

# Spirogyra, An Everyday Consumption Song

I asked him to take me upstairs where the music was loud  
He said things have changed and consumed,  
they belonged to the crowd  
My life's an echo, where do I start the remission  
to you and the world  
World sping round, they say the world spings round  
And I'm alive...

And my head spins rounf, I said my head  
spins round, I've been confined  
Feeling defying descriptionare troubling me  
I'm in a vaccum and nameless statistical seed  
My life's number seeking a factor to triple  
it's value to three  
Three times three equals a point  
where rhere maximize me  
Three blind mice at an amazing price  
Come here and see...  
Here with the swindlers, I never make it,  
I met a date,  
My life is useless, Rupert refuses to be my friend  
We will think of you, think of you  
Rupert's confided to me, he got a boyfriend,  
I am out of place  
Faces keep on changing, nothing is stable  
I lost the race  
We won't think of you, think of you