

Hunting

Little Comets

I'll never get caught hunting
I do it on a Sunday
Go out in the west end
I do it with my best friends
It feels so fucking good
To be misunderstood
So even when confronted
I'll never get caught hunting

Last night we found a child
He came from E9
Dressed him up as a fox
Took off his hope and socks
We made him look a fool
Burnt A&E and closed his school
Got bored so privatized the homeless

I do it to myself
It's for the common good
I live in the Ladbroke Grove
But I think it's Hollywood
I do the same each time
That you let me
You're just a part of
My hegemony

I'll never get caught hunting
I do it on a Sunday
Go out in the middle of the west end
I do it with my best friends
It feels so fucking good
To be misunderstood
So even when confronted
I'll never get caught hunting