

# The ID

Moloko

You see, it goes like this

Momma, don't you turn away  
Just because I've gone astray  
Out of the fire, into the frying pan, this is the story of a sorry man  
I have been known to deviate myself from the path that is set  
But let us not forget about the man who decided to dedicate his life to the  
jetset  
He is now just a shadow of his former self  
And dark clouds hover overhead  
The living dead, move over, you see it goes like this

I could be a mover, I could be a shaker, don't you try to get in my way  
I'm the heart breaker, the money maker, this will all be mine one day  
Well

I myself do not think that such a raw ambition, his disposition  
To be a sin in itself, though  
Should we not forget about the mess that he got himself in

Where now stands this meek and empty man, there once was a typhoon  
Earthquaking, a phenomena, higher than the rest of us  
'Cause he was steppin' on us, steppin' over people  
And this is how the story goes, folks

I will go undefeated, I'll be protected  
You think you're big time, I'll show you big time  
Hollerin' and swallowin' air, crawling in the pit of despair

Once he got his foot in the door,  
well you know he was a fast stepper, a bad taste in the mouth kind of guy,  
funny fella though, always had a joke or two,  
but be careful, the joke could be on you  
Did you ever hear the one about the id, the ego, the super ego,  
the monumental man sat back to watch his automobile grow  
He was a Lamborghini kind of guy, got so high  
He would swear he could touch the sky  
But the sky was the limit

He was calling, he was crawling, riddled by the immensities of life,  
ladies of the night would call all hours of the day, every day, all day,  
calling for his mommy when the day was done  
Yes, he was moving, he was shaking, so lonesome tonight,  
And his eyes belied his smile awhile,  
Calling for his mummy but his mummy didn't come

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