

# Overweight But Over You

The Vaselines

I've no appetite for you and me  
When you twist me 'round like some old spaghetti  
Eat you up and spit you out  
Left a bad taste I can do without

Hey, fat mama, I'm a fat man  
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You're gonna use a knife to take a slice  
And cut me out of your life  
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It's a recipe we have to follow  
Take heartache and a pinch of sorrow  
Let it simmer for a year or two  
Serve it up and then we're through

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It's not my fault, it's not big bowls  
It's not my age or my hormones  
On a diet of cold rejection  
I got sick with no affection

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