God, I hope it clots
You say you're okay but we know you're not
Your eyes went crossed do you see spots?

Well I'm not sayin' that you're gonna die
I just might be hintin' that you'll feel a little ill
And I guess we've all learned a lesson
And I guess we'll all get a little thrill

Your hands fell off and then your mind eroded
Your arms fell asleep and then your lungs corroded
Shoulders slumped forward then your heart exploded
Looked pretty gross so we all got loaded

Well I'm not sayin' that you're gonna die
I just might be hintin' that you won't be around
And you can go ahead and sell all your records
'Cause you got an appointment 6 feet underground
And

You got an earwig
It's crawling towards your brain
And you got an earwig
The glorious pain

Your mind went blank about a week ago
Your hair fell out but you didn't know
Ya' might wanna relax and take it slow
'Cause in a couple a' days you might begin to glow

Well I'm not sayin' that you're gonna die
I just might be hintin' that you may puke a lot
And could ya' pay me that money ya' owe me
Ya' know I really hate to put you on the spot
'Cause

You got an earwig
It's crawling towards your brain
And you got an earwig
The fashionable pain

Well I'm not sayin' that you're gonna die
I just might be hintin' that you'll bee a little ill
And I guess we've all learned our lesson
And I guess we'll all get a little thrill