

So Selfish It's Funny

Showbread

Someday they'll write a book about you,
because you're so selfish, it's funny.
So self-absorbed, this thunderous horde,
of you, you, you.
So self-absorbed, this thunderous horde,
of you, you, you.

Yeah, I'd love you, but you love yourself.
And you'd love me, but I love myself.

So tense are these nerves in any instance.
Teeth snap and a toe taps the dirt.
Cry like a baby and see if then maybe
the others will cherish your hurt.
Never you see a cry or plea,
consider another or first.
Know this is your world.
The harsh words you have hurled.
Recall you are the one in need worse.

Yeah, I'd love you, but you love yourself.
And you'd love me, but I love myself.
Yeah, I'd love you, but you love yourself.
And we'd serve you, but we serve ourselves.

Ignoring you, I dance, oh I do.
Through magnificent realms, quite divine.
Stopping to see my face smiling at me.
For this is my life and my time.

What an arduous task, it proves such a feat
to be only one of a kind.
Though the scenery slips through
the places we meet.
Press forward and leave me behind.
What a child you are, for you look just like me,
looking out for number one.
I'm all that I have and all that I see.
Saved by the grace of the Son,
So shall we deny?
And rot as we die?
As I write a book about me,
my noble wealth of serving myself,
I am so selfish, it's funny.