Magic Dirt, Babycakes

If I open my mouth and I don't deliver It's a big dead when I know It's my only fissure Little mind, small deal, You are paling like a cracking jug And I only die because I am feeling so wired, Thank you for the joke, I have no money for it You fool, you fool, you blew it, when the Lie turns to proof, Is the issue big enough, so that everybody Hears it when you call it off Babycakes you always freeze me up Micha Micha Micha oh my Micha This was all she could say The unfortunate child sat in swathe of milky white bandages And stared and stared and stared at the