

When I was a little boy I threw away my action toys  
I became obsessed with operation

with Hearts and minds and certain glands  
You learn to keep a steady hand  
And thus began a morbid fascination with...

sweetbreads, I could taste what you were thinking  
sweetbreads, that's the taste of neurons thinking

Do you wonder where the self resides  
Is it in your head or between your sides  
And who's going to decide its true location?  
cause it's a question for the centuries  
from communion to mad cow disease  
but is it worthy of a song - all life's location?

oh and the sweetest sweetbread of them all within the kingdom o  
f afar  
call them thoughts and metaphor-inations  
they call them

sweetbreads, I could taste what you were thinking  
sweetbreads, that's the taste of neurons thinking

does the thought of bowels red and black  
the thought of tongues that taste you back fill you with a naus  
eous elation  
where a simple trip to the grocery store could fill you with an  
abject horror  
can you taste the misery of those crustaceans?

oh and the sweetest sweetbread of them all  
within the kingdom of afar should've caused some silent machina  
tions  
they call them

sweetbreads, I could taste what you were thinking  
sweetbreads, that's the taste of neurons thinking  
aw, I could taste what you were thinking  
oh, give me your thoughts about sweetbread