

Van Gogh Effect

Bugzy Malone

Picture the midwife pulling him out and he's breathing
And then handed him over to a mother that can't believe it
The umbilical cord gets snipped and everyone's smiling
A beautiful moment, right?
Picture a one-bedroom flat on the ground floor with a drive
Picture him pulling up outside, right under the streetlight
Imagine the baby sleeping right at the beginning of a lifetime
What a beautiful night
Okay so his nappy needs changing and he needs feeding
And he's just tired if he starts crying for no reason
But then you catch eye contact with this beautiful creature
My God, what a beautiful child
Picture her telling the dad it's a boy and he can come visit
But the dad's already got a boy and his schedule's busy
Then weigh up the prospects of being a single parent
That's enough to blow anyone's mind
Picture a bar or a pub that's serving food
And let's just imagine love at first sight is true
Flickering candle, bottle of wine and full moon
That sounds just about right
So picture the perfect date, driving back to her place
Open the door and the look of fear on the babysitter's face
She had a funny feeling and didn't wanna leave him in the first place
Something's not right
Imagine the screams of a baby with a snapped leg
Did he get dropped or did he roll out of the bed?
Was the impact all to his leg or did he bump his head?
Can anybody shed some light?
So picture a school uniform, fresh out the pack
And picture a confident young boy, mum and a dad
And picture them driving to school, he can't wait to start
What a wonderful life
But picture an old Victorian house broke up into two flats
He was on the top floor with a bowl of Nesquik watching the Rugrats
Downstairs was a very bad man who sold a bit more than loud packs
And that's being polite
So picture the door for the flat upstairs getting took off its hinges
And picture the guy from downstairs running in to cause injuries
And imagine the boy in the bedroom listening, what is he thinking?
Can you get traumatised at five?
Picture her stood in the telephone box on the phone now
She's got a big family and she's gonna bring big bro down
Next thing you know, a car pulls up and man jumps out
There's gonna be a fight
The boy's just sat on the windowsill seeing everything
He watched them run in the flat downstairs looking menacing
Loud bangs, screams, everybody's panicking
It'd become the scene of a crime
The way that the blue lights lit up the streets was a picture
And the way that the paramedics were full of blood was messed up
Now picture the guy from downstairs lay on a stretcher
What a terrible sight
Look, picture a van full of boxes, full of the family belongings
On to a different chapter, maybe some family bonding
Now they've got rid of the toxins
And an actual house with two floors, the future's looking so bright
They were driving for miles in the blistering cold

The boy's about nine at this point, will the story ever get told?
I guess nobody knows, as it continues to unfold
They pulled up on Bury New Road, back in 1999