

Ladle

Machinedrum

You file me with the libertines
I fold in line
My monthly dole of magazines
Beaming bistro shines In my ladle is your plum
And my daily staple of your cutesy crumbs
Of your cutesy falling crumbs I saw you at the snazzy din, din
You made me sad that I watched
I must say you truly packed 'em in
Nearly dearly debauched In my ladle is your plum
And my daily staple of your cutesy crumbs
Of your cutesy falling crumbs In my ladle is your plum
And my daily staple of your cutesy crumbs
Of your cutesy falling crumbs

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