Crumbs

Cibo Matto

You're down there shooting blanks
From broken guns
You fire all day long
And still not hit a fucking oneDon't wanna know what
Some sick [Incomprehensible] fuck considers fun
Prob'ly throw a party
Served with melted ice cream over crumbsJust crumbs
Just crumbsYou prob'ly lick more ass
Than anyone
I guess you like the
Taste of shit on your tongueNo matter what you order
The same thing will come
A plate of refried shit
Just covered in crumbsJust crumbs
Just crumbsI never had a life, I don't even know what life is
I never had a life, I don't even know what life is
And you, and you, and you
Have what is called a lifeI never had a life, I don't even know what life is
I never had a life, I don't even know what life is
And you, and you, and you
Everyday is my lifeI have what you'd call a life
I have what you'd call a life
I have what you'd call a life
I have what you'd call a life

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