

Sleeper, Glue Ears

Eleven o'clock on a motorway it wasn't very nice
still raining, spied a man he looks away
I never liked him much no conversation
skills went on a quiz show once
and nearly won, encyclopaedic
Sunday drive to birthday lunch
had an argument, they're car sick
oh, shiver on to your own front door
so much to get back for
clumsy, clumsy aren't we, dressed in paper and
fears

can't pay attention when you've got glue ears
seven o'clock on a motorway, she isn't going out
she's only
visiting dad who was locked away
now he just recites lines from movies
kid in the back is eating flies
wish his mother didn't dress him funny
she still sighs still dots her eyes
with little hearts she worries