Bread

Clem Snide

'Coz you are the bread
And it's never work
And warm, buttered is good
Oh, let's just digestAnd the dishes are fine
They're not goin' nowhere
So keep your hands soft
For high fives and shakesAnd the bathroom's a mess
Tomorrow we'll clean
And my window won't shut
But the breeze does feel niceAnd the stove can be years
To light cigarettes
Oh, let the tablecloth burn
It's pretty that way'Coz you smell like bread
And now the pillow does too
'Coz everyone left
With a even hue

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