

The vulture's comin'  
Comin' to pick my bones  
The vulture's comin'  
To feast on Mr. Jones  
Just like I feast on rotisserie chicken  
Or the big fat turkey on the table at your Thanksgiving  
Sometimes I don't love the life I'm livin'  
Still I hope I'm never gonna die at all

But the vulture's comin'  
He's bringin' his family too  
The vulture's comin'  
To chew on me and you  
Just like I chew on teriyaki beef jerky  
Or the big fat previously mentioned Thanksgiving turkey  
Sometimes life is colder than a slurpee, yeah  
But that don't mean I'll never ever get a good feeling at all  
And trust me when I do  
I forget that thing is even coming through  
And I feel like I just got a dose  
Of that magic, yeah, that everlasting potion

But the vulture's comin'  
When, you never know  
The vulture's comin'  
It might be tomorrow  
And just like the groundhog tells you that there's no more winter  
You might be eatin' your last Thanksgiving dinner  
And a big ol' bird gonna feast upon your innards  
Time is precious and you shouldn't waste it at all is the moral  
of this song