

I'll give you the drill that's the whole idea,

Different mill drills for different hole widths;

Every hole has had to be dug or drilled,

Except for the one in the woman which is thrilled.

Pick it if you can that saw on the back of your head,

Right of the top of your head a drill and you're dead;

Care about the hair and the air in and out your nose.

The whole ideas a drill so let's get it straight and right,

For this money accounting game is a really hard fight;

I'm not one to support it or doubt anything that can be,

But one thing is for sure it hurt me so much certainly.

There's people in your face and there's no skin off my nose,

For the pimple and the passion is as simple as smell a rose;

The whole idea is a drill, I'll give you the drum,

Don't drill holes in me because I'm smart not that dumb.

The whole idea is a drill not like a nail you hit on the head,

You put it in a chuck and the hammer is not for lead;

So the beauty of the picture as things seem to get well,

Is like a screw and a driver and the head is what you tell.

Well the whole idea's a drill and I think it's working out right,

As the sun sinks on the horizon and the light turns into night;

So the whole ideas a drill and the hole is what the drill drilled,

Like a uniform parade and the ink from my pen is billed.

Signed,

Marching Orders