

# The Feeder

Dishwalla

I feel your fame, fill your pocket  
And I've tried to hock it  
Fly the friendly skies, meeting strangers  
And my hands pass through many

You will believe, I won't deceive you  
Too late, 'cause it's a joke  
For you've got the neck of an angel  
And feel my hands as they choke

Come on down, gather 'round  
I'm your healer  
Come on down, now you're down  
With the feeder

I've made the pitch, and you the purchase  
Now who do you worship?  
I'll be your whore, I'll go down, maybe  
Just give me a chance

I will sell you lies, and you will thank me  
Too late, you've paid my bills  
And I crawl with flies, move ahead  
And to a million people I've lied

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