

## 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