

# The Residents, Harry The Head

The Head was hardly human  
The head is finally dead  
&quot;I can live forever  
In formaldehyde&quot;, he said.  
Once he made me so mad  
I knocked him on the floor;  
He rolled around and found a  
little paint brush  
by the door;  
As he held it in his teeth  
he painted angels  
On the skirt I wore.  
Harry  
Harry  
Harry  
Harry - The Head is dead.  
Harry - The Head is dead.  
Harry - The Head is dead.  
Herman - The Human Mole  
Herman  
Herman  
Herman isn't happy  
Herman isn't well  
Herman is an albino  
Not that you could tell.  
Herman  
Herman  
Herman is dirty  
Herman is cold  
Herman is thirty and  
Wishes he was old  
But he isn't.  
Herman has a trailer  
On top of it is grass  
He filled the inside up with dirt  
And made the sides of glass  
He lets you climb the steps  
Up to the top for free  
And look down through a little hole  
Above his old TV.  
But if you want some more  
You pay to go inside  
The tent that goes around the trailer  
In which Herman hides.  
Herman plays piano  
When no one is around  
He has an upright baby Steinway  
Underneath the ground.