

Gas Drilling—It's Like This:

Are you Marcellus Shale's mother?  
I've got a deal you can't refuse—a million  
dollars for the hands of your daughter—  
alright—seven million. I'll do the slicing—  
I've wanted to do it for years.  
OK. OK—a billion. I'll saw at the wrists  
with the drugs that we'll shoot—  
she won't feel a thing.  
America needs her light touch—  
blood soaked and fresh.  
You can have her back, after she's fracked.

Are you Marcellus Shale's mother?  
I've got a deal you can't refuse—a million  
dollars to drill your daughter. I've wanted  
to frack her for years. OK. Ten million—  
I'll drill in and out quickly,  
Then what about your son? His hot pulse spews  
bloody gold. You can have the rest of him  
back when I'm through. So you won't lease  
your gas darlings—natural and flowing?  
How about their cousins, The Waters? I'll use them,  
clean them, bring them back— good as new.

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