

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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