

## Brains

## The Servant

It's Friday night I'm a skeleton  
Shaking in the light of the Marathon  
Sancho Panza wants to carry on  
So he pulls me through the door

He wants a packet of this  
A packet of that  
A brand new tombstone heart attack  
Now I'm not sure that I want that  
But then he pull me to the floor:

Now you're here it's so good  
I'm Einstein you're Robin Hood  
Now you're here it's so good  
It's clear so clear

This is my home lying in the street  
This is my brain dripping on my feet  
This is my home lying in the road  
This is my brain you see explode

We move through the smooth black summer heat  
Trying to talk when we can barely speak  
And the mangled people in the street  
Throw themselves in the air

The pale moonlight lit building sites  
Round the tower block howling in the night  
And 4/4 beats prowling round for fights  
We wander without care

Now you're here it's so good  
I'm Einstein you're Robin Hood  
Now you're here it's so good  
It's clear all clear

This is my home lying in the street  
This is my brain drippin on my feet  
This is my home lying in the road  
This is my brain you see explode

Friday night; skeleton  
Shaking in the light; Marathon  
Sancho Panza carries on  
So he pulls me to the door

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