

Bread

Clem Snide

'Cause you are the bread
And it's never work
And warm, buttered is good
Oh, let's just digest

And the dishes are fine
They're not goin' nowhere
So keep your hands soft
For high fives and shakes

And the bathroom's a mess
Tomorrow we'll clean
And my window won't shut
But the breeze does feel nice

And the stove can be years
To light cigarettes
Oh, let the tablecloth burn
It's pretty that way

'Cause you smell like bread
And now the pillow does too
'Cause everyone left
With a even hue