

The Feeder

Dishwalla

I feel your fame, fill your pocket
And I've tried to hock it
Fly the friendly skies, meeting strangers
And my hands pass through many

You will believe, I won't deceive you
Too late, 'cause it's a joke
For you've got the neck of an angel
And feel my hands as they choke

Come on down, gather 'round
I'm your healer
Come on down, now you're down
With the feeder

I've made the pitch, and you the purchase
Now who do you worship?
I'll be your whore, I'll go down, maybe
Just give me a chance

I will sell you lies, and you will thank me
Too late, you've paid my bills
And I crawl with flies, move ahead
And to a million people I've lied

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