

# k.d. lang, Hooked On Junk

(G. Elgar)

Through garbage dumps  
He sought his game  
The things thrown out  
Were the things he gained

Back alley waste  
And dirt from litter  
He collected it all  
And he ate it  
For dinner... dinner... dinner...

Hooked on junk  
Hooked on junk  
Hooked on junk.. junk...junk...junk... junk

Sally looked in disgust  
How could a man write such stuff  
What about real life  
What about the way things really are

What a gross person she was  
Sally threw her head back  
She began to up...up...  
Upheave violently  
Her guts tore from the sickening chore

Detecting something foul  
She cried out for more bowel  
"More bowel" she cried  
"More bowel!"

She found her head  
Lying in a bowl of toilet collectibles....  
Collectibles....  
Collectibles...

I could see she was sick  
So I called her lawyer and ordered some

Hooked on junk  
Hooked on junk  
Hooked on junk.. junk...junk...junk... junk.