

Millencollin

"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 throw up and laugh
(awhile)?

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. P.C. 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 sleepwalk, the thing should keep me from having too
much
real my belly's big and it's just a start, my appetite is my
heart
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
And when I had enough I just throw up and laugh
(awhile)?
Not a pig, sheep, chicken, moose, duck, snake, horse or a frog

