

Young Fathers, I Heard

Science is eerie when you're still around
Killing your body cos they found you out
Calling the shots and I'm falling down
Look at the dust explode on the ground

I'm there, I'm there, I'm there, I'm there,
I'm there, I'm there, under, I'm there
I'm there, I'm there, under, I've heard
I've heard, I've head
I've heard, I've head

Inside I'm feeling dirty
Inside I'm feeling dirty
Inside I'm feeling dirty
It's only cos I'm hurting

Telephone the father sat on
the armchair with a pint and a smoke
Sure, no more back-handed
compliments but the dishes are still in the sink
Walk towards the door and there's an empty dresser,
time to bring out the duster
Left with a bone and a smile to last you a while
Rest a shore captain from your see of travails

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