

Mr. Prison Shanks

Made Out Of Babies

Everyone is staring at the screen get off your knees and
go quietly I'm knocking at the door and scrambling into
fits I hope that you turn out right Everywhere the sky is
scaly gray get on your feet and move quietly wild
scrapping on the floor and scraping into bits I hope that
you turn out right In the big big city's belly The rats
are big as reindeer They do major construction They don't
ask for permission In the big big city's belly The rats
are big as reindeer They do major construction The
children's favorite bunny