



Big Orange Dream

Spooning my mate
I dominate.

She is below me
where she oughta be.

I am in control.
I am her all.

A big orange gleam,
the shovel of her dreams.

We are a match--what could she mean
Ending this scene?

I feel heat and smell smoke.
Ah—ah—I'm starting to choke...

Smothered by fate
By the one I hate.

Thinks he completes me
Time for me to flee.

I will take control
Soon he will fall.

That big orange dream
Not what he seems.

Here's a match and some gasoline
to end this scene.

Up in smoke,
ah, the demise of my bloke.