

Bender "Prick"

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Glad to see your eating grapes in the band room
Stabbed your pickle and we paid for it twice
Kept me quiet with a shot full of gasoline
Pacifying but you can't distract three

What the hell's the matter with you
What the hell's the matter with you
What, what, what, what, what the hell's the matter with
you

Heard you found someone to dig through your feces
Only pay him seven fifty a day
Ammunition for a short persecution ring
Spending money and you try to hate me
More than he's worth taking his fare
More than he's worth or the quarter you spare

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[It Was a long time coming
Probably should have happened sooner
Every minute you clocked in
Could have been spent kicking the hell out of you
If you were you, and I was me
And what you thought was your's is all mine now
If I could start all over I'd do it different

So you think you earned all of the money
You booked the show we played the fourth of July
Kept it up with secret knocks and the password
Left your footprints on the big Mac screen
Free is the world, free is the air
More than he's worth or the quarter you spare

What the hell's the matter with you

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