

Todd Rundgren

"Pissin"

Visit "[Pissin](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I didn't notice you there
Til I felt your breath on my neck hair
Now you put me through my paces
You don't know what personal space is
And not a soul in the room
seems to have your need to share
Did you ever stop to wonder
Does anybody care?
Maybe the ladies are impressed
But I don't think so, let's be honest
Why don't you give that thing a rest
You're just a one-man pissin contest
This used to be a nice place
And now your dick is in the mayonnaise
How does one vent one's sense of sickness
At skull and skin of such vast thickness?
Of everybody at the party
Your target had to be me
I really hate to disappoint you
But I ain't got the need
'Cause it's the thing you do the best
The kind of fight of which you're fondest
You wanna brag, well be my guest
You won a solo pissin contest
I think by now we know better
You can't get blood from a bore
We gonna find that stupid sucker
Who let you through the door
None of the ladies were impressed
Our recollection may be jaundiced
We all recall with special zest
We saw a solo pissin contest

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