

Marianne Faithfull, Gluttony

Family

We've gotten word from Philadelphia
Anna's doing well, she's making lots of money.
Her contract has been signed to do a solo turn,
It forbids her ever eating when or what she likes to eat,
She likes to eat, she likes to eat.

Those are hard terms for little Anna,
Who has always been very greedy.
Oh if she does not break her contract!
There's no market for hippos in Philadelphia!

Every single day they weigh her,
Gaining half an ounce means trouble,
They have principles to stand by:
It's a hundred-and-eighteen that were signed for?
Only for the weight agreed we pay!

Gaining half an ounce means trouble,
More than that would mean disaster!

But our Anna is not all that stupid
And she knows a contract is a contract
So she'll reason: after all
You still can eat like little Anna
In Louisiana? crabmeat! porkchops!
Sweet-corn! chicken!
And those golden biscuits spread with honey!

Think of our house in Louisiana!
Look? it's growing! more and more it needs you!
Therefore curb your craving! gluttons will be punished!
Curb your craving, Anna! gluttons never go to heaven!