

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