

Trash Day

Weird Al Yankovic

Rotten, so rotten here
So rotten, oh
It was like, the last day before trash day
My place was gettin' kinda nastay
Even though the garbage I knew would reek
(You know)
Thought that I could leave it for one more week
Then, um, I'm takin', birthday cake an'
(Oh)
Chili and greasy old bacon
Throw it all on top of the mess I been makin'
Wife's so mad, she starts to shakin'
Leaky bag, an' now that girl is gaggin'
She's naggin', "I need you to get that stuff off the kitchen floor
Is that too much to ask you for?"
But I see no reason why, can't let a few more weeks go by
And now garbage is piled up high
And buddy, you should see the flies, I said
There's somethin' rotten here
(Say what?)
You better hold your nose
(Oh)
Hey, you disgusting slob
You gotta take the trash out, oh
Boy, there's a lot in here
(A lot)
And every day it grows
(Oh)
Hey, you disgusting slob
You gotta take the trash out
(Make ya wanna throw up)
Look at all this garbage that I keep generatin'
(Come on)
I sit around all day and watch it biodegradin'
Bet there's a hundred health codes that I'm violatin'
Even my dog passed out and needed resuscitatin'
You won't believe it, take a whiff of that aroma
Sure to put you in a coma
It's so messy, can't find my toenail clippers

It's so bad, the roaches wearin' slippers
Warm, sweaty clothes piled up in this joint
Stand up by themselves at this point
It's so filthy, now baby, I can't lie
I wipe my feet before I go outside
I wonder what crawled in here and died
(You know)
Walkin' 'round barefoot, I'd be terrified
But it gives me stuff to talk about with my friends
Like "Hey, I think them rats gettin' big", oh
There's somethin' rotten here
(Say what?)
You better hold your nose
(Oh)
Hey, you disgusting slob
You gotta take the trash out, oh
Look what we got in here
(Now what?)
Let's watch it decompose
(Oh)
Hey, you disgusting slob
You gotta take the trash out
(Make ya wanna throw up)
With a little bit and a little bit a
Make me wanna throw up
It makes ya wanna
Just makes ya wanna, oh
Some Lysol, some Comet
I got a mop and it's got your name on it
(What?)
I'm just kiddin', doggone it
(Oh)
Unless you gonna do it
Careful not to breathe the fumes
Check it, garbage piles are goin'
All the way to the bathroom
Turn into toxic waste sometime this afternoon
Better get a Hazmat suit and a push broom, oh
There's somethin' rotten here
(Say what?)
You better hold your nose
(Oh)
Hey, you disgusting slob
You gotta take the trash out, oh
It's gone to pot in here

(Now what?)
Bring out the fire hose
Hey, you disgusting slob
You gotta take the trash out
(Make ya wanna throw up)
With a little bit and a little bit a
Make me wanna throw up
Give a little bit and a tiny bit a
Make ya wanna throw up
Mix a little bit a, with a molecule a
Make me wanna throw up
It makes me wanna
Just makes me wanna, oh

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