

I found myself zip-tied
My boy's face was impaled
Where's your whippet, my man?
We need to step
That's prison, boy, not jail

Wild boars swarmed in droves
I split the first one's wig
I found myself
Underneath a Scotman's boot
They proceed to fill me in

He asked me for my name
He told me I was sick
I lost myself again
I lost myself again

Sam placed the choirboy's head
On the Bank of England's step
He raised his leg
To knight the poor man with his knee
That's where the story ends

He asked me for my name
He told me I was sick
I lost myself again
I lost myself again
Save me from me, I'm
I'm found, I'm found, I'm found
Save me from me, I'm
I'm found, I'm found, I'm found

There's dents in the carpet like poor Johnny's grief
There's ring marks and thin scars like lame sovereignty
There's tears in the curtain like cameos of how I bleed
No doiley will embrace my faults
No scratch card will take my name
Smashed glass on the floor, all strewn like songbird seed

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He told me I was sick
I lost myself again
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Save me from me, I'm
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