

King Missile "Commercial"

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Lately, I've seen red, I've tasted blood
I've killed with words, I've wished and hoped
And swam through a river of snot
Twice as wide as the mighty Mississippi

But I wanna know about the commercial I saw on TV
An Irish guy walking through a field of green
Whistling one of those Irish jigs
And a woman walks up and says
"Manly yes, but I like it too"

Then the guy pulls out a huge knife
And cuts off his first two fingers
And somehow catches them
In what's left of his left hand
And hands them to the woman
Did I mention they're both dressed in green?

They, they both sing this song together
"Are ya icky? Are ya sticky?
Are ya hot as anything?
Hey, cut off two of your fingers
And stab yourself in the eye"

Then he stabs himself in the eye
And hands her the knife
And she stabs herself in the eye, okay? Okay?
So what about that?

Then they join arms and do this Irish folk dance
While taking turns dismembering each other
This was a commercial for deodorant, I think
Or soap or something
So now all the body parts are lying in a heap

But the heads are still singing
"Are ya icky? Are ya sticky?
Are ya hot as anything?
Hey, get away from summer
And cut off all your limbs"

Then all of the body parts

Start hopping and bopping around like little bunny rats
Then they jump into the mouths of the singing heads
But then they just slip right back out
Through the severed necks and keep bopping about

It's very beautiful music that's playing
There's an Irish flute and a mandolin, I think
And the background singers sound
Just like the Clancy brothers

It's really a wonderful commercial
Spectacular, it must of cost a fortune to make
The kind of commercial you'd see
During the Super Bowl, maybe

Where the advertising time costs
A million dollars a half a minute
Wow, imagine that
A million dollars for a half a minute

Anyway, by the end of it
It looks like the two of them have been through a juicer
Or a food processor or a blender or something
It's just a pink puree of blood
Bone and flesh in a big bucket

But it's still singing somehow
"Are ya icky? Are ya sticky?
Are ya hot as anything?
Hey, blend yourself, process yourself
Become a glass of animal juice"

"Haven't you had enough
Of fruit juices and vegetable juices?
Next time company comes over
Offer them a cool refreshing glass of yourself"

"Give of yourself
Stop being such a selfish piece of snot
Okay? Okay? Okay
And now, back to our program"

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