

Arab Strap, The Night Before The Funeral

The night before the funeral, I got some - I sneaked a young girl up the stairs and past my mum.
I took off her clothes and I played with her bits and she did the same but it took ages for me to come.
Too drunk and getting old...
It was a lovely show for a god I don't believe in.
I couldn't sing a single note at the service.
When they did "How Great Thou Art" all I could think of was my old l.p. of hymns by Elvis.
There's no such thing as sin...
I said to Laura, "I hope I know you forever and when I'm going, I'm going the Viking way. Lay