

Freak Kitchen

"The Monster Hit"

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My fingers itch and so does my mind
I sit here with my guitar about to write music of some
Kind

The latest weeks of pasta has turned my belly into a
Balloon
And the lack of toilet-paper has made me look like a
Baboon

Maybe I should try to write a Mc Donald's-kind-of-
song
Real easy to chew for everybody from Oslo to Hong
Kong

The bills have to be paid and the dogs have to be fed

I dig and I dig for a profitable hookline in my head...

But when we think we got it
Our million dollar hit
We throw the chords around a bit
And no one understands it

It's kinda hard to admit
Our expected monster hit
Has turned into a pile of shit
And no one understands it

No one understands it...

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