

Rustic Overtones, Feast Or Famine

Juke a blastin faster slow it down
if i huff and i puff i can blow it down
in every disco in San Francisco
i had a change but i missed though
can i write the hits though?
the kind they play on the radio stations
patience is a virtue if the agents haven't
heard you, preferred you
they'll desert you like Benedict Arnonld
i won't be dicked around, no.
drinking water while they are sipping wine
in their condo or mansion.
I'm off in a tangent agian
before i make my way to the end
the sentence must mend or be bandaged.
a slight disadvantage.
i know we sound full, but we're famished.
we get feast...all the time..all the time
we get famine...all the time...all the time
they say it takes a song so i went along
tripping and falling, bawling out my eyes
wishing that i was recording.
they say i'm gonna have to wait
another week for the cake
i say oh my soul what is this rigamarole?
always dealing sour cards so i fold.
i don't wanna get rich before i'm old
i just wanna get my belly full.
we get feast...all the time...all the time...
we get famine ...all the time...all the time...