

Deceives the Eye

Madness

In the earliest days of my shop-lifting career
You could safely say I was filled with fear
It was nail-biting work from the very start
But several quick successes soon gave me heart

After a while I could pick and nick with ease
Some shirts and trousers and a few LPs
No one ever stopped me, they didn't seem to care
And sometimes it seems to me, there was no one in there

Then a fine summers day my mate Ted and me
Set off down the west end on our usual spree
Things were as normal for an hour or so
Then my nimble hands were a bit too slow

Two store-detectives made a fast approach
One grabbed my jacket, (you're nicked, haha!) the other grabbe
d my troat

"So we caught you at last", one said with joy
"Been after you some time, my light-fingered boy"

If only I'd remembered my common sense
They captured me red-handedly with evidence
If I go to the manager and say I'm sorry
Maybe he'll forgive me for my youthful folly

"But - but what will the social worker say
If - if I don't come home today?
He'll gimme a clout
What if they don't let me out?
I told him I'm on me own
Don't they understand I'm from a broken home?"

I'll tell them I'm the product of a broken home
And I always went out on my own
Was it too late to say I'd pay
And I'll never steal again till the end of my days?

Because I had no friends to call as such
Money and possessions I did not have much
So I started to steal in order to get by
The quickness of the hand deceives the eye
Deceives the eye