Tool, Maynard's Dick

It's all an open center
Opens up and lets the wind lift him away
It doesn't have to feel water
It's just a place that feels right with him
Kinda like the way you're breathing
I kinda like the way you keep looking away
Would you like to glide on
Slide a mile six inches at a time on Maynard's dick

There's a shyness found in reason
Apprehensive influence swallow away
You seem to feel abysmal take it
then you're careful grace for sure
Kinda like the way you're breathing
Kinda like the way you keep looking away
Would you like to climb on
Climb on my six inches and go down on Maynard's dick

Took you out in the back of the toolshed
Put it right on top of your forehead
Took you out in the back of the toolshed
Now you know what you're fuckin with... Maynard's dick!