

Chocolate Genius

"Life"

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There's a little secret,
Where my money goes,
Beneath some used food,
And ten pounds of clothes,
Wrapped in a dead president's wife,
Scissors and rock, paper and knife,
It's pink and it's soft,
Roses and rain,
Black and it's good like,
Pleasure and pain,
It's life.

And there was a guy,
I used to know,
He planted a seed,
That he couldn't grow,
Chicken or egg,
Who could be bothered?
Where was your head son?
See what ya fathered?

Don't go away,
Don't disappear,
And don't get me wrong,
'Cause I'm not from 'round here.

And next time your head,
Is paying you back,
For facin' a brick,
Knife or attack,
Of trecherous blood,
Or weak fits of will,
The one that you say,
Could be the one set to kill.

Don't go astray,
Don't even try,
Keep in the lane,
Cause your tires can fly (??)

Laaa...

Laaa...

Life.

Life...

Life.

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