

Lyrics from:
“Kiss It, It’s Just a Puppet”
ZUNGA
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My Sows

She is 5 foot 3 / weighs in at 280
When she thunders down the beach / the entire ocean retreats
OH, BUT MY HEAD IS IN A SPIN WHEN SHE PEELS BACK MY FORESKIN
I love her handlebar mustache / her oozing perma-rash
Breasts like Brobdingnag / slit like a sleeping bag
LIKE AHAB, IT IS MY GOAL TO WHALEBONE HER BIG
BLOWHOLE
Before you start calling me pig for being crude and insensitive -
I don't intend to insult or offend, I just prefer my sows to be grotesquely swollen
(Like a Catholic tick in a butt-zoo or Pamela Lee's sweet balloons)
(Like the bratwurst in my pantaloons - now it's in your sister's stink-lagoon)

Comedians

I keep dreaming of angels who look suspiciously like chimpanzees
Gods who throw fits and seek revenge like spoiled brats
Fairy tales are just fine - cartoon cosmologies, salvation by superman
But tomorrow you're dead , don't you even want to visit Reality-land?
"I agree, oh yeah, your Royal Monkey Majesty, you are the Crown of Creation Certainly.
We all think that you are tremendously entertaining.
Yeah, you're the funniest guy in the Galaxy."
When we meet the little green men, let's hope they're Comedians.
I dreamt of destiny, water-walking , government conspiracy,
astral projecting and seven days of creating
Then I laughed out loud at how our little Lilliput, its citizens with eyes glued shut,
will look when the spaceship lands and the Little Green Men come pouring out.

Soul Flower

Where's the love when you were young / Warming the air just like the sun / You haven't cried since you were born
Poor little child did your heart get torn?
Why you always running away? Don't go, *Soul Flower*.
I can't believe the things you say
Don't you know you're my *Soul Flower*?
You knock me out just like a heavyweight / I'm down for the count - Can't think straight / It's alright for you to tease
'Cause just the sight of you can please.
Your heart lay at my altar for which your love I pray
The minutes turn to hours whenever you're away
So where's the love when it all began / Slipped through your fingers just like sand / Gone is that hot look in your eye
Have you given up to die?

DooDoo Cake

after a grueling day of getting children hooked on smack i relax by murdering puppies with an axe
ah innocent blood on the hands is durn near the sweetest thing next to innocent blood used in place of vaseline
i get that reefer madness and try to give myself intestinal abortions because what i like best
is a delicious snack called a fetus milkshake but i always find myself munching on doodoo cake

Are You a Donut?

She keeps a case of mace in case a poor man tries to take a taste
But platinum card carriers can spank her stinky terrier - Greenback Doggy Snack
Eyeballing hot-dogs in the store, fingering her pork processor
She wants the place to get held up so she'll be face down on the floor
Being rescued from behind by Dirk, the strong, heroic stock boy
Over and over again, ah yeah
Hubby's at work - the kids are in class -the neighborly Dirk is straight torching' that ass
Hubby's clocked in - the kids are at school - Dirk's taking a dip in the family pool
She leaves the grocery store light-headed and heads home
Only to find Dirk preparing dessert with her panting sister's plum sauce, yeah
Scandal and Lies, she can't believe her eyes - she runs out and gets all stoned on gin and valium
There's a way to be a legal junkie - even break the law if you keep your kiwi on call
Them tubby little cops will fuck you like you were a donut, yeah
Meanwhile our boy Dirk meets her husband at work
Hubby gives the Round Mouth while Dirk explores the Brown South
That's 21st century American Morality The Great Return to Family Values
In the Spirit of that Good Ole Chreestian Lub
The Future Sure Looks Bright Can I Borrow Your Wife Tonight?

Astronomy

there are some things that I do not want seen at all
like when I'm throwing my hot grease on my Barney Fife blow up doll
but you're always acting like you're being filmed
like a pop-star neanderthal

your little diplomas mean almost as much to me
as a patent on pickled farts
you've the originality of a fax machine
and the personality of a lawn dart

I'm superposing the normal modes of the cosmic superstring in a region of spacetime ruled by supersymmetry
Trying to determine who the hell you think you are - you seem to me to be much denser than a neutron star

If you're a pulsar, baby, where's the pulse
If you're a nova, baby, where's the new
If you're a black hole, baby, where's the soul
If you're a big bang, babe, I don't say this to amuse, you forgot to light the fuse

keep speaking to people as though the fact that you agree with yourself makes you right
and don't forget about that camera crew living up inside your poop-chute from Entertainment Tonight

Sisyphus

She is fine but she thinks she is sick.
I said, "I think you are."
She said, "Shut your mouth, hick."
"Oh, hold on, that is really not fair."
She just waved her hand in the air.
I said, "Did you hear what I said?"
She said, "Smell the sky. Is it on fire yet?"
"Why do you speak if you won't make sense?"
She said, "Your logic bends like a diverging lens.
If it's a wall or even a fence, you've gotta figure out how to get over it."
"Do you know how self-righteous you sound?"
She replied, "There is gold all around."
"Gold all around? What mean you by this?"
She dragged a stick through the sand with a twist.
The wind rose up as a screech owl did hiss.
The sand shouted, "Mankind is Sisyphus!"

Settlers of Pompeii

Avoiding everything seems to work pretty well
Patiently waiting until the upset sediment settles
Go-getting all the time I don't get and I don't want to
You can call me stupid - I don't care and I don't care to argue
Things are the same as they will ever were exactly as they have always will be
The same will was who gives a doesn't does anyone did that doesn't doesn't mean
Anything at all along just fossil fuel for five-eyed futurelings uncleaning the unclean
They would ban chaos beneath Vesuvius
But there is no doubt - the sun is burning out
Joining in leaves me cold like my soul's been bar-coded and sold
Once I get into the club I just want to jump out the window
Self-deceit is all you need to believe you even need to be
Spin the earth a few times - you won't even exist in memory

Coming Home to Nero's Rome

Atom bomb Factory Marriage Too much TV Too soon we Flicker out Too late to Take the Scenic route
We could build a Golden bridge from Ruby Ridge to Bangladesh
You know we'd all Rush right across To feed those poor Bengali fish
LIFE'S A SONG THE WHIP-POOR-WILL HAD SCARCE BEGUN AND IT WAS DONE
LIFE'S A TIRE YOU JUST PUT ON YOUR CADILLAC AND IT WAS FLAT
Forty days and Forty nights I slaved to make my Hair look Right
Some jackass left his Sprinkler on - Damned if all the Chicks ain't Drowned
LIFE'S LIKE COMING HOME-SWEET-HOME IN 64 TO NERO'S ROME
LIFE'S AN EGG THOUGHT IT COULD FLY AND SO IT JUMPED AND SO IT FRIED

Kiss It, It's Just a Puppet

A nurse came to my pad one day to mop under my stairs. She reached into the closet to grab the bucket there.

She caught me chillin' in my sister's underwear. I just shook my puppet and it spit up in her hair.

I said, "*Kiss it! It's just a puppet.*"

She called the police and they broke into my room. They maced my puppet and now he don't feel so good.

"We're gonna beat you with a stick, you little prick!"

They took me back to Leavenworth and now I'm suckin' ____.

"Kiss it! It's just a puppet."

"Please don't hurt me, mister, I'm a virgin, can't you see?"

He took out his Bowie knife and shaved my butthole clean

It took 16 stitches, just to set me right

He winked and said, "Don't bother, son, I'll just be back tonight."