

Babycakes

Magic Dirt

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