

Hunters & Collectors, Blind Snake Sundae

I hear a little voice
And it comes whinging in over the sea of a thousand fat faces
The little voice whinges for something loud and heavy
A little line of beer running down his chinny-chin
Oh my god what a fat little skin
And I smell something cooking
Something soft, something sweet
Something completely ridiculous
In the beginning was the word
It come to scrape away the shell-shock
And I says shake it, shake it, shake it
For another five minutes
And we are blowing it up like shell-shock
And to this fabulous waste
Come and deliver yourselves
I says come and eat up something
Deliver yourselves
With wet cherries on a Blind Snake Sundae
And to this fabulous waste
Come and deliver yourself
Oh come and leave all your food lying down in the dust
And listen to the Cook-House rock
I said listen to the Cook-House rock
Listen to it, listen to it, listen
Listen to the Cook-House rock
I hear another little voice, same as before
Except a little bit poorer and wasted
Whinging for something loud
By god you're fat boy, fat
Beer dribbling down your weak little chin
I will not let you in
And yes, again I smell something cooking
Something small and weak
And completely ridiculous
And to this fabulous waste
Come and deliver yourselves
I says come and clean up something
Deliver yourself
With a wet cherry on a Blind Snake Sundae
And to this fabulous waste
Come and deliver yourself
I says leave all your food lying down in the dust
And listen to the Cook-House rock
I says listen to the Cook-House rock
Listen to it, listen to it, listen