

# Hazel O'Connor, Give Me An Inch

Hey you, standing there, what you got to stare at?  
I'm not shy of your beady little eye that views me like some mishap  
Cackling laughter behind your hand, you're so funny, you're so bland  
Here's a thing you can't understand: You are just a program  
You're a program, you're a program

Give me an inch, and I'll take me a mile  
Give me the distance from your supercilious smile  
Give me an inch, and I'll take me a mile  
Give me the distance from your supercilious smile  
Your silliest smile

Hey you, standing there, better get some clothes on  
Do as you're told, growing old, reading your daily poison  
Skeletons locked in the closeted mined, locked in tight, for no-one to find  
See the blind, meet the blind, gotta be cruel and kind  
Who is mind-blind, who is mind-blind

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