

Think About Your Troubles

Belly

Sit beside the breakfast table.
Think about your troubles.
Pour yourself a cup of tea,
And think about the bubbles.

You can take your teardrops and drop 'em in a teacup.
Take em down to the riverside,
And throw em over the east side
To be swept up by a current

And taken to the ocean
To be eaten by some fishes,
Who were eaten by some fishes
And swallowed by a whale,

Who grew so old,
He decomposed.
He died and left his body
To the bottom of the ocean.

Now everybody knows that when a body decomposes
The basic elements are given back to the ocean,
Then sea does what it oughta
Consume the salty water (not too good for drinkin'),

'Cause it tastes just like a teardrop (so you run it through a
filter),
And it comes out of the faucet (when it pours into the teapot),
Which is just about to bubble.
Now think about your troubles.

Now, are you sleeping?
Can you hear me now?