

pudding

Lush

Who wants pudding?
And who wants honey?
And who wants bananas and cream?

Who wants processions
With various obsessions?
Which God will remove if you scream.

Nothing much has changed.

My body's a-creakin'
My mind keeps awakin'/a-weaknin',
My feet are all dirty and grey.
I live in my nightgown,
From sun-up to sundown,
I'm watching my sweet tooth decay.

Nothing much has changed.

Lines, spots,
Join the dots,
Colour in barbie and ken,
Scab on your knee,
Biscuits for tea,
I live in my cupboard with friends, ben (?)

Nothing much has changed.
Nothing much has changed.
Nothing much has changed.