

Peter And The Test Tube Babies, Rotting In The

It's a cold cold morning, it's warm here in bed.
It's time to get up now, I think I'll stay here instead.
So I turn on the TV, with my big toe.
'Cos i've got nothing to do, and i've got nowhere to go.

Gotta get back, gotta get back to, rotting in the fart sack.
I've gotta get back, gotta get back to apathy.

I don't want to be rich, I don't want to be famous.
I don't want to go anywhere, except the kitchen, to make my breakfast.
So I turn on the TV, with my big toe.
'Cos i've got nothing to do, and i've got nowhere to go.