

Kate Bush, Coffee Homeground

Down in the cellar
You're getting into making poison.
You slipped some on the side,
Into my glass of wine,
And I don't want any coffee--homeground.

Offer me a chocolate,
No thank you, spoil my diet, know your game!
But tell me just how come
They smell of bitter almonds?
It's a no-no to your coffee homeground.

Pictures of Crippin
Lipstick-smearred.
Torn wallpaper.
Have the walls got ears here?

Well, you won't get me with your Belladonna--in the coffee,
And you won't get me with your aresenic--in the pot of tea,
And you won't get me in a hole to rot--with your hemlock
On the rocks.

Where are the plumbers
Who went a-missing here on Monday?
There was a tall man
With his companion,
And I bet you gave them coffee--homeground.

Maybe you're lonely,
And only want a little company,
But keep your recipes
For the rats to eat,
And may they rest in peace with coffee homeground.

Well, you won't get me with your Belladonna--in the coffee,
And you won't get me with your aresenic--in the pot of tea,
And you won't put me in a six-foot plot--with your hemlock
On the rocks.

You won't get me with your Belladonna--in the coffee,
And you won't get me with your aresenic--in the pot of tea,
And you won't get me in a hole to rot--with your hemlock
On the rocks.

With your hemlock on the rocks.
"Noch ein Glas, mein Liebchen?"*
With your hemlock on the rocks.
"Es schmeckt wunderbahr!"*
With your hemlock on the rocks.
"Und ???"