Flaming Underwear "Barbecue My Brain"

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Performed by the Flaming Underwear (Gli and Clo)
Written by J-yawn, Clo, and Gli
(c) 1992 Crotchless Music
CHORUS:
Well you can barbecue my brain
But it won't taste good
You can fry it up on a plate
But I still won't like it
You can add cottage cheese to it
Or even sour cream
But if you barbecue my brain
It just won't taste good
It's a stormy Saturday night
And you're in a funny mood
You wear a lab coat in the kitchen
And experiment with some food
As the thunder pounds the darkness
A smirk forms on your face
And with a sinister laugh

You add picante sauce by Pace

You say, "Soon it's time for dinner

The main course is all but done

Soon you'll have some on your plate

But first a small donation

And boy will it be great

From you I will require

You won't be needing to THINK to taste

I want to broil the meal on the fire!"

CHORUS

Suddenly, you get an idea

--That's when I get scared

You said, "The last ingredient is in your head

And the sauce is all prepared!!!"

"Thank you Dr. Frankenstein

For all your inspiration

If you could just be here

To sample my new creation!!!"

CHORUS

Please, good Dr. Evilfood

You simply must be kidding

My brain, it simply wouldn't taste good

So please put down that ice cream scoop!

INTERLUDE

Please, come to your senses

Or soon I will have none!

Hey, Evilfood! Please don't remove My only cerebrum!!! "Upon the first bite, I find It tastes like shit, and so: Consequently, you were right -Too bad you'll NEVER KNOW! CHORUS His rare delicacy Was prepared in great haste Maybe now you'll learn A MIND IS A TERRIBLE THING TO TASTE! (etc....) THE END (This has been a message for a Mad Scientist-Free partnership in America)

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