

Emergency Locksmith

Half Man Half Biscuit

I entered a field on my right through a bachelor gate
I walked by a fraudulent grave to a Glaslyn in spate
Ford on hold
Thoughts turn cold
Stranded there
I dreamed a dream
Where I hold the key to the key museum, where
Opportunity knocks but I fail to progress
'Cos I'm wasted with passions
I don't have the courage to express

The wise counsel of runes I've explored
Always they lead to my very own Saxon hoard
Deep down it lies
Never to rise
In truth I only long to know
In theory could it have been so

Spirit all spent
I've got a night's sleep to address
'Cos I'm wasted with passions
I don't have the courage to express

Galvanized briefly
I rang up and spoke to a nurse
Overnight, seemingly
Things took a turn for the worse
There goes my spark
Here comes the dark
Close family only, they will say
And what with the MRSA
Restrictions on visiting
Suit me I have to confess
Being wasted with passions
I don't have the courage to express