

Cake Bake Betty

"64 Little White Things"

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Come and get me outta this town, oh now,
Come and save me
Come and rescue me from this giant hotel full of bones
and babies
Take a look at yourself
A look that will sell
Call your aunt about the teeth she abandoned
Yeah
Well, she placed them in a can and canned 'em

It's the same as any day now
Except your teeth are falling out and you're going
upstairs
Yeah, you're going up stairs
It's a* upstairs harmony
And when you get there you can write a song to keep
you company

There are good things
There are good things to eat
And tonight we're eating meat (Goody goody goody!)

There's a couple of things
I should tell you about
That the fuckers wouldn't sell
'Cos they're too cheap to tell
It's the men who feed on human being
And they dawdle about
With their bellies hanging out
You can wash your fingers but they never leave
You can bite your tongue
But it turns them on
And when you're ready to go
They'll pinch at your sides
And they'll make you recite
Brilliant songs about the symphony

I hate their skin
And I hate their tress
And their yards that they wrap with their plastics and
greens
And their white houses

The goddamn white teeth
And the chemicals drenched
On the hair that they squeeze

I hate their sex
And the brats that they breed
And the air that they breathe
And they hated me (x5)

But then they ate me
And then they ate me
And they thought I was tasty

Well then they ate me
And then they ate me
And they thought I was tasty

Well then they ate me
And then they ate me
And they thought I was tasty

Well then they ate me
And then they ate me
And they thought I was tasty
Thought I was tasty
Thought I was tasty
Thought I was tasty

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