

Phish

"Demand"

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You may as well keep your belly full
For the time may come when you'll rely on the layer of
fat
That separates you from the rabid dog and the
common fly
To a less demanding place on your spine
I feel you shift my weight around
I squirm and roll beneath your flesh
Just like the guy you met in town

He's yelling at the parking lot
Throwing beer cans down the stairs
Driving home to Mom and Dad
To spend a weekend with no cares

avir harim tzalul kayayin
v'reiach o-ranim
nisa b'ruach ha-arbayim im kol pa-a-monim
Uv t-ardeimat ilan va-even
sh'vuya ba-chaloma
ha-ir asher badad yoshevet
...(uv-liba choma)...
Y'rushalayim shel zahav
v'shel n'choshet v'shel or
halo l'chol shi-rayich ani kinor

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