

# Flotsam And Jetsam, Fork Boy

A fork is a cold shiny tool  
To pierce, tear and ingest  
Whoever has the fork in hand  
Controls the meal of its choice  
We're told the first few punctures  
They're for our own good  
Better carved up in pieces  
Than blown up in the oven

Agh! Agh! Agh!

Forkboy  
Flies by night on stolen fuel  
To Santa Rosa, CA  
Opens a fake employment office  
"Want a job? Go get me drugs"  
People desperate for work  
Return to quite a surprise  
Busted for intent to sell  
Cops pay him a bounty  
Forkboy skips town

Agh! Agh! Agh! Agh!

We came  
We peed  
We conquered  
You bleed

The choice:  
Fork Boy  
Or Finger Food

Ugly joy  
What does it replace?  
Why wait  
When you can eat yourself alive today

Junk bondage takeover glutton  
Ready to bore in  
Unfold his rotary blades inside  
Pull the guts out and resell them  
Buys out his next target  
With the last one's pension funds  
Thousands more thrown out of work  
So Leona won't have to settle for a mint

Forkboy  
Picked by the FBI  
To be the black pied piper  
After Dr. King died  
Watches soap operas on TV  
While 6 billion's disappears from HUD  
Who are you working for  
What did you hope to gain  
Why do you hate your past  
So much you destroy the ones you love

Forkboy!