

The Shelves Around the Lab

Music: "The Field Behind the Plough" by Stan Rogers
Lyrics: Morva Bowman and Alan Pollard, OVFF 2010

Watch the shelves around the lab fill with brains in jars,
My Igor's on the hunt, till the perfect brain is ours.
Hear the chainsaw's steady roar – oh he can't stop now.
There's a spinal column more or less to go.

And it always seems my slave takes his own sweet time
I've got work to do tonight – maybe this brain will be right
So watch the shelves around the lab fill with brains in jars.
There's another fifteen feet of shelf to go.

For my evil plan to work
I need organs, bones and muscles and the rest,
and the brain must be the best
The guy next door the other day
Took a heart attack and died at 42,
so his brain should still be good, and Igor knows what to do...

In an hour, maybe more, he'll be coming back
With the final part I need to complete the surgery
So watch the shelves around the lab fill with brains in jars
There's another fifteen feet of shelf to go.

And if his harvest's any good,
the brain stem and the nerves will be intact
And my creature can arise.
Make the nerve connections right,
And watch him shuffle forth to do my will.
When lightning fills the skies, My evil laugh will rise!

For the good times come and go, but I've lots of brains
And I'll get him on his feet, not an inert hunk of meat
So watch the shelves around the lab fill with brains in jars.
There's another fifteen feet of shelf to go.
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