

# McLusky

## "Kkkitchens, What Were You Thinking?"

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Kkkitchens, what were you thinking?  
Your quality units never stood a chance  
With a little forward planning and perspective  
You'd have avoided this

But you're a spook, a legend  
An urban myth with a twist in the tail  
A precautionary nod to the licensing trade  
And children still whisper your name

Daddy, don't marry, Daddy

Kkkitchens, what were you thinking?  
If racial tension is a benchmark  
How much for this sink in a riot?  
I'll buy it with the water main

You're a mock, a molar  
A molecular fault in a parallel world  
A mysterious font by the end of North Road  
Just across from the spar

Daddy, don't marry, Daddy

Kkkitchens, I know you're shutting  
I think you gave us everything  
That we could ever ask  
Of a little racist shop

But, Kkkitchens, what were you thinking?  
What drugs were all your salesmen taking?  
I tried to run but spent the weekend shaking

Daddy, don't marry, Daddy

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