

# The Scary Caroler

## Lambchop

Well i feel more like i do today  
Than i did last night  
Makin' odds on the silvery moom  
Makin' it all seem that nice  
And then you lie  
Your back your scrotum  
And you close your eyes  
Your shoulders your pelvis  
And you sleep alright  
Your wrist knuckles and knees  
All these things ache Well jesu christ  
I got my dogs on ice  
A piece of grit in my eye  
I start to spit  
Then i start to cry  
I'm happy  
I just don't know why  
And then you rise  
Your buttocks your calves  
And you open your eyes  
Your sinus your ears  
And you sleep alright  
Your arms your cheeks  
All these things ache Yes i've had better days  
I look liked  
My teeth they were  
Extremely white  
Cast off cast off  
You scary caroler  
This hasn't been my night

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