

State Hospital

Frightened Rabbit

The half back-flip conception, a state hospital birth
The most threadbare tall story the country's ever heard
Brought home to breathe smoke in the arms of her mother
With a blunt kitchen knife
Who just lays in a submissive position
Beneath the national weight and the slow arc of a fist

Her heart beats like a breeze block thrown down the stairs
Her blood is thicker than concrete, forced to be brave she was
Born into a grave

And in the limp three years of board schooling
She's accustomed to hearing that she could never run far
A slipped disc in the spine of community
A bloody curse word made pedestrian verse
Spirits in graveyards and fingers in car parks
She cries in the high street just to be heard
A screaming anchor for nothing in particular
At the foot of the f*ck of it, and dragging her heels in the dirt

Her heart beats like a breeze block thrown down the stairs
Her blood is thicker than concrete, forced to be brave she was
Born into a grave

The cheek of youth flushed red and turned gray
Now she lies on the pavement, she's helped to her feet
All thighs, hair, and magpie handbags
Saturday's uniform for the f*ck me parade
Brought home to keep warm in the arms of a plumber
Who's ruddy and balding
Who just needs a spine to dig into
A chest for the head, and a hand for the holding

Her heart beats like a breeze block thrown down the stairs
Her blood is thicker than concrete, forced to be brave she was
She was

Her heart beats like a breeze block thrown down the stairs
Her skin is thicker than concrete, forced to be brave she was
She was
A broken elevator anthem held between floors
But if blood is thicker than concrete, all of it is not lost
All is not lost
All is not lost
All is not lost
All is not lost