

Naked Lunch

Showbread

I want to throw up, but for now I hold back
I can't express just how I'm feeling, its true
You want to grow up, but there's a problem with that
There's no where to go for someone who's as stunted as you
Its true that I'm disgusted with myself as well
My tongue can not be tamed
It's on a fire straight from hell
I eat the dirt you kick up, and flaw the chord that resonates
A gentle word I can not find a way to enunciate

You make me, you make me oh so sick
Oh so sick
You make me, yeah you know you make me
Sick, sick, sick I get sicker every day

Still your voice, pump your stomach
Set the garbage free
Oh I know you don't get drunk
You just drink socially
Your reasons are all invalids, they can't stand up
And when you talk I hear the brain cells die
So keep your mouth shut
I didn't wake up to find myself as a bug
I've been one for much longer than I care to recall
I'm not a junkie lost in interzone or under the rug
I just eat the bug powder then I climb up the wall

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Oh so sick
You make me, yeah you know you make me
Sick, sick, sick, sick, sick, sick, sick,

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