

# The Residents, Wanda - The Worm Woman

Sneering at a leering lady  
as she stares and squirms  
At Wanda with her saintly smile  
and living wig of worms  
I like to watch their faces fall  
as we disgust and shame them  
Seeking suckers is my game  
- no longer lion taming.  
Like a pink and pregnant pumpkin  
perched upon her neck  
Wanda Wadkins head was hurting  
it was bitten by insects  
I watched the awkward way she waddled  
walking to the pail  
She always used to wash her worms  
and clean beneath her nails  
I love the soul I see inside her  
but I just can't love her  
Folding fat that rolls around  
like bowling balls in butter.