

Lark Descending

Half Man Half Biscuit

My hands are stained with thistle milk
And I can see what a fool I've been
My hands are stained with thistle milk
Look at the state it's got me in

Trying to be Mansfield's very own
Trying to be Mansfield's very own
Steve Malkmus
Steve Malkmus
Steve Malkmus
Steve Malkmus

The fire that burned inside of me
Has sank rapidly into vagrancy and chill
And now my hours of happiness
Are darkened by the thought they are passing towards
nothing

Yeah that was me, down at Camber Sands
Signing in to my chalet as
J Buckley
J Buckley
J Buckley
Unlikely

I should have just got a job on the bins
The pay's better and I'd know some hard blokes
And I wouldn't have to pretend
That I know what "rhetorical" means

I could have been like Lou Barlow
But I'm more like Ken Barlow
I could have been like Lou Barlow
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