

# 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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