

Do You Love

Dylan C

This kitchen has a king!
This hand, this hand is a cunning little bugger
With a habit of turning every A into a be

Unless it's put to work
There's a twitch twitch twitch and a rash, and an itch
For a job, for a magic job, and a magic diet and exercise plan

There are things I cannot do
I cannot not not turn a skinny little shit
Into a winsome Brit who spent his youth in honest pleasure

For all my wily ways
I cannot not not turn back into the boy
It's a tearful day when a boy must learn his limitations

Take a look at this brochure:
Inject, inject, strip away, peel away
The scars of self abuse with a couple of hours in a private clinic

What have I left in life?
The Knife! the Knife! this knife! this knife!
Every inch, every inch of me will come to know its magic!

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