

# 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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