She sees flames in the kitchen it's a vision of hell a sign that madam is not feeling well

Like the pigeons in the yard she's getting fat on starch She's cooking for sailors and combing her hair in the dark

She loves everybody she'll even love me When I'm born in the traffic on the rolling seas She's in over her head

It's either the pairing of the woman on the floor above Or long static shots of half naked men in the desert She loves everybody ...