

# Naked Lunch

Showbread

I want to throw up, but for now I hold back  
I can't express just how I'm feeling, its true  
You want to grow up, but there's a problem with that  
There's no where to go for someone who's as stunted as you  
Its true that I'm disgusted with myself as well  
My tongue can not be tamed  
It's on a fire straight from hell  
I eat the dirt you kick up, and flaw the chord that resonates  
A gentle word I can not find a way to enunciate

You make me, you make me oh so sick  
Oh so sick  
You make me, yeah you know you make me  
Sick, sick, sick I get sicker every day

Still your voice, pump your stomach  
Set the garbage free  
Oh I know you don't get drunk  
You just drink socially  
Your reasons are all invalids, they can't stand up  
And when you talk I hear the brain cells die  
So keep your mouth shut  
I didn't wake up to find myself as a bug  
I've been one for much longer than I care to recall  
I'm not a junkie lost in interzone or under the rug  
I just eat the bug powder then I climb up the wall

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