

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.