

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