

Full Fat

Newton Faulkner

It's hard to see the light
When the fridge door is closed
Tip-toe down the hall, open the door
Found out that God is a small sausage roll

I fall and I crawl and I break
And I'm dreaming of Avril Lavigne
Oh, devil eyes, short skirt and thighs
And I'm on my knees again

Santa Claus is green
He's not caffeine free
You want full fat
Fill that limousine
I got no cash, no car, no name

And adverts don't tell me what I need
He's green and not caffeine free
You want full fat
Fill that limousine
I got no cash, no car, no name, yeah

Don't read directly into the sun
And the skybox is rotting your brain
They maintain your antigrity, fill you up
Nothing more that you can do sometimes

I found the door
But my mind is naturally banana
I turn off the TV
So, I read a book about television

I put on my shoes, me coat
My hat and try to leave the house
But it's all too much 'cause the grass is so green
So, I run back inside and I turn on the screen

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