

## Commercial

## King Missile

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?

They, 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"