

# Bread

Clem Snide

'Coz you are the bread  
And it's never work  
And warm, buttered is good  
Oh, let's just digest And the dishes are fine  
They're not goin' nowhere  
So keep your hands soft  
For high fives and shakes And the bathroom's a mess  
Tomorrow we'll clean  
And my window won't shut  
But the breeze does feel nice And the stove can be years  
To light cigarettes  
Oh, let the tablecloth burn  
It's pretty that way  
'Coz you smell like bread  
And now the pillow does too  
'Coz everyone left  
With a even hue

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>