

Spirit Of The West, Morning In The Bath Abbey

I feel so gentle that the lord seeps in
On the back of the organ's reedy din
Here where the concert choirs rehearse
Here where dead poets wax their worst

I take comfort here, hanging with the dead
Sticks, stones, buried bones soothe my sorry head
And as I curse and dig around for the minimum two pounds
I'm forced to drop a fiver in; it hits the plate without a sound

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Lives tallied up, chiseled out in one pathetic verse
The crap epitaph brings up a phlemy laugh so hard it hurts
Outside cats and dogs await, they're bouncing off the roof
I'm dry amongst the rows of pews, look like like shit and reek of booze

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