

# Pigface, The Breakfast Conspiracy

gonna tell you a story  
of some kind of a breakfast conspiracy  
breakfast in bed, sir?  
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ah, no thanks, not today  
in fact, I'd far rather be sitting in a distinctly upright position  
so that I may at least have the ghost of a chance to digest  
what I don't mind telling you  
is completely inedible slop  
lovingly and habitually prepared and served  
by the thugs and vagabonds  
who are the so-called staff of this institution  
finished with the menu, sir? (x4)  
yes, yes, I shall enjoy soft cakes, toast, tea, scrambled eggs,  
strawberry jam...  
mind you, I can't complain, before I came here I thought  
scrambled eggs were supposed to be brown and crispy at the bottom  
and dull yellow at the top  
my mother, god bless her, cannot boil a fucking kettle  
without burnin the water inside  
When I came here it's a different story, you know, oh yes,  
a whole different deck of cards...  
scrambled eggs arrive with the consistency of a moth swimming about  
in a foul yellow liquid  
I wonder where that came from?  
I would like to put forth my theory  
my own inside story, if you will  
you wanted to know what I think  
I think that every morning as we sleep  
our beloved kitchen staff gathers around the scrambled eggs  
like some pagan cult offering homage to a false icon  
first, the head chef, the cult leader, ritualistically stands on an  
institutional chair, opens the fly of his  
institutional trousers, pulls out his  
institutional willy, and urinates in our breakfast.  
HA HA HA!  
they're just a bunch of loonies, what do they care?  
half the bloody time they end up throwing it on the floor  
or worse still, at each other...