

# Bread

Alex Day

Her name was Flora Spread and she lived on Hovis Hill  
Overlooking baker town from the window of her flour mill  
The bright lights of the city fueled her longing to create  
With the innovative bakers with whom she knew she could relate

She saw the cakes they cooked and the muffins that they made  
But she kept on beating her bread all the while, feeling betrayed  
That her mother left her in this mess of yeast, flour and dough  
She must taste inspiration and stop chewing the bread of woe

Down in baker town lived Victoria Sponge  
But her cakes weren't selling so she knew that it was time to take a plunge  
Into the new, and see things from a brand new view  
And yes young miss Flora I am talking to you

Will you come down that hill of yours and work here in my shop  
We might have to bake until the ovens pop  
But I need your creative eye  
With my wisdom and your innovation  
Together we can bake the perfect success pie

Success pie  
Success pie  
Bread  
Bread

After just one week in that shop, Flora's business was booming  
Her creativity blooming and her customers consuming  
But looming, on the horizon, lay a rising problem  
People couldn't stop eating, and there was nothing that could stop them

What was once a people of pretty balanced diets  
Baker town without it's bread was revolution without riots  
Flora closed her shop down, but she knew it was too late  
And soon enough the population of the town was overweight

Overweight  
Overweight  
Bread  
Bread

And so, the very next day  
Flora went back to her mill and opened up her bread shop  
But it seemed, to Flora's dismay that no one wanted her bread  
And she was left alone up on the hill top

Victoria sponge kept on baking  
With recipes she stole from floras notes  
And Flora's heart kept on breaking  
As the cakes continued rising, and the bread became toast