

Mike Scott, His Word Is Not His Bond

(Girls let me tell you what a liar will do
He's always coming with something new
He'll steal your heart...)

He lives in the waste
void of culture and taste
His eye on a prize beyond
his every word is in the right place
But his word is not his bond

His face is comely
his heart it bleeds
Yet it's but a mantel
he has donned
Mark him only by his deeds
for his word is not his bond

I'd love to take him
out of this room
And gently break him
I'd love to see him dance!

His protegee deals
in confusion and fog
Of power he is fond
wheels within wheels
Like master, like dog
his word is not his bond

I'm trying to swim
but I'm caught in the shallows
And I sense that I've been conned
deliver him
To the gallows
his word is not his bond

His word is not his bond!