

I codify: next week there's a new born tax
Not married so I can't relax
Honest so I don't react, yet.
Silence has kissed my back
Licked fickle by the bedroom pact
A rumour never moves with tact, no.

A heart like a candle
Melted with a frying pan handle
Left on the heat too long
Now only can I sing this song:

Even my own mother cannot take me back.

So I drive around this town
Thatched new by the thrust of the cuts
Bollards and the legacies they all outgrew.
Coastal but wrecked by blue
Ripped ships from the skills we knew
Moreish so you'll see this through.

A heart like a candle
Melted with a chip pan handle
Left on the heat too long
Now only can I sing this song:

Even my own mother cannot take me back.

I'm sleeping in a box
No windows, no door locks
My head is a shambles
Kipping in a row of brambles
A heart like a candle
Melted with a frying pan handle
Left on the heat too long
Now only can I sing this song:

Even my own mother cannot take me back.