

The Residents, Wanda - The Worm Woman

Sneering at a leering lady
as she stares and squirms
At Wanda with her saintly smile
and living wig of worms
I like to watch their faces fall
as we disgust and shame them
Seeking suckers is my game
- no longer lion taming.
Like a pink and pregnant pumpkin
perched upon her neck
Wanda Wadkins head was hurting
it was bitten by insects
I watched the awkward way she waddled
walking to the pail
She always used to wash her worms
and clean beneath her nails
I love the soul I see inside her
but I just can't love her
Folding fat that rolls around
like bowling balls in butter.