

# King Missile, Commercial

Lately, I've seen red,  
I've tasted blood,  
I've killed with words,  
I've wished and hoped and  
Swam through a river of snot  
Twice as wide as the mighty Mississippi,  
But I wanna know about the commercial  
I saw on TV:

An Irish guy,  
Walking through a field of green,  
Whistling one of those Irish jigs,  
And a woman walks up and says,  
"Manly yes, but I like it too."

Then the guy pulls out a huge knife  
And cuts off his first two fingers,  
And somehow catches them,  
In what's left of his left hand,  
And hands them to the woman  
Did I mention they're both dressed in green?

Then they both sing this song together:  
"Are ya icky? Are ya sticky?  
"Are ya hot as anything?  
"Hey cut off two of your fingers,  
"And stab yourself in the eye!"

Then he stabs himself in the eye,  
And hands her the knife,  
And she stabs herself in the eye-okay? okay?  
so what about that?

Then they join arms  
And do this Irish folk dance  
While taking turns dismembering each other  
This was a commercial for deodorant, I think,  
Or soap or something

So now all the body parts  
Are lying in a heap,  
But the heads are still singing  
"Are ya icky? Are ya sticky?  
"Are ya hot as anything?  
"Hey! get away from summer,  
"And cut off all your limbs!"

Then all of the body parts

Start hopping and bopping around,  
Like little bunny rats,  
Then they jump into the mouths of the singing heads,  
But then they just slip right back out  
Through the severed necks and keep bopping about

It's very beautiful music that's playing;  
There's an Irish flute,  
And a mandolin, I think,  
And the background singers sound  
Just like the Clancy brothers

It's really a wonderful commercial,  
Spectacular,  
It must of cost a fortune to make

The kind of commercial you'd see  
During the Super Bowl, maybe,  
Where the advertising time costs  
A million dollars  
A half a minute  
Wow, imagine that:  
A million dollars  
For a half a minute!

Anyway,  
By the end of it,  
It looks like the two of them  
have been through a juicer,  
Or a food processor  
Or a blender or something-  
It's just a pink puree of  
Blood, bone and flesh in a big bucket,  
But it's still singing somehow  
"Are ya icky? Are ya sticky?  
"Are ya hot as anything?  
"Hey! Blend yourself, process yourself  
"Become a glass of animal juice!

"Haven't you had enough  
"Of fruit juices and vegetable juices?  
"Next time company comes over,  
"Offer them a cool refreshing glass of yourself!  
"Give of yourself,  
"Stop being such a selfish piece of snot,  
"Okay? Okay? Okay!"  
"And now, back to our program."