Beautiful South, The, The Table

Beautiful South, The
Quench
The Table
(heaton/rotheray)
This table has four sturdy legs
And a heart of very near wild oak
When others would have screamed out loud my friend
This one never even spoke

I've been sat upon, i've been spat upon
I've been treated like a bed
Been carried like a stretcher,
When someone thinks they're dead
I've been dined upon, i've been wined upon
I've been taken for a fool
Taken for a desk,
When they should have been at school

This table's been pushed against the door
When tempers, well tempers flare at night
Banged upon with knuckles clenched my friend
When someone thinks that they are right

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Taken for a desk,
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Tables only turn when tables learn
Put me on a bonfire, watch me burn
Treat me with some dignity, don't treat me like a slave
Or i'll turn into the coffin in your grave

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