

Rhesus, Your Smile Is A Commercial Food

lost in a middle of a yuppie's party
look at all these fuckers dancing around
i'm certainly not feeling good but it's a
funny way to ease my soul
and now you're softly coming down on me
with a flower in your hair
the whole world could melt I don't care
because I think I like you

and now we're stepping outside with your hand in mine
drinking far too much to realize
speaking useless words just to hear our voices
faintly smiling back to everything
I am sitting next to you at the back of a car
a one night trip to the moon
the whole world could melt I don't care
because I think I like you
your smile is a commercial food
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