Mike Scott, Ready For The Monkeyhouse

Your face is like
the moment when the sexist hero traps
The slippy villain with the weasel face
you don't have to speak
Your expression is the truth
that your words don't say
And the truth won't go away
in many dark corners I have thought myself about this
Did you do it out of malice
did you fall or were you kissed.

Could you ask your friend in the cowboy jacket
and those boots up to his knee
Would he shut his mouth for me
I've heard just enough
All I want to hear about pipes and drums
and how little time it takes the clutz to come
The golden gift of silence
is I don't have to hear you speak
So would you take him out yourself
before I put you both back in the street

Now the story shifts
and we see a young man
Standing in the wings
too old before his time
Collecting grey hairs
he's proud and he's scared and he says "I don't care"
How can he be so blind
so how did you corrupt him
You must have got him where it counts
now he's so numb he's ready to freeze
And you're ready for the monkey house

Ready for the monkey house
the monkey house but you won't take me