Existentialtism

TISM

You know, me and my baby, no couple like us;
We got our Sartre, we got our Camus.
I love her 'cos I hate the stinking bitch –
She's like a train – or a horse – I forget which.

Chorus:
Who cleans the home?
John Paul Sartre?
Simone de Boviour?

I'm the outsider, not for me conventional law
(Though here's a tip – the book's a bore).
I'll take responsibility for my inner most wishes,
But I'll be buggered if I'll do the dishes.

Now my baby's left me, she's walked out the door,
She said she won't touch my six inch gold blade anymore.
I'm aware that One can never really know Other –
But fuck existentialism, I'm going back to mother.

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