

SHRIMPO

64 Little White Things:

Cake
Bake
Betty

[look at this
punk.]



Come and get me out of this town, oh now
Come and save me
Come and rescue me from this giant hotel full of bones and babies
Take a look at yourself, a look that will sell
Call your aunt about the teeth she abandoned
Yeah, while she placed 'em in a can and canned 'em

It's the same as any day now
Except your teeth are falling out and you're going upstairs
Yeah, you're going upstairs
It's an upstairs harmony
And when you get there you can write a song to keep you company
There are good things, there are good things to eat
And tonight we're eating meat
(Goody, goody, goody!)

There's a couple of things I should tell you about
That the f***ers wouldn't sell, 'cause they're too cheap to tell
It's the men who feed on human beings
And they dawdle about
With their bellies hanging out
You can wash your fingers, but they never leave
You can bite your tongue, but it turns them on
And when you're ready to go, they'll pinch at your sides
And they'll make you recite
Brilliant songs about the symphony

I hate their skin
And I hate their trees
And their yards that they wrap with their plastics and greens
And their white houses
Their goddamn white teeth
And the chemicals drenched on the hair that they squeeze
I hate their sex
And the brats that they breed
And the air that they breathe
And they hated me
And they hated me
And they hated me
And they hated me
And they hated me

But then they ate me, and then they ate me
And they thought I was tasty
Well, then they ate me, and then they ate me