

Consumer Whore

Lemon Demon

What are you waiting for?
Enough of this redundancy.
Why don't you go back to my show?
No need to torture me.
It's just commercials.
Damn commercials on my plasma screen.
It's such a pain, so I complain
while drinking my caffeine.
My Nike shoes are on my feet.
I'm going out to get some McDonald's to eat.
Don't know what my brain is for.
I used to, but I don't no more.
I am a consumer whore.
I am a consumer whore.
(Gibberish.)
My life's a mess.
I'm all alone.
But that's okay, 'cause I got my cute little Nokia cell-phone.
Don't know what my brain is for.
I used to, but I don't no more.
I am a consumer whore.
I am a consumer whore.
What do you want from me?
What do I want from you?
Somebody talk to me.
Tell me you feel it too.
This unstoppable force that delivers my hand to my wallet,
extracts all my hard earned dinero, and casts it to the smirking rottweilers.
What do you want from me?
What do I want from you?
Somebody talk to me.
Please tell me you feel it too.
It's something that I can't ignore.
I used to but I can't no more.
I am a consumer whore.
I am a consumer whore.

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