Bark

David Keenan

I'll die without issue, an economic refugee
Caught between a rumour
Caught between a headbutt and a hard place to be

Spilled into a park bench, a bank holiday Monday casualty
A pale fabrication, a mascot for emasculation
Repeat after me and bark like a little dog

You can't read a mind by staring at a forehead
Leave me alone I'll sleep when I'm dead
I'll sleep when I'm dead

Wretches on crutches sing Ave Maria
A sad face is washed, a warm bed is emptied
Wretches on crutches sing Ave Maria
I myself as a wretch put my worries to bed

A relentless scab was he
Beyond reproach I am free free free
From the plastic smiles and the monotone souls
Bark, bark, bark, bark like a little dog

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