

## Evil Evil Idiot

### Dry Cleaning

I don't want to be lectured  
I like to burn my food up  
Flames baptise the filth of plastic surfaces that has migrated  
onto my precious natural ingredients  
I could never live with someone who didn't enjoy scorched and b  
urnt foods as much as me  
Well fired rolls and burnt ends  
Another burnt dish from another place  
There have been malicious studies that discredited heavily carb  
onised foods as carcinogenic  
But it didn't put me off  
One needs to enjoy life, and my only access route to blissful e  
njoyment is those burnt foods  
The taste, the tang of flame-kissed natural fibres frozen at th  
e moment of their incineration is, is  
What I live for!  
I cannot feel it, the veil of black

A fine spray of white paint  
Will you do me a favour and never ever use black plastic to hea  
t up and touch food with or put in your mouth ever again?  
Heating it up increases the likelihood that the chemicals insid  
e will leach into your food and drink and into your body where  
they will do their damage!

I cannot feel it, the veil...  
The veil of black underneath  
I cannot feel it

I've got real muscly hands and sick legs  
They hurt me, and the boils, the boils explode  
And my teeth they are old and my shoes  
They aren't the right ones, but I'm young  
I'm old young. I ache  
And worry a lot about what people think of me  
Christmas TV on my mind  
Christmas TV all the time  
The neighbour, the worm, the spider, they all love it:  
Toasting, roasting  
I don't want to be lectured  
Like, even a coffee cup lid that's black