

# Rab McLean, Tainted Comfort

He interrupted my friendly silence  
He peppered his talk with violence  
He blew my evening  
His drunken face came and spoiled my space  
After struggling to lift his head  
He stood proudly to explain  
He wants to privatise the rain  
That falls from his sky

It ruined my comfort  
His distorted head  
The ugly life it led  
I'd lost the courage to move away  
Have nothing more to say  
Feeling like I'm the cornered prey  
Casting words upon the fray  
Frank is preaching about his honesty  
But he's Frank by name and not by nature

Tainted comfort  
Tainted comfort  
Tainted comfort

Poison gliding on his breath  
Gladly torturing my world  
And I'll never forget that day  
When his gruesome world uncurled

Tainted comfort  
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