## Jack Foster III, Tiger Bone Wine

You say youre ripe for table scraps
The staple of the corporal zombie
Hes got six inch teeth and eyes so, black
When he stares at you he wants meat
Take it from a T-Rex dinosaur
In a jungle full of carnivores
You got to own more bite thats got teeth

Youll like the tiger bone wine king of drinks is the nature of the beast When you know that it takes all kinds No fat cat wants to maul your ass When you got canines Say, here kitty, kitty, is the raw nitty gritty Claw until their mortified, Youll like the tiger bone wine

Peace of minds your habitat Youve had it with the corporate zombie He wants to eat your lean, chew the fat He knows where you keep your Mommy Take it from the T-Rex diners corp In the jungle no ones keeping score You got to over bite, hes got reach

Youll like the tiger bone wine king of drinks is the nature of the beast When you know that it takes all kinds No fat cat wants to maul your ass When you got canines Say, here kitty, kitty, is the raw nitty gritty Claw until their mortified, Youll like the tiger bone wine