

Faderhead

"Mr. Fetus"

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Hello Mr. Fetus, one arm, one leg, one eye
One parent wants you, one parent in denial
Just one careless saturday night
In a rusty car behind the multiplex
Mr. Penis now works 9 to 5
On minimum wage
Just so your blue babybook can add
Another stained, stained, curled page

Mr. Fetus, how do you feel?
You walking, talking, drooling welfare check
Let mother fill your ears with the words "Heaven Sent"
While playing hangman with the word "A-C-C-I-D-E-N-T"

So who loves you more?
With ping pong playmates for parents
Provoking dents in your side
That cannot be hammered out
Months spent flying over the net
Praying that one day someone misses
Because the game is boring
Because the game is "fuck you"

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