

Carter The Unstoppable Sex Machine, Midnight C

It was midnight on the murder mile
Wilson Pickett's finest hour
I was walking towards the flashing smile
Of the Crystal Palace Tower
Past the big old church where the hands of God
Were stuck on lucky 7
And the bells inside were limbering up
For a sawn-off-shotgun wedding
Frome gas board to the fire brigade
There's a dozen GPO's
An all night chicken takeaway
Which was finger lickin' closed
As I passed the wonder of good old Woolworth's
My travelcard expired
It was midnight on the murder mile
O.K. let's riot!

In the avenues and alleyways
I took a short-cut to the throat
I was stitched up by the boys brigade
And I was beaten to a pulp
I was marinaded, regurgitated
And served up as a cold meat
And as they shoved me in the blender
I remembered Daddy told me

CHORUS

If the concrete and the clay beneath your feet
Don't get you son
The avenues and alleyways are gonna do it
Just for fun
They'll suck you in and they'll spit you out
And leave your family lonely
The telephones on sticks will tell you
999 calls only

But it's too late to call the fire brigade
An ambulance or the cops
I need the Father, Son and Holy Coast Guard
Operator!
Long distance, information get me Jesus on the line
I need communion, confirmation and absolution for my crimes
I need a character witness Jesus I think I'm about to die
I saw my whole life flash before me when the night bus passed me by

It was 3 O'clock on the murder mile
When I came to my senses
And my only death wish was that I had
A sockful of fifty pences
A public execution that the whole neighbourhood could watch
Or just a phone box, a phone box, my kingdom for a phone box

CHORUS
