

Kitchenette

Grinderman

I keep hanging around your kitchenette
And I'm gonna get a pot to cook you in
I stick my fingers in your biscuit jar
And crush all your Gingerbread Men Cause I want you
I want you to be my friend
I want you
I wanna be your solitary man Try not to wake the executioner
He's sleeping with a fireman's axe
He leaves his glass eye on the pillow
And his dentures floating there in a glass What's this husband of yours ever given to you
Oprah Winfrey on a plasma screen
And a brood of jug-eared buck-toothed imbeciles
The ugliest kids I've ever seen Now I know that you don't really dig him
And I can see that you want it to quit
But if you want to get your hand out of the cookie jar
You have to let go of the biscuit!

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