

## 17.OTTO. THE BITCH OF LIVING

God, I dreamed there was an angel  
Who could hear me through the wall  
As I cried out-like, in Latin  
"This is so not life at all  
Help me out-out-of this nightmare"  
Then I heard her silver call-  
She said: "Just give it time, kid  
I come to one and all"

She said: "Give me that hand, please  
And the itch you can't control  
Let me teach you how to handle  
All the sadness in your soul  
Oh, we'll work that silver magic  
Then we'll aim it at the wall"  
She said: "Love may make you blind kid-  
But I wouldn't mind at all"

ALL  
It's the bitch of living  
(Bitch, just the bitch)  
With nothing but your hand  
(Just the bitch, yeah)  
Just the bitch of living  
As someone you can't stand

GEORG  
See, each night, it's like fantastic-  
Tossing, turning, without rest  
'Cause my days at the piano  
With my teacher and her breasts;  
And the music's like the one thing  
I can even get at all  
And those breasts!  
I mean, God, please  
Just let those apples fall

ALL  
It's the bitch of living  
(ah, ah, ah)  
With nothing going on

(Nothing going on)  
Just the bitch of living  
Asking: what went wrong?

Do they think we want this?  
Oh- who knows?