

Catie Curtis

"Slave To My Belly"

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I'm a slave to my belly cause it got to be fed
Every morning, well it lifts me out of bed and says:
Go to work for me baby,
Buy me some bread and some wine.
My belly don't like me to be playing guitar all the time
So I'm on the train all the way to town
I sell my day and ride away to town
I'm a slave to my body cause it got to be dressed
It tells me it don't like my taste, though I try my best
Bring me home some silk pants I can wear tonight.
I say: Hey, I don't make that much. Give me a break, all
right?
But I'm on the train all the way to town
I sell my day and ride away to town
And I'm a slave to my two feet cause they want to come
home
They want to come upstairs and rest their little bones
We love the floor that we walk on. We love this house
that you own.
And I don't have the heart to tell them that I don't
So I'm on the train all the way to town
I sell my day and ride away to town

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