

Uncle Brian's Abattoir

Peter Doherty

My uncle Brian's abattoir
If you ever go insane
Artificial, weak, or vain
Dangle dew drops from your hooter
Fall in love with your computer
You can put your life to rights
If you ever develop warts
Or have anti-socials thoughts
If your face is full of lines
A mess with unexploded minds
You can put your life to rights
When your brain needs Polyfilla
Get me that humane killer
And we'll toddle off afar
To my uncle Brian's abattoir

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If you ever lose the fuse
That's little Joe just singin' the blues
In his orthopaedic shoes
If your body is weak and your mind is wrong
If you've forgotten the words to your favourite song
You can put your life to rights
If you can't tell arse from elbow
Can't tell a penguin from a cello
You can put your life to rights
When your brain needs Polyfilla
Get me that humane killer
And we'll toddle off beyond far
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