

Curt Smith

"Slave To My Belly"

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I'm a slave to my belly, 'cause I've got to be fed
Every morning, well, it lifts me out of bed
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 right away to town
I'm a slave to my body, 'cause I've 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?"
So I'm on the train all the way to town
I sell my day right away to town
I'm a slave to my two feet, 'cause they want to come
home
They want to come upstairs and rest their little bones
"Love the floor that we walk on, 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 right away to town

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