

Bread

Alex Day

Her name was Flora Spread and she lived on Hovis Hill
Overlooking baker town from the window of her flour mill
The bright lights of the city fueled her longing to create
With the innovative bakers with whom she knew she could relate

She saw the cakes they cooked and the muffins that they made
But she kept on beating her bread all the while, feeling betrayed
That her mother left her in this mess of yeast, flour and dough
She must taste inspiration and stop chewing the bread of woe

Down in baker town lived Victoria Sponge
But her cakes weren't selling so she knew that it was time to take a plunge
Into the new, and see things from a brand new view
And yes young miss Flora I am talking to you

Will you come down that hill of yours and work here in my shop
We might have to bake until the ovens pop
But I need your creative eye
With my wisdom and your innovation
Together we can bake the perfect success pie

Success pie
Success pie
Bread
Bread

After just one week in that shop, Flora's business was booming
Her creativity blooming and her customers consuming
But looming, on the horizon, lay a rising problem
People couldn't stop eating, and there was nothing that could stop them

What was once a people of pretty balanced diets
Baker town without it's bread was revolution without riots
Flora closed her shop down, but she knew it was too late
And soon enough the population of the town was overweight

Overweight
Overweight
Bread
Bread

And so, the very next day
Flora went back to her mill and opened up her bread shop
But it seemed, to Flora's dismay that no one wanted her bread
And she was left alone up on the hill top

Victoria sponge kept on baking
With recipes she stole from floras notes
And Flora's heart kept on breaking
As the cakes continued rising, and the bread became toast

Correct these lyrics