

Re: Your Brains by Jonathan Coulton

Heya Tom, it's Bob from the office down the hall
It's good to see you buddy, how've you been?
Things have been OK for me except that I'm a zombie now
I really wish you'd let us in
I think I speak for all of us when I say I understand
Why you folks might hesitate to submit to our demand
But here's an FYI: you're all gonna die screaming

chorus:

All we want to do is eat your brains
We're not unreasonable, I mean, no one's gonna eat your eyes
All we want to do is eat your brains
We're at an impasse here, maybe we should compromise:
If you open up the doors
We'll all come inside and eat your brains

I don't want to nitpick, Tom, but is this really your plan?
Spend your whole life locked inside a mall?
Maybe that's OK for now but someday you'll be out of food and guns
And you'll have to make the call
I'm not surprised to see you haven't thought it through enough
You never had the head for all that bigger picture stuff
But Tom, that's what I do, and I plan on eating you slowly

[chorus]

I'd like to help you Tom, in any way I can
I sure appreciate the way you're working with me
I'm not a monster Tom, well, technically I am
I guess I am

I've got another meeting Tom, maybe we could wrap it up
I know we'll get to common ground somehow
Meanwhile I'll report back to my colleagues who were chewing on the doors
I guess we'll table this for now
I'm glad to see you take constructive criticism well
Thank you for your time I know we're all busy as heck
And we'll put this thing to bed
When I bash your head open

[chorus]