

## Demand

## Phish

You may as well keep your belly full  
For the time may come when you'll rely on the layer of fat  
That separates you from the rabid dog and the common fly  
To a less demanding place on your spine  
I feel you shift my weight around  
I squirm and roll beneath your flesh  
Just like the guy you met in town

He's yelling at the parking lot  
Throwing beer cans down the stairs  
Driving home to Mom and Dad  
To spend a weekend with no cares