

A Leg-end In His Own Boots

Ned's Atomic Dustbin

Do you think I should? 'Cause I think I could
Get my fingers down your throat at the same time
That I cut you with a very long, very sharp knife

Come in number one
Your time is all but done
Should it be anything to do with anyone

I must confess, I think it best
That I separate your breath from your body
It's only a shell so don't you worry

Come in number two
Your time is all but through
Should it be anything at all to do with you

I bless the day, I bless that splendid day
I catch you on the phone to your lover
I tell her that you've studied the karma with another

Come in number three
I know that you can hear me
Any reason for your breathing just eludes me