

Skyclad, A Badtime Story

Look what I got for Valentine's Day:
Lady Luck came along, took my dreams away,
And the tears hurt more than a broken nose -
I bled from the thorns of a barbed-wire rose.

I know that I'm supposed to pray
Thanking God for each new day.
Would it disturb his master plan
To one day be a happy man?

I've tried to be positive, tried to be nice.
I've turned the other cheek so I'd get hurt twice.
I've forced a smile, I've dropped my guard
I've seized the day but it bit me hard.

Life's too short, but long enough to gain
The cap and gown of misery, suffering and pain.
No need to read my diary to see what lies before me -
Just another chapter in my Badtime Story.

The end of love and laughter
now we're happy never after.

My next birthday will, I fear
Be much the same as every year.
Inside the wrapping there
Are a few more wrinkles and a little less hair.

Another Autumn leaf is turning,
One more soul for candle-burning.
Hid beneath the sham and glitter
I taste a cake that's stale and bitter.

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On my Christmas card last year it said:
"So sorry, Santa Claus is dead.
Crawl into the oven when you've had enough
'Cos it keeps sitting here quietly waiting to be stuffed."

What a festive way to go
Here beneath the mistletoe,
With open eyes and an open wrist
To vanish from your Christmas list.

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