

Prefab Sprout, Technique

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Her husband works in Jodrell Bank, he's home late in the morning,
had he been a lawyer, he wouldn't work for pennies.

In the morning I go walking, it helps the hurting soften,
I've seen a lot of places, 'cos I miss her very often.

But I could never work there, what a shame that I'm not clever,
it's for men with horn rimmed glasses, and four distinguished "A Level" passes.

What chance so long ago, I buried something I should know.

Verse and chapter they unfurl, - and sprinkle it upon the world. Name it.

Technique !

Their eyes don't fill with wonder when you speak,
and I loathe the stilted way you make me speak.

Without recourse to lying distortion or cheating.

Technique !

Their eyes don't fill with wonder when you speak,
and I loathe the stilted way you make me speak.