

Dishwalla "The Feeder"

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I feel your fame
Fill your pocket
And I've tried to hock it
I fly the friendly skies
Meeting strangers
And my hands pass through many
You will believe
I won't deceive you
Too late cause it's a joke
For you've got the neck of an angel
feel my hands as they choke
Come on down
Gather 'round
I'm your healer
Come on down
Now you're down
With the feeder
I've made the pitch

And you the purchase
Now who do you worship
And I'll be your whore
I'll go down, maybe
Just give me a chance
I will sell you lies
And you will thank me
too late you've paid my bills
I crawl with flies
move ahead
and to a million people I've lied
Come on down
Gather 'round
I'm your healer
Come on down
Now you're down
With the feeder

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