

Mad Science Café // Brooke Lunderville

Lost my job at the paper (The Evening Times-Slander) Cm G
And it seems people don't want to hire a crook G Cm
But I finally found someone with low enough standards: Cm G
Mad Scientist urgently seeks live-in cook G Cm G Cm
(evil laugh)

He says I must hunch and say "Master!" with deference Cm G
But I can't be too picky when money's this tight G Cm
And I'm pretty sure he won't be calling my reference Cm G
And I get all day off 'cause he only works nights G Cm G Cm

Now, the kitchen equipment is somewhat unorthodox Cm G
There's lava and hydrogen gas in the taps G Cm
There are blackmarket kidneys and hearts in the icebox Cm G
It's not like back home - but I've learned to adapt! G Cm G Cm

I make eye of newt and tail of adder C F
flame broiled on a jacob's ladder G C
I bring my stews to a rolling boil C F
In a saucepan on a tesla coil G G7
My bunsen burner's gentle rays C F
Warm my goat's blood hollandaise G C
When I'm in a rush I look in C F
Lovecraft's guide to microwave cooking G G7
(Ah, the nuke-ronomicon! Chapter 1: Tapioca.)

This job isn't perfect; I'm paid in gold fillings Cm G
The blood-spattered labcoat is not quite my size G Cm
I'd prefer a métier with less ritual killing Cm G
But quitting involves my untimely demise G Cm G Cm
(I don't wanna be the clapped-in-irons chef!)

So I serve zombie wine from haunted casks	C F
in frosty erlyn-meyer flasks	G C
Cheese fondue for Frankenstein's munster	C F
Poison brew for incurable punsters	G G7

Embalming fluid man-fillets	C
Haunted druid canapés	C
Deep-fried school bus	C7
Hummus of homunculus	C7
Uranium coleslaw	F
Chicken à la chain saw	F
Rack of sacrificial lamb	D
Maple-crusteD huma-- "ham"	G7 G

It ain't easy to work here but I'm optimistic	Cm G
That my evil employer will soon come to grief	G Cm
I don't intend murder, but I read statistics:	Cm G
Mad scientist lifespans are typically brief	G Cm G Cm

So when boss summons demons who rightly take umbrage	Cm G
Or doesn't give lightning its proper respect	G Cm
Or carelessly slips as he's crossing the drawbridge	Cm G
Or gets burned at the stake - I know what to expect.	G Cm G Cm

For I've secretly copied the vault's combination	Cm G
I'm ready to empty it, then run away	G Cm
I'll stop by the dungeon and free all the virgins	Cm G
(They'll make great... waitresses)	
And I'm opening my own Mad Science café!	G Cm G Cm