

Demand

Phish

You may as well keep your belly full
For the time may come when you'll rely
On the layer of fat that separates you
From the rabid dog and the common fly To a less demanding place on your spine
I feel you shift my weight around
I squirm and coil beneath your flesh
Just like the guy you met in town He's yelling at the parking lot
Throwing beer cans down the stairs Driving home to mom and dad
To spend a weekend with no cares

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