

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

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