

## Blind Snake Sundae

### Hunters & Collectors

I hear a little voice  
And it comes whinging in over the sea of a thousand fat faces  
The little voice whinges for something loud and heavy  
A little line of beer running down his chinny-chin  
Oh my god what a fat little skin  
And I smell something cooking  
Something soft, something sweet  
Something completely ridiculous  
In the beginning was the word  
It come to scrape away the shell-shock  
And I says shake it, shake it, shake it  
For another five minutes  
And we are blowing it up like shell-shock  
And to this fabulous waste  
Come and deliver yourselves  
I says come and eat up something  
Deliver yourselves  
With wet cherries on a Blind Snake Sundae  
And to this fabulous waste  
Come and deliver yourself  
Oh come and leave all your food lying down in the dust  
And listen to the Cook-House rock  
I said listen to the Cook-House rock  
Listen to it, listen to it, listen  
Listen to the Cook-House rock  
I hear another little voice, same as before  
Except a little bit poorer and wasted  
Whinging for something loud  
By god you're fat boy, fat  
Beer dribbling down your weak little chin  
I will not let you in  
And yes, again I smell something cooking  
Something small and weak  
And completely ridiculous  
And to this fabulous waste  
Come and deliver yourselves  
I says come and clean up something  
Deliver yourself  
With a wet cherry on a Blind Snake Sundae  
And to this fabulous waste  
Come and deliver yourself  
I says leave all your food lying down in the dust  
And listen to the Cook-House rock  
I says listen to the Cook-House rock  
Listen to it, listen to it, listen