

# The Monster Hit

Freak Kitchen

My fingers itch and so does my mind  
I sit here with my guitar about to write music of some  
Kind

The latest weeks of pasta has turned my belly into a  
Balloon  
And the lack of toilet-paper has made me look like a  
Baboon

Maybe I should try to write a Mc Donald's-kind-of-song  
Real easy to chew for everybody from Oslo to Hong Kong

The bills have to be paid and the dogs have to be fed

I dig and I dig for a profitable hookline in my head...

But when we think we got it  
Our million dollar hit  
We throw the chords around a bit  
And no one understands it

It's kinda hard to admit  
Our expected monster hit  
Has turned into a pile of shit  
And no one understands it

No one understands it...