

Richard Thompson, Crawl Back (Under My Stone)

(Richard Thompson)

This time you hurt me
You really did it this time you did
Did you count your fingers after shaking my hand
God forbid
Riff raff crawling from the slums
Right there in front of all your chums
I swear by the pricking of my thumbs
I'll make your day and melt away

I'll crawl back under my stone
I'll crawl back under my stone
I'll crawl back under my stone
But you won't have to stand next to me
You won't have to introduce me
You won't have to think about, talk about, care about, me
I'll crawl back

I've got a nerve just showing my face don't you think
Scruffy little likes ought to know their place don't you think
Old boy, sorry to intrude
Damn shame pretty bloody rude
I should be horsewhipped and sued
Then I'll go quietly my tail between my knees

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But you won't have to stand next to me
You won't have to introduce me
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I'll crawl back

I want to be middle class
Floors and ceilings made of glass
I just want to be, I just want to be free

You had me in a second you had it all reckoned, you did
You guessed my game and my name, rank and number, you did
Somehow I gave myself away
Some code, some word I didn't say
I missed one line in the play
And the trap shut tight and you did me all right

I'll crawl back under my stone
I'll crawl back under my stone
I'll crawl back under my stone
But you won't have to stand next to me
You won't have to introduce me
You won't have to think about, talk about, care about
You won't have to ask about, fuss about, discuss about
You won't have to mind about, swear about, forget about, me
Crawl back
I'll crawl back
I'll crawl back
Crawl back

I'll crawl back
Crawl back
Crawl back
I'll crawl back