

# Archers Of Loaf, Fat

What do you fucking care for me?  
I'm black and blue and bruised all the fucking time.  
Why should I fucking care for you?  
I've been with you in the morning for the last time.

I'm not as happy as I once was to see you,  
You're fatter around the side.  
No, no, no, no, you're not as thin as you used to be.  
You've gotten fatter around the thighs.