# Idiot The Chef

**Pile**

I was sucking on the doorknob
While chewing on the key
Then snuck in through the window
To help preserve my knees

When do I get to go
When do I get to stay
I could bite my nails to the elbow
Or I could just wait

I was giving everything I have to you
And I found that my trash picking was the best thing I could do

Get to licking all the wounds
Now we funnel in the salt
Going to get so high and low
Now it's all your fault

All of the stoplights are out today so I'll chance it and coast
They always win but I'm a dictator of a small plot of land

Don't pluck flowers with the hand I'm holding
I need to hoard only a few things all for myself
Otherwise I start to get so nervous


Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!