

# 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 cliché 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  
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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  
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PRANCE!