Sons And Daughters, Rama Lama

Listen

On a blue antique night In early October His wavy brown hair Stuck wet to his shoulder And its click, click, click Go the heels of his feet Listen

How long has it been since the boyfriend has visited The milk's in a pile by the door Her series is playing on terrestrial T.V. the neighbours they don't even know And its click, click, click Go the heels of his feet Listen

Did you hang her out to dry?

The meal that she was going to eat for her dinner Is left on a plate by the stove While there's unopened bills and letters and junk mail All strewn on the mat by the door And its click, click, click Go the heels of his feet Listen

Did you hang her out to dry?

Rama lama lama Shake, shake, shake, shake

How long has it been since the boyfriend has visited The papers are filling the close While she's face down on porcelain An inchful of bathwater The neighbours they don't even know or care And its drip, drip, drip Goes the tap on her ankles Listen

Did you hang her out to dry?

Rama lama lama Shake, shake, shake, shake