KKKitchens, What Were You Thinking

Mclusky

Kkkitchens, what were you thinking?
Your quality units never stood a chance
With a little forward planning and perspective
You'd have avoided thisBut you're a spook, a legend
An urban myth with a twist in the tail
A precautionary nod to the licensing trade
And children still whisper your nameDaddy, don't marry, DaddyKkkitchens, what were you thinking?
If racial tension is a benchmark
How much for this sink in a riot?
I'll buy it with the water mainYou're a mock, a molar
A molecular fault in a parallel world
A mysterious font by the end of North Road
Just across from the sparDaddy, don't marry, DaddyKkkitchens, I know you're shutting
I think you gave us everything
That we could ever ask
Of a little racist shopBut, Kkkitchens, what were you thinking?
What drugs were all your salesmen taking?
I tried to run but spent the weekend shakingDaddy, don't marry, Daddy

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