

Farse, Eggs Is Eggs

Start with a line each,
ended up with egg on my face,
shouldnt of picked the rotten peach,
a guests life its been,
milling about the wreckin,
spreading myself too,
thin once again,
and now this paranoia feeling,
like comics hooked off stage,
do you think im about to stand for this?

On looking out the corner of my eye,
i see that you hav prepared a seat for this,

Guest voice mr chase.