

Chop That Child in Half

The Mekons

Out in the darkness, lies and disease
All that I have left when we went to the hospital
Well I looked across the river and I was nearly sick
The shallow grave of power grinned and flashed its teeth
There's a lot of ghosts round here
A lot of crying in the dark
A taxi pulled up to park
And out stepped Old King Solomon

I spoke to a girl from Scotland who was pregnant and didn't want to be
We went back to the hospital and had a cup of tea
All the demons rolled into one were dripping down her cheek
And put back the splinter of glass back in her heart

Fragments I couldn't grasp turned to dust in my fingers
We lurched into incoherence
A puerile tear dimmed my eye Ashamed, I wiped it away
The night grew dark and the ram came driving fast

The darkness brought back a memory
Of a beach hut in Whitley Bay
Someone else's suffering and someone else's pain
Back in time becomes a mystery you didn't understand
There's a lot of ghosts round here
A lot of crying in the dark
A taxi pulled up to park
And out stepped Old King Solomon