

Milla

"The Story Of My Life"

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The story of my life, well let's just say it's a fork and a knife
There is one thing on my mind, one thing all the time, I got to fill my mouth
Got no favorite meal, I say every meal is clean if it fills me up for real
My belly's big and it's just a start, my appetite is my heart
And when I had enough I just through up and laugh.

This time, it's not a cow, it's kind of personal, can't explain to you why
This time, it's not a cow, so Mr. PC are you ready to bow.

Breakfast in bed, the bed's in the kitchen so it's easy to be fed
And when I'm fed, yes, when I'm fed, I go right back to bed
Food and sleepwatch, the thing should keep me from having too much
Sometimes it feels that I could kill for desert.

The story of my life, a big fork and the sharpest knife
I guess this solid bridge leads me on to the nearest fridge
Not a pig, sheep, chicken, moose, duck, snake, horse or a frog.

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