

Lyrics Sheet - The Price of Crayfish (2018) by The Blueberry Funkmuffins

**1. I CAN'T COUNT**

How many animals died for lunch?  
I can't count the whole fucking bunch.  
How many animals died for lunch,  
Just today alone?

How many lives did you extinguish?  
I can't count all the anguish.  
How many lives did you extinguish,  
And eat down to the bone?

You all say that you love your pets,  
You total fucking hypocrites.  
You all say that you love your pets, well then,

Stop fucking eating animals!

And stop fucking eating lamb,  
Don't roast it in the fucking pan.  
And stop fucking eating beef,  
I hope it fucking sticks in your teeth.  
And stop fucking eating chicken,  
You can't put it's fucking life back in.  
And stop fucking eating fish,  
Just try the fucking salad dish.

And stop fucking eating pork, (no! no!)  
Don't put it on your fucking fork. (no! no!)  
And stop fucking eating venison, (no! no!)  
You can't buy back your fucking innocence. (no! no!)  
And stop fucking eating rabbit, (no! no!)  
In the supermarket just don't fucking grab it. (no! no!)  
And stop fucking eating veal, (no! no!)  
You've lost your fucking soul for a meal. (no! no!)

And stop fucking eating duck, (no! no!)  
Fucking fucking fucking fucking FUCK! (no! no!)  
And stop fucking eat crays, (no! no!)  
That'll be the fucking day.

## **2. PRETTY BOY**

Pretty boy, little boy, mamma's little boy,  
Everybody told ya that the world was your toy,  
And everybody told ya that you're gonna go far,  
It's a pity, boy, you don't know how lucky you are.

Now pretty boy, little boy, I hate you so much,  
Pretty boy, I wanna kick you in your pretty crotch,  
And pretty boy, you really are a little shit,  
Because you've never struggled even just a little bit.

So pretty boy, little boy, what would you have done,  
If everybody'd shit on ya just 'cause it was fun?  
What if you'd never had a safe place to run,  
And you'd never felt that you were truly loved by someone?

Now pretty boy, little boy, so different from me,  
You've never had to fight yourself to set yourself free.  
And now that you've accomplished every one of your dreams, well pretty boy...

You're still so fucking boring.

### **3. THE WHALE**

O, I thought I saw the whale,  
Or have my eyes begun to fail?  
O, we searched for the whale.

O, I thought I saw the tail,  
Over by the windward rail,  
O, we searched for the whale.

O, I thought I saw the spout,  
Or is my sanity in doubt?  
O, it came to nout.

Davy Grant, he drives our ship,  
At ever an increasing clip,  
And O, he doesn't spare the whip.

On and on and on we ride,  
Take no heed of wind nor tide,  
O, the whale hides.

Six days yorn upon the sound,  
But the whale can't be found,  
And O, the Tasman pounds.

From the decks we hear a holler,  
"What good value for our tourist dollar!"  
O, we searched for the whale.

Now I understand some time ago a film was made about hunting a whale starring Peck of Gregory,  
But unfortunately I haven't read Moby Dick at anything more than a passing glance,  
So I don't fully apprehend the allegory.

Finally, our hunt was through,  
When someone cried.. "will dolphins do?"  
O, we searched for the whale.

#### **4. GREY MATTER**

At the grey mouth of the grey river,  
I get grey thoughts in my grey matter.

## **5. PAINT THE MOUNTAINS**

I've got to leave,  
To trail a gypsy camp around the country,  
Paint the mountains as I go,  
Sleep under the stars,  
And make love to a masseuse nightly.

She put a spell on me, and I must follow.  
Sorry, but I won't be here tomorrow.

## **6. GLADE OF THE PIXIE**

I want to go to the Glade of the Pixie.

Sunbeam shows the way, shows the way.

Willow tree is all aflame; this tree's on fire.

## **7. BUTTERCUP**

I can't walk or stand up straight,  
My feet hurt from every angle,  
My toes are compressed in my shoes,  
And my lumbar spine is mangled.

I've given all that I've got,  
Still, I'm left isolated.  
And I can't call this place home,  
'Cause of the regime you've instigated.

You're in your workplace mood,  
And for hours now, nothing's been said,  
But for all of this week, I've been wanting  
To kiss your golden head.

Who am I when I'm here?  
Who am I when I'm gone?  
I wish I had time to ponder,  
Though these days are so long.

And you say,  
Suck it up, buttercup.  
You do you, and I'll do me.

## **8. ICARUS**

Soar,  
Soar,  
That's what your love is for.

Fly,  
Fly,  
You belong in the sky.

Soar,  
Soar,  
That's what your wings are for.

That's what your love is for.

That's what your heart is for.

## **9. DOLPHINS FOR BREAKFAST**

At 12:01 I heard a splash,  
And I rushed over to the side,  
A mother dolphin and her calf,  
They looked me in the eye,

Telling me you were going to be okay,  
The helicopter had just flown you away, you away,  
And we've got

Dolphins for breakfast,  
Penguins for soup,  
And baby seals a little later.

At 12:05 I turned my head,  
Looked at the stars to find some solace,  
The Southern Cross was upside down;  
Bad fucking omens in the sky above us.

I walked downstairs past your empty cabin,  
And I don't know what the fuck has happened, fuck has happened,  
And we've got

Dolphins for breakfast,  
Penguins for soup,  
And baby seals a little later.

Five minutes before you collapsed,  
I'd thought about coming to tell you that I loved you,  
But I didn't, because

There was always time.