

Kill The Cooks

Biting Elbows

In this here kitchen
There are too many cooks.
You can see them fightin' and bitchin'
In any place you look.
And they act all sinister while cookin' us a meal
After dinner's over we'll see just how we feel.

The autopsy won't lie
After dinner's over
Who will remain alive (Oh)
Let's cook!

Now they're bringing in dessert
It's quite likely gonna hurt.
Leave and become a deserter
Stay be the victim of a murder.
Force feed me a fucking mess
Gastric juices can't digest.
Fix me up what they know best
The lovely atmosphere.

The autopsy won't lie
After dinner's over
Who will remain alive (Oh)
Go get your coat!

May I be excused
My stomach's full?
No!