

Matisse **"Snowwhite"**

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He lost his breath
He lost his tone
He won the prize
How tall he's grown

And the eyes are dark
The eyes tell lies
It seems that when he laughs
He cries

I don't deserve
Oh! such a prize
You see I judge things
By the size

And my eyes are dark
My eyes disguised
Now money's not to be despised

I had a dream
I was in white
You're leading a life of sugar and vice
Then I had you
To stay the night
Now wait for a horny and snowy demise
Then the eyes were light
The eyes were bright
And Anna Lee took it, I won't analyse
Now I can't see you
From this height
You cut it on backs and you sniff it on thighs

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