

Dead and Breakfast (A Night At the Sawyers)

The Frankenstein Drag Queens from Planet 13

Well, tonight you sit in our home
In a chair made of chainsawed fingers and bones
The ashes in the ash tray aren't from cigarettes
It's the charred remains of the family pet
The blood drips from your face
Now, with my finger I take a taste
Granpa will be down soon
He's as fast as Jesse James and Cool Hand Luke
Now, the cook's cooking up a stew
And the special ingredient is you
Stop your crying, don't make a fuss
You should be honored to be here with us
At this dead and breakfast
You know what they say
An apple a day
Won't keep the death away
An apple a day
Won't keep the death away
An apple a day
Won't keep the death away
An apple a day
Won't keep the death away

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