

# Full Fat

Newton Faulkner

It's hard to see the light  
When the fridge door is closed  
Tip-toe down the hall, open the door  
Found out that God is a small sausage roll

I fall and I crawl and I break  
And I'm dreaming of Avril Lavigne  
Oh, devil eyes, short skirt and thighs  
And I'm on my knees again

Santa Claus is green  
He's not caffeine free  
You want full fat  
Fill that limousine  
I got no cash, no car, no name

And adverts don't tell me what I need  
He's green and not caffeine free  
You want full fat  
Fill that limousine  
I got no cash, no car, no name, yeah

Don't read directly into the sun  
And the skybox is rotting your brain  
They maintain your antigrity, fill you up  
Nothing more that you can do sometimes

I found the door  
But my mind is naturally banana  
I turn off the TV  
So, I read a book about television

I put on my shoes, me coat  
My hat and try to leave the house  
But it's all too much 'cause the grass is so green  
So, I run back inside and I turn on the screen

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