

Ween, The Golden Eel

Get off my ass you wee bitty fuck
If I pull out the Claymore you're shit outta luck
Who's that girl? That pretty young thing
After I fuck her she'll get up and sing
Aye Aye Aye
Sharpen your boot, and bludgeon your eye
Aye Aye Aye
The Blarney Stone brings a tear to me eye
Down to the pub for a two shilling ale
The bread on the counter is going stale
If I don't get some fresh bread soon
Gonna punch in your face and bark at the moon
(Chorus)
Ain't got no girl 'cuz I haven't the time
Got too many other things on me mind
Patty was nice she was pale and cute
But I threw her away like an old piece of fruit
(Chorus)
Got ooze in my pores my feet are all wet
Got mold in my ears but I ain't dead yet
Got stones in me bladder got a crack in me head
When Patty starts cryin' this is what I said
(Chorus)