

Krill (Instrumental Version)

Hail Mary Mallon

Go x8Sour dough toast and a sky in the morning
Of roses and red dye 40
I boards up doors
Bored a cult, rewind Porky's
Border line Vorhees
Porridge line, more please (more, please)
Pull up like a hundred flying Dorothys
Incorrigible, undermine authorities enormously, Sir!
First words don't go in the top drawer
Scofflaws, taxidermied fasion fox paws
And rock watch dogs, from live at the cat climber
Where I punt a fucking pop star into a trash fire
Pearls are clutched, pipes fall from the frozen
Bystanding witnesses enthralled in the moment
It's a man ran ragged, a plan lambasted
Brick heart, I trip the dark fantastic
And often
Outside ollie-ollie-ominous glow
Copy, it's gotta be some impossible joke
In chains when he out with the navy crew
And it'll turn wild cats into lazy susans
With his angry tooth and a failing eye
And rope with nails if it's bails tonight
With a goat's entrails in his baking cupboard
And a gold-rimmed grail in his apron just for
Occasion suppers and buying pockets
Of lances and land for a flying ostrich
Pleading butlers, deceiving hunters
And dividing the animals by even numbers
Police are under the bridge demanding
That I at least turn back into Rick Moranis
Seat slope backed in my camper decked in
A sea foam hat and some panther leggings
Scans your settings like a horse I trot
Around your tracks and back
(Intrigued?)
No I'm not
Aim for the ribs
Play, get framed where you sit

Talking like it ain't what it is
Money over love
Son, you couldn't button up enough
Talking like it wasn't what it was
King of the hill
Ping, ping
Ringing his bell
Talking like it won't be what it will
Swim with the krill
Hit-hit-hit-hit-hit me
Eyes on slinkies
Acid wash denim over iron-on Springsteen
Pirates don't pick teams
Pick a wing and a prayer and a [?] crib sheet
Talk turkey over nine days old split-pea
This cool kid decode the clandestine
Intel sold to the man with the X eyes
Sex symbols pants pulled chest high
Tape on his glasses, breath like a dead guy
Like H to the MM, feed to the minnows
You know Danny Zuko and I'm leavin' with Rizzo
Caged birds 'til she plead the fifth
And I pull out the jammies and I sleep 'til six
Peace, pills, pigs and the warnings laughter
And a refill fix for the morning after
Could be boring rapper, could be action film
Could be pushing up daisies or daffodils
Aim for the ribs
Play, get framed where you sit
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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