The Breakfast Conspiracy

Pigface

gonna tell you a story; some kind of a breakfast conspiracy
breakfast in bed, sir?
breakfast in bed, sir?
ah, no thanks, not today
in fact, I'd far rather be sitting in a distinctly upright position
so that I may at least have the ghost of a chance to digest
what I don't mind telling you- is completely inedible slop
lovingly and habitually prepared and served by
the thugs and vagabonds who are the so-called staff of this institution
finished with the menu, sir?
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finished with the menu, sir?
yes, yes, I shall enjoy soft cakes, toast, tea, scrambled eggs,
strawberry jam...
mind you, I can't complain, before I came here I thought
scrambled eggs were supposed to be brown and crispy at the bottom
and dull yellow at the top
my mother, god bless her, cannot boil a fuckin kettle
without burnin the water inside
When I came here it's a different story, you know, oh yes,
a whole different deck of cards...
scrambled eggs arrive with the consistency of a moth swimming about
in a foul yellow liquid- I wonder where that came from?
I would like to put forth my theory, my own inside story, if you will,
you wanted to know what I think?
I think that every morning as we sleep
our beloved kitchen staff gathers around the scrambled eggs
like some pagan cult offering homage to a false icon
first, the head chef, the cult leader, ritualistically stands on an
institutional chair, opens the fly of his
institutional trousers, pulls out his
institutional willy, and urinates in our breakfast.
HA HA HA!
they're just a bunch of loonies, what do they care?
half the bloody time they end up throwing it on the floor,
or worse still, at each other...

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