

Sam Kinison "Styrofoam Plates"

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There's a Saltwater Film
On the Jar of Your Ashes.
I Threw Them to Sea,
But a Gust Blew Them Backwards.
And the Sting in My Eyes,
That You Then Inflicted
Was Par For the Course
Just As When You Were Living.

It's no Stretch to Say
You Were Not Quite a Father,
But the Donor of Seeds
To a Poor, Single Mother
That Would Raise Us Alone.
We Never Saw the Money.
That Went Down Your Throat
Through the Hole in Your Belly.

Thirteen Years Old
In the Suburbs of Denver,
Standing in Line
For Thanksgiving Dinner
At the Catholic Church,
The Servers Wore Crosses
To Shield From the Sufferance
Plaguing the Others.

Styrofoam Plates,
Cafeteria Tables,
Charity Reeks
Of Cheap Wine and Pity.
I'm Thinking of You.
I do Every Year When We
Count All Our Blessings
And Wonder What We're Doing Here.

You're a Disgrace to the Concept of Family.
The Priest Won't Divulge That Fact in His Homily.
I'll Stand Up and Scream If the Mourning Remain Quiet.
You Can Deck Out a Lie in a Suit, But I Won't Buy It.
I Won't Join in the Pre-session That's Speaking Their
Piece,

Using Five-dollar Words While Praising His Integrity.
Just 'cause He's Gone, It Dosen't Change the Fact
He Was a Bastard in Life, Thus a Bastard in Death
(Yeah)

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