

Smut Peddlers

"Lotsa Cooks"

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Everybody's telling me what to do
If I fail to act my life is through
Everyone thinks his way is bitchen
There's too many cooks in the kitchen
Build it up
Tear it down
I want grey
I want brown
Go to the country
Go to town
Keep it square
Make it round
One suckass says he's my boss
If I don't obey I'll pay the cost
Another wheel who's higher up
Says disobey or you'll be fucked
I'll tell you what the problem is
Too many chefs too many ideas
Each one thinks his recipe's bitchen
There's too many cooks in the kitchen
Paint it black
Bleach it white
By the light of day
In the dead of night
Veer to the left
Keep to the right
Twist it loose
Crank it tight
Maybe just because he can
Another fool unveils his plan
We laugh at all the bosses' jokes
Because they're wheels and we're just spokes
Everybody's telling me what to do
If I fail to act my life is through
Everyone thinks his way is bitchen
There's too many cooks in the kitchen
Turn in on
Turn it off
Keep it hard
Make it soft
Robert Williams
Edward Roth

Stay right here
Now fuck off
One suckass says he's my boss
If I don't obey I'll pay the cost
Another wheel who's higher up
Says disobey or you'll be fucked
I'll tell you what the problem is
Too many chefs too many ideas
Each one thinks his recipe's bitchen
There's too many cooks in the kitchen
Bring on every prodigy
I'll pursue your strategy
Take your time and flex your power
Cuz I get paid by the hour

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