

Worm Quartet, Frank's Not In The Band Anymore

We had this drummer and his name was Frank
He didn't play too well, in fact he really stank
Frank was a pretty boy, girls thought he was a hottie
But he thought he was a woman trapped inside of a man's body
So Frank went to the doctor, said he needed a change
From a car to a garage in his home down on the range
But they messed up the paperwork to trim his lucky charm
And when he woke from the anesthesia he only had one arm

Frank filed a lawsuit he somehow managed to lose
And we had nothing for him but still more bad news
We told him early while his stub was still sore
Frank, you're not in the band anymore.

Frank was upset, he wanted back in the band
And so he taught himself to drum with one hand
We went to his garage and got together to rehearse
He had really sucked before and now he wasn't much worse
So we decided we'd give him another try
When suddenly a chainsaw fell down from the sky
His brother had been playing with it up in the loft
It hit Frank square in the shoulder, cut his other arm right off

We were in the middle of playing a Meatmen song
Suddenly we noticed that the rhythm sounded wrong
We turned around, saw the bloody arm lying on the floor
Then Frank wasn't in the band anymore

So he tried playing the drums with his feet
It sounded stupid but it really looked neat
But he lost his legs in an accident involving frogs and Tang
That he's never quite been able to explain
So he tried sticking the drumsticks in his nose
This made the handles all sticky and gross
He talked funny when he played now with a pained nasal lisp
And his drum solos sounded like this

(Drum solo with owing and a dropped drumstick)
Frank: Dammithey, can somebody pick that up?
Band: NO!

When he finally got whiplash from playing with his head
We said Frank, you've got to stop this or else you'll soon be dead
We've enjoyed our time together, it's really been fun
But drummers need extremities and you don't have a one
Frank got real quiet; Frank got real sad
He didn't speak to us for months; I guess we made him mad
But I'm proud to say this story still has a happy end
He got prosthetic everything and now he's still our friend

We use him to prop open the door to the shed
And in the wintertime we've got the world's only talking sled
But our new drummer's name is Yamaha, we got him at the store
Cuz Frank's not in the band anymore
No, Frank's not in the band anymore
No, Frank's not in the band
Anymore