

# Cantatonia, Post Script

He came on ecclesiastically  
His sermon loud and bold  
And I got hold of spiritual healing

His eloquence, magnificence  
I didn't stand for long  
And there I learnt how prayer can be misleading

But I'm a good girl  
Oh I'm a good girl  
I'm a good girl

They recommended counselling  
But I don't need to talk  
I don't get off on communal changing

I'm better bred much better led  
Leave my keys at home  
But brace yourselves for industrial cleavage

Cause I'm a good girl  
Oh I'm a good girl

I'm a good girl

Oh if you live a lie you'll die a liar  
If you live a lie you'll die a liar

Pants on fire

And Joan of Arc come kiss my art  
Leave a charcoal mark  
There's so much more to solitary refinement

Cause I'm a good girl  
Oh I'm a good girl  
I'm a good girl

Oh if you live a lie you'll die a liar  
If you live a lie you'll die a liar  
If you live a lie you'll die a liar  
If you live a lie you'll die a liar

Pants on fire