

Boyd

Say Anything

Get in the oven, young cousin,
If your pupils dilate wide
Bearing your rufie and your butter-knife member,
wearing their scalps and hides

Don't put your hands on her
Don't read your poetry
Because it's worthless and it's didactic to me
Shave off your handlebar, stitch you to the car
I'll sell your organs off for tuition

So you better get her home by 11:30
Yeah you better get her home by 11:30

I'll take a look at your parents
and scour your DNA for your disease
So you can beg me or bite down
Your hollow words mean nothing to me

Don't blame your alibi
Don't sing your poetry
Because you found the lion deep inside of me
You are America
raised to bow and pray
Before the ivory palace where you lay

So many fish, so many fish
I'm gonna eat you raw
So many fish, so many fish
I'm gonna eat you, I'm gonna eat you