

Written by Toad The Wet Sprocket

Been two weeks now
Kitchen stinks now
Finally got the guts to saunter in
And don a pair of gloves

And the janitor sleeping in a drum
Janitor I've become

Bubbles bristles
Thorns and thistles
Liquid sticks to things
That never should be seen by anyone

Like the janitor sleeping in a drum
Janitor I've become

And it amazes me how easily things go away
A chemical for every need
And someone else's problem when I leave

Is the janitor sleeping in a drum
Janitor you'll become
You'll become.