

Millencolin, The Story Of My Life

The story of my life, well let's just say it's a fork and a knife
there's one thing on my mind, one thing all the time
I got to fill my mouth
got no favorite meal, I say every meal is clean if it fills me up for real
my belly's big and it's just a start, my appetite is my heart
when I had enough I just through up and laugh

This time, it's not a cow, it's kind of personal, can't explain to you why
this time, it's not a cow, so mr.PC are you ready to bow

Breakfast in bed, the bed's in the kitchen so it's easy to be fed
and when I'm fed, yes, when I'm fed, I go back to bed
food and sleep-watch, the thing should keep me from having too much
sometimes it feels that I could kill for desert

The story of my life, a big fork and the sharpest knife
I guess this solid bridge leads me on to the nearest fridge
not a pig, sheep, chicken, moose, duck, snake, horse or a frog