

Feelin' Chicken

Ohgr

You're killing me with bacon America
Killing me with smog and taxes likes axes in my neck
Like hogs to the slaughter what do I tell my daughters
Daddy's all heart when he's pushing a cart way downtown
When the skin is brown and eyes are the size of a deficit

You're killing me with bacon America
Just like the Indians with tobacco and flour and firewater
All scabs in rehabs sick in the blood
face down in the mud
All hype and gripes
the stars and stripes
Ain't my flag today
I want to belong
I want to be proud but you're gay bashing voices are so fucking loud
When choices shrieking like bacon in a pan
The spatter of hot grease
Spitting like mad geese
Barbers in Baghdad
I am a college grad
But my life is a want ad

You're killing me with bacon America
How shall I pray the old fashion way down on my knees to the god of t
he weak
Or dick deep in my squeeze
We're in a red rubber nose, clown clothes
Laughing as we come and saying something stupid like I love you

One egg split two eggs three makes it four legs why is it opposite
Anyone's sweater makes it feel better wrapped up so tight in it
Monday is two days three makes it always when is it going to fit
Everyone's laughter caught by the nutter winging their webs so glib

Everybody grooves,
What the fuck grooves

Four days fit five days, six ways to Sunday
What if the world is shit
One ear splits two hairs
Three inching war dicks
Where is the love in it
Watch from the rafters
He's running after
Noise from the chicken's tit
Five days fit four days, six ways to Sunday
What if the world is shit

Everybody grooves
What the fuck grooves