

# Lard, The Power Of Lard

Lard  
You can see it  
In the clouds up in the sky

Lard  
Floats by in clusters  
In our water supply

Lard  
It's all of us, man  
In our pores and in our hair

Lard's  
What we conceal  
With these corny clothes we wear

Lard is all  
Lard is divine  
Lard is control  
Lard whips and chains our soul

Lard, We carry credit cards  
Lard, We live in fear of art

Lard is the OM  
Lard is revolution  
Lard is the tapeworm  
In the bottle of cheap tequila  
That comes alive at night  
And sneaks up  
And bites your nipple

Lard  
Lard

Nowadays, most of us need someone  
To run our personal life  
Someone to see that  
The plants are watered,  
Someone to make sure the place is clean,  
Someone to make sure dinner is waiting,  
Someone to call for theatre tickets,  
Someone to make up those cheap excuses

What we need is

Lard, The answer  
Lard, The dancer  
Lard, The ointment  
Lard, The dream  
Absorb it  
Inflame it  
Respect it  
Molest it  
The country right now just wants to be  
Soothed, and told it doesn't have to pay or  
Sacrifice or learn  
No one is over the hill  
When the mountain comes to Mohammed

Lard  
Lard  
Lard

Lard, We love to eat  
Lard, We love to pray  
Lard, Mold over mind  
Lard, Hooray

Every time I take a crap  
It's a cosmic experience

Religion and chemicals  
Are the key to the future

Next time we have sex  
Just pretend I'm Ed Meese

The weasels have it down, man  
It's a whole new age

Lard

Which would you prefer  
A computer or a gun

The sharks out lived the dinosaurs, you know

Pity the poor trainer  
In the stable when the race horse farts

Poison oak really is  
The aphrodisiac of the Gods

When people are asleep  
We must all become alarm clocks

Hey, man  
Life is my college

It's Dental Floss of the mind  
Who will babysit the babysitters

Ever hear about that guy in New York whose dick  
Fell off in the bath after he shot it full of coke

It's OK to run out of butter in Zambia  
Just smear squashed caterpillars on your toast

Waiter, there's a terrorist in my soup  
Which came first- Max Headroom or Gerald Ford

Are you a man or are you a mouse  
If you love your fun- Die for it

And feel  
The Power of Lard  
The Power of Lard  
The Power of Lard  
The Power of Lard

Avoid everything, etc