

Bloody Mary

Mr. Bungle

When life comes down to a sharp point
Onto the head of a pin
Something relieves the pressure
And the cycle begins
All the ladies run to the barstools
Anticipation grows
Mother nature adds the ingredients
The women sip it slow One day God had to get off his ass
He had to walk to the kitchen and get his own glass
To this glass he had to pour his own booze
For this, his woman had to pay the dues
Now all women must pay this terrible bill
That arrives every month against their will
A crescent hang over, half-irritated smirk
Full migraine cramps, and Maxi-pads don't work! Have another round now
Complete the recipe
All your pain and anger
Wash into a crimson sea
He who filled your ocean
Sinks not but bobs afloat
Your sweet menstruation
Will capsize his boat Don't you think it's scary
Life's a Bloody Mary
Blood and alcohol
Makes you think that nothing's wrong
Howling at the moon
When the wolf bane blooms
Raise your glass and toast
To the thing that hurts you most
Drink hard drink deep! When life comes down to a sharp point
Onto the head of a pin
Something relieves the pressure
And the cycle begins
All the ladies run to the barstools
Anticipation grows
Mother nature adds the ingredients
The women sip it slow Concentrated into a liquid state
Released out of a spigot, the tampon awaits
Flowing out of the nozzle and into your cup

Although you've had too much, it's bottoms up
Every woman's got a secret with Mother Sun
Saying we'll meet same time same place next month
We'll drink till dawn and we'll reminisce
And we'll bleed for each other with no remiss
Have another round now
Complete the recipe
All your pain and anger
Wash into a crimson sea
He who filled your ocean
Sinks not but bobs afloat
Your sweet menstruation
Will capsize his boat
Don't you think it's scary
Life's a Bloody Mary
Blood and alcohol
Makes you think that nothing's wrong
Howling at the moon
When the wolf bane blooms
Raise your glass and toast
To the thing that hurts you most
Drink hard drink deep!
Excuse me bartender, fill it to the rim
And fetch me a sanitary napkin
To wipe off what's dribblin' down my chin
And forget about the troubles of this month's sin
Every girl washes out the month's bad times
By flushing her cares out into her panty liners
Tabasco sauce stings the memories
No release
Dreadfully eternal
The stain of tomato juice
Never understand why
Your crotch is singin' the blues
Stirring up emotion
With a celery stick
Sickening combination
Your blender loves to mix

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