

Pride

Richard Thompson

What would you do if I pricked your balloon?
Would you burst into tears and run to your room?
Or say it's just once in a very blue moon
Would you be aware you were leaking air?
Would you know some bitch of a witch somewhere
Was sticking pins in you, pins in you, pins in you

Pride won't let you walk away
Without blood on your fists
Pride won't let you walk away
Till you've ticked off your list
Come on baby, and strut your stuff
Puff out your chest, 'cause you're tough enough
Till pride is satisfied, and we can all go home

When you're great like you, it's hard to be humble
You never think twice, you never stumble
The seeds of doubt, they never rumble
Vanity, vanity, all is vanity
Do you feel something for the rest of humanity?
Who can't live up to you, up to you, up to you

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Without blood on your fists
Pride won't let you walk away
Till you've ticked off your list
You look so majestic standing there
With the playful breezes blowing in your hair
Till pride is satisfied, and we can all go home

Show 'em what's wrong, show 'em how to do it
They fluffed it, they muffed it, they scuffed it, they blew it
The spanner's in the works and you know who threw it
A coupon short of a toaster there
Will you use your wit or your famous stare
To right this infamy, infamy, infamy

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