

Worm Quartet, I Don

I got an e-mail from a guy who claims to know me
Claimed he graduated from my high school in the class two years below me
And he sat three seats behind me in my composition class
And he remembers my old Anthrax shirt that showed off the crack of my ass
Anyway he says Just figured I should drop you a line
To let you know that my homepage is finally online
It took me weeks and weeks but it's finally all done
So surf on over cyber-buddy it'll be such fun!

He closed with the ugliest signature I'd seen in a while
And a clichd insincere colon-parenthesis smile
The message then repeated with a lot of brackets in it
I stared in utter horror and just sat there for a minute
From the onslaught of stupidity my mind was f***ing beat
But from deep in my mind a voice screamed Dammit, delete!
And as my pointer flailed in panic trying to send this thing to hell
I accidentally clicked right on his f***ing URL

The screen went yellow but the font was yellow too
So I couldn't see a thing and there was nothing I could do
My P-120 churned and growled like my hard drive was exploding
30 minutes went by and the first banner was still loading
I clicked Stop and I clicked Exit but my browser just ignored me
And 3 dozen Geocities ads were popping up before me
Every ad had its own window every window spawned another
And the windows spawned more windows til the screen was f***ing smothered

So I went for a walk, just so some time could be spent,
I came back and it was still sitting at 2 percent
So I made myself some dinner and I played a game of Doom,
I read a couple novels and I wallpapered my room
Three days later it was loaded and my keyboard started to function
There was nothing but a 10-gig JPEG saying Under Construction
The only link on the page said click here to e-mail me
So I picked a font big enough for astronauts to see (and typed)

I don't give a sh*** about you f***ing website
I don't give a sh*** about the life you live
I wouldn't give a sh*** about your f***ing website
If I had a hundred spare shits to give

Then a few days later another blast from the past
I got an e-mail from an ex- who had dumped me on my ass
She said My web site's up, it's something you've gotta see!
So I figured I should make sure there weren't any pictures of me
I clicked and suddenly I was bathed in cutesy clipart galore
With more flowers birds and bunnies than a f***ing Hallmark store!
It said This is my page, and it's all about me.
Everything you'll ever need to know updated daily

There were stories about her sister, and pages about her Prom,
And pictures of the coming out party for her Mom,
There were pictures of her friends, and pictures of her hats,
And a hundred thousand pictures of her scraggly ugly cats
There were links to every f***ing page that she even knew
And each one of them was broken, she even misspelled Yahoo
When I got through every f***ing poem that she had ever wrote
I figured it was time to drop this stupid bi*** a note (saying)

I don't give a sh*** about your f***ing website
I don't give a sh*** about the life you live
I wouldn't give a sh*** about your f***ing website
If I had a hundred spare shits to give

There's so much bullshit on the web it fills me with rage
Hell, even Bea Arthur has her own f***ing page
So don't waste my precious time each day is only so long
I could be using that time to write another stupid song
So the moral of this story, I think it's plain to see
If your website sucks big walrus cock don't send it to me!
And if you do don't be surprised, if I get really pissed
And subscribe you to the Micheal Bolton fan club mailing list!

I don't give a sh*** about you f***ing website
I don't give a sh*** about the life you live
I wouldn't give a sh*** about your f***ing website
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PRANCE!