

# The Residents, The Spot

A pox upon a chicken or a fight about a bear  
Would not be worse than what I've seen  
And what I have to wear  
It first appeared on my birthday  
Beneath an empty cocktail tray  
I scrubbed but found to my dismay  
A spot that would not go away  
I got... the spot  
"Oh what the hell" I seemed to say  
And laughed a little bit  
But when I saw the spot had moved  
I nearly had a fit!  
A fever froze me in my place  
When then I found it on my face  
Curdling my blood I screamed  
"Be gone or be some heinous dream!"  
I got... the spot  
Oblong it interacted  
With my follicles of hair  
And now it grows in magnitude  
And sits upon a chair  
It sleeps upon my shirt  
And smiles at me  
When I get hurt  
I can't believe that blotch is there!  
But still I cover it with care  
I got... the spot  
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