

Canzoni Napoletane

"Troubled By Insects"

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his lips smack (i'll do anything) a global splendor of
gluttony. he's got a smile (i'll do anything) like he was
born to be president. you ask about politics i answer
about people. let's spit for territories. split up the not
enough to go around. just let me keep all these wants i
need. i'll do whatever you want me to. you present your
presence like grabby gift day presents. we all suck your
bloated white bread fill but i'm still always starving. you
ask about people and i tell you we're all ----- on the
inside. i'm doing all you told me. get your world off my
back. i've been stuffed fat and pounded fat. i've
shrunk it. i've sunk in it. i've drowned in all i've found
in it.

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