

Meteors, The

"Papa Jupe"

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Out in the desert neath the craggy foothills
Jupy sits waiting for his prey to keep still
Mama's in the kitchen cooking some one
They found a week ago out walking all alone
Bones on the ceiling skins on the floor
The smell of dead meat through a makeshift door
Ruby's tied pretty outside like a dog
With an old tow chain clamped to a log

(chorus) what you gonna do boys what you gonna do
When they come around and they're looking for you
What you gonna do girls what you gonna do
Papa upsetting hungry and he's coming for you

One happy family cannibal king
Low bred mutant with his brain in a sling
His daddy tried to kill him thought he had done
Just to make sure he left him cooking in the sun
But Jupy didn't die he was a freak he was strong
Stole him self a hooker just to keep himself warm
They raised mutant kids and taught them good
If it walks crawls shits you can eat it its food

Shouting and a screaming down from the hills
Here comes the family ready for the kill
Were gonna get you there aint no doubt
No one round here to hear you shout

Pluto mars them his boys
Vicious and mean and bred to destroy
Pretty little ruby more than half wild
Looks like an angel but the devils child
Killing what the want taking what they need
You can try running but you wont succeed
Out of the sun down from the hills
Feeling real hungry and ready for the kill

Just keep driving down the road
Keep your foot flat down and don't be slow
don't stop for nothing no nothing at all
don't you listen when you hear them call

If you see them coming turn and run away
Or they'll tear you apart and hear you'll stay
Cooked up good and pissed right out
No one here to hear you shout.

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