

The Pig

Showbread

I know the way inside my heart
But nothing seems to get that far
I've spent my life down on my back
It falls asleep, it pops and cracks And when the sun comes up again
My body dries and shrivels
Then some nice man is over me
So I throw up and giggle There was a time when I was blank
And see through but never white as snow
Just made of rippled glass
I thought that it was sealed but now I know In goes a tiny seed that splits open
With rotten spice and sage
And then the numbness is consuming me
Just like a sweeping plague My soul is cheap, lay on top of me
My soul is cheap, lay on top of me
My soul is cheap, lay on top of me
My soul is cheap, lay on top of me My soul is cheap, lay on top of me
My soul is cheap, lay on top of me I peel myself up off the floor
Say, I can't do this anymore
But then my soul has run away
So I lay down another day

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