

Do you walk in the backdoor singing?
Or do you pace, pace face thinning?
Inhale on that cigarette while I creep in the backdoor of your kitchen
Do you walk in the backdoor singing?
Or do you pace, pace your face thinning?
Inhale on that cigarette, tell me how you been (Julian)
Cover tracks, broken bottles over tables
A life of red eyes, chewed nails and black labels
Creep, creep do the rounds and shut them up
Cold skin, lights out, routines and the middleclass mutt
Simple, simple, sweeping stores, just playing cripple
Walking the walk, pick and choose you know, little by little
How have you been Julian? Were the floors wood or tile?
I was young but still very much a child
Never learnt normal functions or how to fit in
Strange behaviours and thoughts numbed by Ritalin
Socially retarded, hyperactive and erratic
Repetitious urges, label me idiosyncratic
Now I'm on the outside and I'm looking in
Staring at your pale face (yellow-painted grin)
Before I end it all and light up your world
Can you ease my mind and answer me this...
(Do you have a son Julian? Tell what's his name?)
Do you have a son Julian? (Tell what's his name?)
Do you have a son Julian? (Tell what's his name?)
Do you have a son Julian? (Tell what's his name?)
Do you have a son? Do you have a son?
And tell me can you sleep at night?
Or do you wake gripping your chest tight?
I'll make you sweat for what you've done to me
How can you sleep at night motherfucker?
Breathe glimpses of colour, I try to forget
Cold sweats in the morning, it all comes back in
Breathe glimpses of colour, I try to forget
Cold sweats in the morning, it all comes back in
Now I'm on the outside and I'm looking in
I'll never forget the steps, that name, those hands