

Kilgore, Fridgafloor

Wrap my head in cellophane
And place it in my Kenmore
Maybe when we're not so full
We can eat it all by four
Thoughts drip out from the ears
And fall into my open beer
Penetrate the hardwood floors
And fester there forevermore
Evermore
Don't close that door
I'm in your floor
Evermore
Everything here that you see
Is right here in front of me
Wipe your feet before my head
And think no thoughts before I'm dead
My plastic body's wrapped in chains
Confuse the thoughts inside my brain
Even though I was told
When I was born they broke the mold
Broke the mold
Can't get a hold
Of what I control
Broke the mold
When will the play of words begin
The angry crowd protests with murder
Naked meat enters stage left
She begins a speech and the men get a hard-on
Tears come to eyes
But men with muscles cannot cry
Words slur to sighs
Placed in the fridge before she dies
Tears come to eyes
But men with muscles cannot cry
Words slur to sighs
Placed in the fridge before she dies
If it's not me that you see
I doubt very much that'll ever be
A man who thinks much more
Don't be afraid. I'm in your floor
In your floor
Don't close that door
I'm in your floor
Evermore