

Mother Hips "Hot Lunch"

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No one knows what I do in my room with my girl and
she won't tell you.

Sometimes she tells me mellow lies, when her tongue
is not inside my head.

I talk in terms of "he" and "she" to avoid the nerves of
"me" and "we".

She talks in terms of love and of some things that I
thought that I'd risen above.

and one of us here is a pervert

and one of us here is a child

and everybody can only be themselves.

I used to have dreams I made love to my cat, is it
shocking for me to tell you that?

I might tell you more but you might walk away and I
don't feel like eating alone.

Daddy, he has to work all day and mommy and baby
just watch.

After all, every living creature on earth wants a hot
lunch.

One of us here is a guillotine

and one of us here is your neck

and everybody can only be themselves.

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