

McLusky, (Sometimes) I Have To Concentrate

This is the theme from m*a*s*h*.
This is a call.
Realisation that your appreciation.
Meant nothing at all.

This is eternal.
This is your life.
Vodka and tonics with the stereophonics on a saturday night.

This is illegal.
At least if you do it right.
A new operation for your eloquent spaceships.
Rockfield style.

But that was revolting.
And this is well done.
Congratulations you're the king of the kop.
And I'm a teacher's son.

This is the final time.
I teach you to shave.
Was never supposed to be a stain on your church.
Or a big day.

Go gadget armpits.
And cover me down.
My final suggestion in the form of a question.
Are we made of stone?