

Stuart Davis

"Feeding My Ego"

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I'm falling under insatiable forces
for naked attention, a sick metamorphose
Pushing my victims to flatter and fawn me
Obeying the dictum of all eyes upon me
My ego's a castle and I am the sentry
Granting the spineless the easiest entry

My simple subjects are eager to bow
So fire up the spit and wheel in the cow
I'm in my element now

Chorus:

They're toasting my virtue, the goblet is passed
Fifty-four jesters are kissing my ass
I may be fat, but my belt has to bust before this
bingeing can end
We're feeding my ego again

I've summoned the pixies to whisper their praises
They're nursing me now with their sweet empty phrases
The critics are cleaved from my feast with a mallet
No spoils are received by the king's fragile palate
Stuffing myself on the blind adulation
Fed full of self, it's intense mastication

The simpleton's choir has taken it's place
Accolades spewing from each vacant face
Now, let's say grace

Chorus

I'm gonna need help
Cause I'm too full to belch
too elated to care if I foul up the air

Chorus

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