Type O Negative, Angry Itch

My sex-change operation got botched My guardian angel fell asleep on the watch Now all I got is a Barbie Doll-crotch I got an angry inch

Six inches forward and five inches back I got a I got an angry inch

I'm from the land where you still hear the cries I had to get out to sever all ties I changed my name and assumed a disguise I got an angry inch

Six inches forward and five inches back I got a I got an angry inch

Six inches forward and five inches back
The train is coming and I'm tied to the track
I try to get up but I can't get no slack
I got an angry inch, angry inch, angry inch

Six inches forward and five inches back I got a I got an angry inch

A long story short:

When I woke up from the operation I was bleeding down there Bleeding from the gash between my legs My first day as a woman And already it's that time of the month But two days later The hole closed up and the wound healed And I was left with a one inch mound of flesh Where my penis used to be Where my vagina never was A one inch mound of flesh With a scar running down it Like a sideways grimace On an eyeless face It was just a little bulge It was an angry inch

Six inches forward and five inches back
The train is coming and I'm tied to the track
I try to get up but I can't get no slack
I got an angry inch, angry inch, angry inch

Six inches forward and five inches back Stay undercover 'til the night turns to black I got my inch and I'm set to attack I got an angry inch, angry inch, angry inch