

Fat

Archers of Loaf

What do you fucking care for me?
I'm black and blue and bruised all the fucking time.
Why should I fucking care for you?
I've been with you in the morning for the last time. I'm not as happy as I once was to see you,
You're fatter around the side.
No, no, no, no, you're not as thin as you used to be.
You've gotten fatter around the thighs.

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