

Harry Harlow and the Monkeys of Despair

Showbread

Dr. Harlow, behold the hooks
and hear the cows all screaming
staccato bray
all drained and flayed
and somehow sounds like singing
you spool the tape deck
you're the conductor
a symphony of broken bovine
we like to have tea
with a doctor like he
and it always tastes so fine
some we love
some we hate
some we eat
walk into the office every day
to the tune of a screeching baboon
baby monkeys down there
a pit of despair
suffer the crawling gloom
and i draw the chalk line
so i can sleep fine
to a symphony of suffering and doom
i cut my teeth on weaker things
that can't fathom the hell that they're in
their jittery eyes act as a disguise
but there is no nephesh within
a dog or cat. we all balk at that
but it's saccharin sentiment sappy
rape, violate, kill. masticate
cause it makes us so fat and so happy

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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