

## Bread

Clem Snide

'Cause you are the bread  
And it's never work  
And warm, buttered is good  
Oh, let's just digest

And the dishes are fine  
They're not goin' nowhere  
So keep your hands soft  
For high fives and shakes

And the bathroom's a mess  
Tomorrow we'll clean  
And my window won't shut  
But the breeze does feel nice

And the stove can be years  
To light cigarettes  
Oh, let the tablecloth burn  
It's pretty that way

'Cause you smell like bread  
And now the pillow does too  
'Cause everyone left  
With a even hue