

# Ned's Atomic Dustbin, A Leg End In His Own Boots

Do you think I should?  
Cos I think I could,  
Get my fingers down your throat at the same time,  
That I cut you with a very long very sharp knife.

Come in number one  
Your time is all but done  
Should it be anything to do with anyone.

I must confess,  
I think it best,  
That I separate your breath from your body,  
It's only a shell so don't you worry.

Come in number two  
Your time is all but through,  
Should it be anything at all do with you.

I bless the day,  
I bless that splendid day,  
I catch you on the phone to your lover,  
Tell her that you've studied that karma with another.

Come in number three,  
I know that you can hear me,  
Any reason for your breathing just eludes me.