

Cake Bake Betty, 64 Little White Things

come and get me out of this town oh now
come and save me
come and rescue me from this joint hotel full of bones and babies

take a look at yourself
a look that will sell
call your aunt about the tea she abandoned
yeah, while she placed him in a can in candum

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 no 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 fuckers wouldn't sell
'cause they're too cheap to tell
it's the men who feed on human beings
and they dottle about
with their bellies hanging out
you can wash their 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 and their plastics in the greens(??)
and their white houses
and goddamn white teeth
and the chemical stress 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 x5

well then they ate me
and then they ate me
and they thought I was tasty

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