

If I open my mouth and I don't deliver  
It's a big dead when I know  
It's my only fissure  
Little mind, small deal,  
You are paling like a cracking jug  
And I only die because I am feeling so  
wired,  
Thank you for the joke, I have no money  
for it  
You fool, you fool, you blew it, when the  
Lie turns to proof,  
Is the issue big enough, so that everybody  
Hears it when you call it off  
Babycakes you always freeze me up  
Micha Micha Micha oh my Micha  
This was all she could say  
The unfortunate child sat in swathe of  
milky white bandages  
And stared and stared and stared at the  
Ceiling