

Tim Minchin

"Perineum Millennium"

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Rust

Crawls down the side of my water tank life
Cuts like a knife
Sluts like my wife
And you'd like her too
People usually do

Puss

Seeps from the seams of our festering souls
Mostly just dripping
Ghostly and gripping

Slipping
Slipping

And if only I knew
And if only I had the questions
And the moment to ask
If only I had the shoes in which to dance
To take a chance to free myself
Enough to paint a portrait
Of my paternal grandma
Nude in public
Rude and pubic
Rubix
Cubic

Sex

Resides in the core of my labyrinth mind
Masturbating Minotaur
Saucy and sinister
Half man, half bullock
Large swollen bollocks
Mostly just swinging
Itchy and stinging

Stinging

And there will be times, there will be times
When sunset falls
Like a wingless bird
N'er to sing again
N'er to wing again
There was an old man called Michael Finnegan
He grew whiskers
Like magical Mr Mestopholes

In the room the women come and go
Talking of threesomes and Reality shows

But if only they knew
And if only they could see the light
If only they could watch me try to write
The songs I long to write
And right the wrongs I thought I might
I mixed my colours with my whites
I fight the tie-dye fight in
Mighty tight trousers
And really big shoes
And nothing to lose
But my stiffy

I grow old, I grow scared
I shall wear my pre-worn trousers flared

And while the shadow may lie
Between ideas and facts
One can lyrically wax
The more interesting gaps
Like the soft bit that sits
Twixt your arseholes and sacks
We're living in the
Perineum Millennium
The in-between years
Not front bum or back bum
Not fiction or factum
Nor ideas or reality
Nor the shadow nor the hollow
Not a bosom for a pillow
Not Dante's big whinge
About cruising round Hades
The Perineum is yummy
As taties and gravy
It's quite big on the boys
But just small on the ladies
And can break all together
When the ladies have babies
And still we insist
On being brisk with the topic

In the fear the affair will turn
Colonoscopic
And we all know what Sigmund
Would say about that
As you lie on your back
Etherised on a table
Like the fabled evening
Spread out against the sky
Let us go then, you and
Fuck that, Freud you perverted
Viennese prat
Just cos you're a crack pot
Just cos you wacked off lots
As a little tacker
Your little pre-genius eyeball
Glued to the keyhole
When your mum's in the loo
And you, aged just 2
Sneaking a good ol' peep
At certain half-deserted streets
The fluttering retreats
Of your mum's meat Venetians
As she bent over the bath
Your future stared back
Like a glittering path
Gilded with that golden Guilt
Upon which you built
Your Oedipal empire

But always you searched
For the soft bit unseen
Like text beneath the pages
Or the years between
The anal and genital phases
The pereniul quest
Life's only true task
The only real test
We humans must pass
Begins at the testes
And ends at the arse

This is the way the world ends
This is the way the world ends
This is the way the world ends
Not with a full stop
But a colon

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