

Demand

Phish

You may as well keep your belly full
For the time may come when you'll rely on the layer of fat
That separates you from the rabid dog and the common fly
To a less demanding place on your spine
I feel you shift my weight around
I squirm and roll beneath your flesh
Just like the guy you met in town

He's yelling at the parking lot
Throwing beer cans down the stairs
Driving home to Mom and Dad
To spend a weekend with no cares