

Breastfed

Bell X1

You're so pretty and I'm so lame
You're ever changing, I stay the same
You give good sermon, I say bad grace
My food for the soul it leaves a bad taste

You save yourself, I'm saved by the bell
Never left my head, I've no story to tell
You save yourself, I'm saved by the bell
Never left my head, I've no story to tell

I was doing fine when I was breastfed
Blame it on the milkman on my deathbed
I was doing swell when I was breastfed
Pasteurise, homogenise, he said

You've got convictions, I've got fence-arse
I'm nowhere near the cliff but I can see the drop
I'm all sound and fury, I'm smoke without fire
I see your watermark when I hold you to the light

You're so pretty, I'm so lame
Cleanliness is closer to godliness they say
well now what does that mean?
If you can be God, well I can be clean

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Blame it on the milkman on my deathbed
I was doing swell when I was breastfed
Pateurise, homogenise, he said