

Phish, Sloth

They call me the sloth

Way down in the ghetto

Italian Spaghetti

Singing falsetto

Sleeping all day

Rip Van Winklin'

Spend my nights in bars

Glasses tinklin'

I'm so bad

He's so nasty

Ain't got no friends

Real outcasty

Stay out of my way

Or you'll end up a cripple

I'll take this piece of paper

And slice you in the nipple

[repeat first verse]

Colonel Forbin stared at the fourteen bars that stood at the end of the cell. He ran his hand across
Errand... Errand... Errand... Errand...

And from atop the mountain Icculus looked down on all that went on below him. And he smiled...