

Fad Gadget "One Man's Meat"

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I felt like dropping down
Sick in the street
I could hardly care about walking
Dragged along with no force in my feet
And all the bones in me knocking
Worn down by caution
Make numb with restrain
In all of my sweetness
I retch and I faint
One man's meat
But I could not taste the poison
I'm so beat
Now my life is not worth living
I'll just walk the street
'Till I feel like dropping down
I could be steeped in the wwashing and weeping
Or burn up in frenzy or fire
A whistful wish for the having and keeping
A desperate leed led by desire
Wrapped in the moment
Weighed by thought
I stretch on the pavement
And feel myself caught
One man's meat
But I could not taste the poison
I'm so beat
Now my life is not worth living
I'll just walk the street
'Till I feel like dropping down
One man's meat
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One man's meat
I'll just walk the street
Wrapped in the moment
Weighed by thought
I stretch on the pavement
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I'm so beat
That I feel like dropping down
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Now my life is not worth living
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'Till I feel like dropping down

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