

# Vegemite (The Black Death)

Amanda Palmer

You tell me that you love me when I'm lying by your side  
You tell me that I am the only one who understands your troubled mind  
That I am blind to any evil you can do  
And that I love you more than any other girl could ever do

You love the things that I love: you love art and you love books  
And you love love as much as I do and you love my dirty looks  
And you love me right now  
So how can you love... Vegemite?

It tastes like sadness  
It tastes like batteries  
It tastes like asses  
I cannot hold a man so close who spreads this cancer on his toast  
It is the Vegemite, my darling, or it's me  
You have to make a fucking choice  
I cannot sit with you at breakfast  
The very smell of it obliterates my senses  
And if that weren't bad enough you also eat the shit for lunch  
Which means we can't spend any time together  
What kind of relationship is that?  
The choice is yours, my heart is in your hands...  
Please wash your hands  
You just ate Vegemite for lunch you selfish bastard

It's all about you, isn't it?  
It's just take, take, take, take  
What about me? What about my feelings?  
I'm sorry

I had this really awful experience when I was six years old  
And our British next door neighbor, Christopher Gill, he was babysitting us  
And he made me eat an entire spoonful of Marmite  
Which is just like Vegemite pretty much except it's even grosser  
He made me eat it by telling me it was chocolate fudge  
And so I swallowed the whole thing and then I had to go to the bathroom and throw up  
And it really traumatized me and I'm sorry I got so emotional, I just ...

I love you, and no matter what you eat  
I'll always love you completely  
I might just always leave the room at meal times  
Or refuse to kiss or touch you for a week  
If you insist on putting that foul death paste in your mouth  
You're in my heart, but put yourself inside my shoes  
I have to know, it shouldn't be too hard to choose  
I know it's tearing you apart, but it's the way it has to be  
It is the Vegemite, my darling  
It is the Vegemite, my darling  
Put down the Vegemite, you fucker, or I'll leave