

Bubblemath

"Potential People"

Visit "[Potential People](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Jack is just an average teenage boy
Whose father always told him, as he'd smack poor Jack
to scold him
That a body is a tool, and not a toy
"Never touch yourself down here, no matter what you
do!"
Said Father, grabbing Jack, and almost shaking him in
two
But late one night when all of the house was quiet
Jack got awful curious as to what made Dad so furious
And decided he would go ahead and try it

Every night behind the bathroom door
Squatting on his haunches, he lunges forth and
launches
A thick genetic mess upon the floor

Once again, the liquid legions fly
A quivering cascade condemned to die
And they wilt for a while on the porcelain tile
Dead and drying as they're trying, in a wet white pile of
foam
To be home again, back in the sac, as they curdle and
crack
All because of a jerk called Jack

Floating in the Xs and the Ys

Spasm after spasm of perfect protoplasm
As half a future genius slowly dies

Once again, the liquid legions fly
A quivering cascade condemned to die
And they wilt for a while on the porcelain tile
Dead and drying as they're trying, in a wet white pile of
foam
To be home again, back in the sac, as they curdle and
crack
All because of a jerk called Jack

Breaking down the doors with flailing fists
The Eagle Forum has landed, and jack is caught red-

handed
By a midnight mob of Catholic activists
"You've spilled the seed of God!" the leader whines
And she incites the night's stampeeding
Till our boy lies bruised and bleeding
While they gird his groin with planks and protest signs

Then as quickly as they'd come, the gang was gone
No more jacking Jack upon the john

Visit [Bubblemath](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.