

Pigface

"The Image Of Red Cut In Half"

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Gonna tell you a story; some kind of a breakfast
conspiracy
Breakfast in bed, sir?
Breakfast in bed, sir?
Ah, no thanks, not today
In fact, I'd far rather be sitting in a distinctly upright
position
So that I may at least have the ghost of a chance to
digest
What I don't mind telling you- is completely inedible
slop
Lovingly and habitually prepared and served by
The thugs and vagabonds who are the so-called staff
of this institution
Finished with the menu, sir?
Finished with the menu, sir?
Finished with the menu, sir?
Finished with the menu, sir?
Yes, yes, I shall enjoy soft cakes, toast, tea, scrambled
eggs,
Strawberry jam...
Mind you, I can't complain, before I came here I
thought
Scrambled eggs were supposed to be brown and crispy
at the bottom
And dull yellow at the top
My mother, god bless her, cannot boil a fuckin kettle
Without burnin the water inside
When I came here it's a different story, you know, oh
yes,
A whole different deck of cards...
Scrambled eggs arrive with the consistency of a moth
swimming about
In a foul yellow liquid- I wonder where that came from?
I would like to put forth my theory, my own inside story,
if you will,
You wanted to know what I think?
I think that every morning as we sleep
Our beloved kitchen staff gathers around the
scrambled eggs
Like some pagan cult offering homage to a false icon
First, the head chef, the cult leader, ritualistically

stands on an
Institutional chair, opens the fly of his
Institutional trousers, pulls out his
Institutional willy, and urinates in our breakfast.
HA HA HA!
They're just a bunch of loonies, what do they care?
Half the bloody time they end up throwing it on the
floor,
Or worse still, at each other...

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