

Peanuts

Yard Act

Here I am again
Here I am sitting in the waiting room
Waiting for an appointment
That I had booked six months ago
I'm feeling very low
Yes, I was shitting bricks
At the prospect of existence without you
And so I gave it one more go

But the story didn't stick
And suddenly it clicked
Some allergies you tolerate and some habits, you just have to kick

I saw you on your back
Amongst the peanut shells
That were scattered on the floor of the big top
Right next to the overwhelming sense
Of impending doom, but no one even asked
Or mentioned anything to me about the elephant in the room
When suddenly it clicked
Some allergies you tolerate and some habits, you, yeah

You gotta bite the bullet and get it fixed
You gotta get it seen to, so see to it
That the story sticks
That the story sticks
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You gotta get it seen to, so see to it
That the story sticks
That the story sticks
That the story sticks
That the story sticks, ah

You always said that you'd both met and fell in love at the circus
And that's why you loved animals so much
So much so that you'd bought a big dog
With little ears and called it 'dumbo'
Which was a joke that got less and less funny every time
Obviously you brought the dog along that night
When you showed up otherwise alone, to my dinner party
Having already rung ahead to ensure that all of my dishes
Had been prepared in a completely nut-free environment
Now quipping that it was for the sake of your 'imaginary' husband
Because several years on from the wedding
That none of us were invited to
We still hadn't met him, even though you always said he was coming
Before suddenly he couldn't make it
Because he worked away a lot with work
But mainly because he didn't really exist
And you broke down in tears in my kitchen
Certain he was seeing somebody else
How reckless we'd all been to tolerate your fabricated reality
But until then I didn't have the guts
To put an end to the ever maddening scenes
So with a solemn nod and totemic silence

I walked over to the cupboard where I kept the snacks
Took a pinch of dry roast dust from the loose pegged bag
Sprinkled an inch into the upturned palms of your trembling hands
And said
'If you just rub some of this
Round the rim of his can then no one will know
But we'll all understand'
It takes real guts to fake being nuts
And it takes real nuts to break fake guts

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Because stories that don't stick
Mean someone's bound to twig
Your alibis cooperate or they will be
Fed to all the pigs