

XTC, No Thugs In Our House

(Andy Partridge)

The insect-headed worker-wife will hang her waspies on the line;
The husband burns his paper, sucks his pipe while studying their cushion-floor;
His viscous poly-paste breath comes out,
Their wall-paper world is shattered by his shout,
A boy in blue is busy banging out a headache on the kitchen door.

And all the while Graham slept on,
Dreaming of a world where he could do just what he wanted to.

No thugs in our house, are there dear?

We made that clear,

We made little Graham promise us he'd be a good boy.

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The young policeman who just can't grow a moustache will open up his book,
And spoil their breakfast with reports of Asians who have been so badly kicked,
Is this your son's wallet I've got here?

He must have dropped it after too much beer.

Oh, officer, we can't believe our little angel is the one you've picked. and

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They never read those pamphlets in his bottom drawer,

They never read that tattoo on his arm.

They thought that was just a boys club badge he wore,

They never thought he'd do folks any harm.

The insect-headed worker wife will hang her waspies on the line;

She's singing something stale and simple now this business has fizzled out;

Her little tune is such a happy song

Her son is innocent,

He can't do wrong,

'Cos dad's a judge and knows exactly what the job of judging's all about.

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