

Noodles's Song

How beautiful are your feet
In sandals, O prince's daughter

Your navel is a bowl
Well-rounded with no lack of wine

Your belly, a heap of wheat
Surrounded with lilies

Your breasts,
Clusters of grapes

Your breath,
Sweet-scented as apples

Nobody's gonna love you
the way I loved you.

(from the *Tanakh*, Song of Songs, chapter 7.)