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