

Beanbag, Stale

Cruel bagged then snagged is how I want things done.
I want the best in my life and I'll please anyone.
I'm strapped into this chair watching TV that's aired live across the globe, I smell!
Throw your attention over here I've got something to say
It won't change your life, but that's "cool"; these days.
and now an ad is on.
The show is gone from the box in front of me.
My eyes are burning radiation from the microwave that's on it's cooking my meal,
it's a TV dinner and I think it's fake veal.
You can't burn it in the microwave and if I did, hey, I could order out anyway.
You can't burn it in the microwave and if you did, hey.
You've been created from an image of love.
You've been created in an image of God.
Too complex I go to rest I can't seem to get things done.
I'm a woman with a mouth and I'm prepared to switch it on.
I've just come back from all this walking 'cause I'm losing weight
was talking with a friend of Sharon's mum, fat was out, I looked dumb.
I saw myself in the mirror and I guess I'm getting thinner.
I've been taking all these pills, I better eat some meals
but what's the point? will I see clearer or will I be bigger?
I go to church every Sunday, but when it comes Monday
I'm back at work where I scream and curse
I talk real dirty to people make them think I'm real cool
My life's so simply complex
I leave small groups are on, but what is that as I slam down the phone.