

"Guilt!"

Lyrics by Bill Nelson, Music by Jason Sirois & Bill Nelson

BEFORE I BAKE A CAKE
IN MY CORNINGWARE,
I CHECK THE OVEN FOR BABIES.

THERE'S NO REASON THAT A BABY
WOULD BE IN THERE,
BUT HOW MUCH GUILT WOULD I FEEL
IF, WHILE PREPARING A MEAL,
I COOKED A BABY?

US KIDS FROM CATHOLIC HOMES LEARNED GUILT PRETTY
QUICK.
MY MOM LAID IT ON REAL THICK.
IT'S THAT FEELING THAT BITES ME AND BEGINS TO CHEW.
SO WHEN I CAN DODGE IT,
I DO!

GUILT! STUPID GUILT!
I'M NOT BUILT FOR THE STRESS OF IT.
THE PAIN IS SO MUCH STRAIN,
I AVOID IT TOOTH AND NAIL.

YEP I TRY BEING SLY
HOPING I CAN FEEL MUCH LESS OF IT.
EVASION'S MY WAY.
BUT EVEN THERE I USUALLY FAIL.

AT LEAST I'VE NEVER COOKED SOMEONE'S BABY. YET.

MY GRANNY SITS ME DOWN
AND SAYS I NEED TO PRAY
FOR GRANDAD'S HARDSHIP WITH HEMORRHOIDS.

I'M AGNOSTIC BUT IF I DON'T
THINK OF PRAYERS TO SAY,
THEN WHO'S AT FAULT WHEN GRAMPY'S BUTT
SHRINKS UP TOTALLY SHUT?
... THE ASSHOLE'S ME!

Wait, what are hemorrhoids?

GUILT! STUPID GUILT!
I'M NOT BUILT TO WITHSTAND IT ALL—
TO FEEL LIKE A SEAL
IS FLAPPING FLIPPERS IN MY GUT.

IT HAS BRAUN AND LIVES ON
'CAUSE DEMONIC FORCES PLANNED IT ALL.
I SHRINK JUST TO THINK
I COULD HURT SOMEBODY, BUT ...

AT LEAST I NEVER SHRUNK SOMEONE'S A-HOLE. YET.

I BRING THIS UP 'CAUSE TODAY ON THE ROAD,
I SWERVED, AVOIDING A COW.

I THOUGHT, "OH, SHE'LL GET HIT.
(WELL) SHIT!, NOW SHE WILL OF COURSE!"
THUS, I PUSHED HER
WITH DEMENTED MANIC FORCE.
COWS DO NOT LIKE BEING TOUCHED.

I SHOVED HER WITH MY PURSE,
WHICH IS LEATHER, SO I FEEL WORSE!

AGH!

GUILT! STUPID GUILT!
I'M NOT BUILT FOR THE STRESS OF IT.
THE PAIN IS SO MUCH STRAIN
I AVOID IT TOOTH AND NAIL.

YEP I TRY BEING SLY
HOPING I CAN FEEL MUCH LESS OF IT.
EVASION'S MY WAY.
BUT EVEN THERE I USUALLY FAIL.
AT LEAST MY CAR'S NOT DRIPPING MILK AND COW BLOOD.
YET.

I TELL MY MOM ABOUT THE COW, AND SHE SAYS, "HONEY,
I USED TO SAY THINGS JUST TO MAKE YOU BEHAVE."
SHE SAYS HER CATHOLIC SHAME-Y STUFF WAS HOOEY
AND NOT THE ROAD TO HEAVEN SHE TOLD ME IT WOULD PAVE.

(spoken:) IS THIS WOMAN SERIOUS?

THAT WAS A PLOY?
ALL MY PAIN IS 'CAUSE SHE
WORKED ME LIKE A TOY?

WELL, GUILT IS NOW FINISHED.
I'LL START SAYING WHAT I THINK.
I'LL RIP THE TAGS OFF PILLOWS.
I'LL SHOW SIDE-BOOB WHEN I DRINK!

AND I WON'T SECOND GUESS MYSELF
OR STEW OR CRINGE OR FRET.
FROM THIS MOMENT FORWARD
I WILL LIVE WITHOUT REGRET.
BABIES WHO DON'T WANNA BAKE,
BETTER STEER CLEAR OF MY KITCHENETTE!

NO MORE
GUILT! STUPID GUILT!
I'M NOT BUILT FOR THE STRESS OF IT.
THE PAIN IS SO MUCH STRAIN,
BUT NOW I SPRAY ITS FACE WITH MACE.

LOOK AT ME. FEEL MY GLEE.
FULLY FREE FROM THE MESS OF IT.
MY SOUL NOW FEELS WHOLE.
I'M IN A CALM AND CENTERED PLACE.
ALL FEARS HAVE DISAPPEARED WITHOUT A TRACE.
BUT STILL I'LL CHECK THE OVEN JUST IN CASE!