

The Grand Fatigue

Army of Lovers

As I count the calories
I start to feel the grand fatigue
All in vain goes down the drain
Inside my brain the grand fatigue
In my sleep only food on my mind
In my dreams only food I can find
Behind the wheel I long to heal
The grand fatigue

Breakfast brunch and lunch and dinner
Every stone of you a sinner
Is it chocolate is it bacon
Every inch of you a fake
For lasagna you've been waiting
Over pasta contemplating
Set your mind on decorating
Of a schwarzwald cake

When we meet you're hardly there
The dry eyes the falling hair
In the mirror in the mirror
That's not you

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What's the beef you eat with candy
Does the camembert come handy
Pouring gravy on a piglet
Peking duck away you take
What's inside that stuffed tomato
Cream and cheese on baked potato
Set your mind on cutting slices
From a schwarzwald cake

Where's the friend who I once knew
Share the pain you're going through
In the mirror in the mirror
That's not you

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