

Siobhan Donaghy, Iodine

Hurling ourselves down to the depths
Back since the day lest we forget
'Cos time made us set and memories crept
So now there's political debt

There is no left wing
To fight the right wing

We're like turkeys in a box
Our feathers all plucked off
And we're all ready
For Christmas Day
Here's the paradox:
We're like presents all wrapped up
And we can't wait
For you to give us away

A sad little face
All over the place
The lower you stoop
The less the disgrace

You use all your charms
To send me alone
Have you got the legs
To call us to arms

Like lambs to the slaughter
We paid for your daughters

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Like the curve of your love
Like the curve that won't heal up
You know...

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