

Eat City

The Angels

Drag on a fag, pick up the crumbs,
All the little insults get too much for some,
Fix up your fave, harpoon your hair,
All the little vanities keep you from despair;
Will of iron, can it break.
Freedom from hunger is a piece of cake,
Turn on the T.V., shoot another snack,
Suburban refugees from a calorie attack.

Ain't you got no true love waiting for you?
Ain't you got no true love waiting?
Eat city's gonna get you.

Walk in the street, pack it in your face,
The weight, dear doctor, is in the wrong place
Put on the T.V., shoot another snack,
Suburban refugees from a calorie attack.

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All the little insults get too much for some,
Turn on the T.V., shoot another snack,
Suburban refugees from a calorie attack.

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