

Brains

The Servant

It's Friday night I'm a skeleton
Shaking in the light of the Marathon
Sancho Panza wants to carry on
So he pulls me through the door

He wants a packet of this
A packet of that
A brand new tombstone heart attack
Now I'm not sure that I want that
But then he pull me to the floor:

Now you're here it's so good
I'm Einstein you're Robin Hood
Now you're here it's so good
It's clear so clear

This is my home lying in the street
This is my brain dripping on my feet
This is my home lying in the road
This is my brain you see explode

We move through the smooth black summer heat
Trying to talk when we can barely speak
And the mangled people in the street
Throw themselves in the air

The pale moonlight lit building sites
Round the tower block howling in the night
And 4/4 beats prowling round for fights
We wander without care

Now you're here it's so good
I'm Einstein you're Robin Hood
Now you're here it's so good
It's clear all clear

This is my home lying in the street
This is my brain drippin on my feet
This is my home lying in the road
This is my brain you see explode

Friday night; skeleton
Shaking in the light; Marathon
Sancho Panza carries on
So he pulls me to the door

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