

Baked Potato

Leatherface

I've read the books of men and women and death
I've stood in bars listening to conversations
About Jesus Christ and the refugee's and the Royal family
Everybody knows how to cook baked potatoes
Everybody knows but they still tell you
Everybody knows which way the wind blows
Everybody knows there's catastrophe
Then comes the film packed full of art
You know that for a start and people like me
Have something to sing about
Everybody knows which way the wind blows
Everybody knows but they still tell you
Everybody knows to cook baked potatoes
Everybody knows you can't fill your boots
Forever and ever and ever
Seeing black sand can't become to anything
A sally army marching band wasn't what I had in mind
Seeing black sand and *it's coughing like big mound*
Being black sand feeling
And I've read the books of men and women and death
I've stood in bars listening to conversations
About Jesus Christ and the refugee's and the Royal family
Impersonate Cliff Richards lip or Iggy with a bottle
Is not as ridiculous as Black Rod knocking
On a door once a year and never getting in
Because he wants the people to come and listen to the Queen