

# Fishin' Hole

Fiona Boyes

Wanna have some quality time with my son  
So I brought him down to the fishin' hole  
Didn't like the feelin' of that worm in his hand  
Got mad, threw down his fishin' pole  
Said, "That's alright, son. Let's go and get an ice cream"  
"Let your old man buy you a treat"  
But he didn't like no flavors up upon that wall  
Started crying, and ran into the street...  
He's an asshole, my kid's an asshole  
I swear it just don't float my boat  
Always crying, always crying  
Made me wanna punch him in his little throat  
Called my lady up to tell her what had happened  
How our son had run away  
She said, "Don't worry, baby, I will talk to him"  
"And everything will be okay"  
My lady's an asshole, she's an asshole  
Her asshole-ness is off the charts  
Always perfect, always perfect  
Made me wanna punch her in her lady-parts  
I decided I'd go down to the bar  
And drown my sorrows in a beer  
But the sign outside said 'Closed For Renovations'  
'We'll open up again next year'...  
That bar is an asshole, it's an asshole

Oh, the worst bar in the land!  
Always closing, always closing  
Can't punch a bar, cause you'll hurt your hand  
I went home to forget about my troubles  
Sat down in my favorite eazy chair  
But I couldn't relax from the pain I was feelin'  
As my hemorrhoid began to flair...  
My asshole's an asshole, a real butthole  
Needs to put his asshole-self in check!  
Always burning, always itching  
Made me wanna punch him in his asshole neck  
Late one night, lyin' awake in bed  
Mmmm, a realization came

Are there really assholes everywhere I look?  
Or am I the one to blame?  
Maybe I just do not say the things I should say  
And I don't do the things I ought  
So I took a good, hard look at myself in the mirror  
And this is what I thought...  
The guy who sold me this mirror is an asshole, he's an asshole  
Son of a bitch said it was antique  
He was lyin', he was lyin'  
Made me wanna punch him in his salesman cheek  
I'm on a real asshole streak  
I could open up an asshole boutique  
I think this song has reached its peak  
Goodbye, you assholes, see you next week!

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