

*join you two ignorant fools in your ridiculous superstition
thank you anyway
and i like the smell of my hair treatment
the pleasing odour is half the point*

ain't got no bag ... ain't got no tools
just got a one-way ticket on this ship of fools
ain't had no plan B ... when i set sail
and every crux looks like a nail

it ain't so ba-a-a-ad – **oh mah lord** – damn the whales and screengrabbers
big brothers watchin' it's true
if i ha-a-a-ad – **had a bag** – had a bag full o' hammers
oh th' mindboggled things i could do

ain't got no blueprints ... them's too refined
just got some vague ideas i saw online
shipmates keep shouting ... and i love that sound
always looking for something i can pound

i'm just a la-a-a-ad – **oh mah lord** – amongst the zombies and backstabbers
in a land where the darkneses lurk
if i ha-a-a-ad – **had a bag** – had a bag full o' hammers
i'd glove up and get down to work

ain't got no tools ... ain't got no bag
just want a good life that ain't such a drag
just feeling bad, walking down the trail
and every crux looks like a nail

i ain't ma-a-a-ad – **oh mah lord** – here amongst the cadavers
formalin fumes all aroun'
if i ha-a-a-ad – **had a bag** – had a bag full o' hammers
oh th' walls would come tumbling down