

The I.D.

Moloko

[fade in chorus](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 Once he got his foot in the door,

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