

England made me

Black Box Recorder

I trapped a spider underneath the glass
I kept it for a week to see how long he last
He stared right back of me
He thought that he could win
We played the waiting game
He thought that I give in

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I had a dream last night, that I was drunk
I killed the stranger, and left him in a trunk
In Brighton railway station
It was an unsolved case
A famous murder mystery
People love mystery

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I need my privacy, I lead a secret life
Sleep with the enemy, and betray both sides
I travelled all my life, but never got away
From the killing jar, and it got me sick

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