

Godkiller

"Snack Attack"

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Midnight Saturday sat in the dark
Watching the ceiling falling apart
The air-conditioner's been busted for weeks
So the smell of cooking seeps through the floor
I can't eat no more
They want me to be as light as a feather
So the Doctor's wired my jaws together
Now I'm locked in the bedroom away from the food
So I lie on my back in the dark in the nude
I can't eat no more
I got to use a straw
But if the Devil dragged me down to the kitchen
I wouldn't put up a fight
I'd gladly sign away my soul
For a T-bone steak tonight
I feel like Kojak sitting in a Cadillac
I gotta eat, I gotta eat a Flapjack
A stack, a rack, a six-pack Jack
Just call me Jack Kerouac
Click-clack open up the hatchback
I could eat a Bubble car or a packamack
Pattacake, pattacake Big Mac
Good God it's a snack attack
Gimme sausage, egg and beans and chips
Milkshakes, clambakes, fondue & dips
And sauces, horses, 17 courses
Of barbequed beef with asparagus tips
Rashers of bacon, bagels and lox
And tandoori prawns and a box of chocs
Spaghetti with mussels, palma hams
& deep frozen waffles with syrup & jams
My willpower's gone I'm down on my knees
Praying to the God of cottage cheese
It's no good trying I'll never beat it
'cos if it moves I'll eat it
So undo my trousers, let out the slack
Who cares it's a snack attack
It's a snack attack
I feel like Kojak sitting in a Cadillac
I gotta eat, I gotta eat a Flapjack
A stack, a rack, a six-pack Jack

Just call me Jack Kerouac
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Good God it's a snack attack
It's a snack attack
It's a snack attack
It's a snack attack
My father was a gents outfitter
My mother went crazy, they had to commit her
They used to tell me don't be a quitter
But I know deep down I'm the runt of the litter
I can't eat no more
I gotta use a straw
How do you take an overdose
Or even pretend to do it
When the last straw is the one in your mouth
And you can't suck sleepers through it
I can't eat no more
I gotta use a straw
But if the Devil took me to Mexico
To taste his guacamole
I'd gladly sign my name in blood
And give him the keys to my soul
Because I can't eat no more
I can't eat no more
I feel like Kojak sitting in a Cadillac
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It's a snack attack
Midnight Sunday asleep on the floor
Curled up in the corner can't take no more
Armies of food invade my sleep
Led by lasagnas ten inches deep
My head is pounding my heart is beating
Cows are mooing sheep are bleating

I'm being haunted by all the meat I've eaten
And then a burglar alarm goes off in my head
And I wake up screaming am I dead or alive
And the clock says five
It's only five in the morning
I'm covered in sweat
Am I hungry? you bet!
Cold turkey's what I'm going through
Cold turkey's what I need
But they hung a sign on my appetite
Saying "Danger Do Not Feed"
I can't eat no more
I got to use a straw
I can't eat no more
I can't eat no more
And they've even taken away
The pictures of food I had on my wall
And my treasured collection of menus
They screwed up into a ball
In front of my face they flicked it
Out of the window into the night
But they'll never unscramble the combination
They'll never get it right
Now if they made a feature film
That featured only food
I'd wallow in the crowd scenes
While the rest of the audience booed
And if I got myself a video
I could satisfy the need
I could check out the action frame by frame
And watch the calories breed
But I can't eat no more
I got to use a straw
I can't eat no more
I can't eat no more
I got to use a straw
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