

Salad, No.1's Cooking

Everyone is twisted
Except the girl with the funny tattoo on her ankle
Funny tattoo on her knee, (I wish it was me)

Money and pleasure make me tick,
Enough to make you sick
She's a modern muse, With a mixed up bruise

Whichever way you're looking
No.1's the one that's cooking

But we've all got our place, This planet's got its funny ways
We just have a good time, (They have a bad time)

It's just awful doing nothing, When everything's so fine
Treading on a fragile line, We can't ignore the suffering
(But we do)

Chorus

And when the leaves turn brown
I hope I've still got my feet on the ground
It's too easy to feel guilty

Basically it's got to be said, That anyone with a pretty head
Could save the world instead, And I'm a guilty girlish thing
But charity makes my ego ring

Chorus

And all that is just twisted