

Kitchenette

Grinderman

I keep hanging around your kitchenette
And I'm gonna get a pot to cook you in
I stick my fingers in your biscuit jar
And crush all your Gingerbread Men

'Cause I want you
Yeah I want you to be my friend
Yeah I want you
Yeah I wanna be your solitary man

Try not to wake the executioner
He's sleeping with a fireman's axe
He leaves his glass eye on the pillow babe
And his dentures floating there in a glass

He makes it hard to relax
He makes it hard to relax
When i want you
When i want you to be my friend

What's this husband of yours ever given to you
Oprah Winfrey on a plasma screen
And a brood of junky buck-toothed imbeciles
The ugliest fucking kids I've ever seen

Oh baby I want you
Yeah I want you to be my girlfriend

Now will you send those kids to play down the street
And shouldn't you, shouldn't you put shoes on their feet?
It's getting hard to relax
It's getting hard to relax

I can see that you don't really dig him
And I can see that you want it to quit
But if you want to get your hand out of the cookie jar
You're gonna have to let go of the biscuit