

# GWAR, Ham On The Bone

Can you hear the whispering wind?  
Over the screams of your dying friends?  
Did you know your life was mine?  
You know what I got?

A little thing  
HAM ON THE BONE  
Now I feel the purpose of my life defined  
That I can't leave alone  
Ham on the bone is mine, go ay

Now you're on call  
To the desperate scene at the throbbing ball  
And you'll do it all

You know what I've got  
HAM ON! HAM ON! HAM ON! HAM ON!  
Now you've become my geni-thrall  
Ham on the bone is mine, go ay

Ham on ham  
Ham on ham  
Ham on ham  
Ham on ham

Now my hand grasps  
My throbbing root and shan't unclasp  
Go to the head of the class  
As I madly stroke my flacid shaft