

Paul Kantner, Silver Spoon

Throw down all your
silver spoons - eat
all of the raw meat
with your hands.
Pick it up piece by piece
Pick it up piece by piece
Pick it up piece by piece

Where are the bodies
for dinner?
I want my food!

What if you were
starving to death and
they only food you had
was me - what would
you say to the cannibal
question? Would your
answer be perfectly
free?

Your mama told you never
to eat your friends
with your fingers and
hands, but I say you
ought to eat what
you will - shove it
in your mouth any way
that your can.

You think that I will come
to your mouth, looking for
a home. But I get stuck
sideways in your throat
like a good old chicken
bone.

Where are the bodies for dinner?
I want my food!
Stay out the kitchen children
The cook is cleaning his gun
He just got back from the open
markey - shooting his food on
the run.

Your mama told you never
to eat your friends
with your fingers and
hands, but I say you
ought to eat what
you will - shove it
in your mouth any way
that your can.

Sharpen your teeth for the
family feast - let all the
hungry drool roll down
your chin. Hide the human
and bring out the beast.
Let all the animal games begin!

Where are the bodies for dinner?
I want my food!
You could leave to dine on

your friends - pour their
bones into a cannibal soup
muscles like steak
blood like wine - save
the brains to feed to troops

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to eat your friends
with your fingers and
hands, but I say you
ought to eat what
you will - shove it
in your mouth any way
that your can.

Scarlet juices ozing
slow - boiling in a
human sea.
Is it human dinner
you're talking about?
Then slice me tender
raw and lean
Where are the bodies
for dinner?
I want my food!

Oily fingers can hardly
wait - bodies slumped
face in plate
Wake up the drunks
the coffers on
the fourteenth course
has come and gone.

So long
all day sucker
your candy has
come and gone
and its left you
with your mouth
wide open.

Just humming
cannibal songs.