

## Mister Ant

Psapp

I see the bricks you bake, I see the wood you saw  
I love to watch you toil in the clattering dough  
I baked our bread and made our milk  
And now I feed the fleas as the worms are oozing silk

Don't stop to think now or even breathe  
'Cause when we're like this our souls don't dare to leave  
I see in snapshots, click, clack, click, clack, doo  
Can you see the point in how much I like you?

I wanna be a family, I wanna be a home  
I wanna keep you in a cave and never let you go  
I wanna be the map you read, the basket for the bone  
I want to be the hand that feeds, I wanna be a home, your home

Tin cans and grapevines, growing at our door  
The bustling ants nest, seeping through the floor  
One hundred soldiers marching down our road  
Each with a letter on his back to spell a secret code

I see the mud you make, I see the mess we're in  
I want to end with a smile 'cause that's how we begin

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