

# Pissin

## Todd Rundgren

I didn't notice you there  
Til I felt your breath on my neck hair  
Now you put me through my paces  
You don't know what personal space is  
And not a soul in the room  
seems to have your need to share  
Did you ever stop to wonder  
Does anybody care?  
Maybe the ladies are impressed  
But I don't think so, let's be honest  
Why don't you give that thing a rest  
You're just a one-man pissin contest  
This used to be a nice place  
And now your dick is in the mayonnaise  
How does one vent one's sense of sickness  
At skull and skin of such vast thickness?  
Of everybody at the party  
Your target had to be me  
I really hate to disappoint you  
But I ain't got the need  
'Cause it's the thing you do the best  
The kind of fight of which you're fondest  
You wanna brag, well be my guest  
You won a solo pissin contest  
I think by now we know better  
You can't get blood from a bore  
We gonna find that stupid sucker  
Who let you through the door  
None of the ladies were impressed  
Our recollection may be jaundiced  
We all recall with special zest  
We saw a solo pissin contest

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