

The Beautiful South, A Piece Of Sky

(M. Greaves)

No piece of sky
For you Jimmy lad
They always blame him
They knew Jimmy was bad
His own fault entirely
To die without sound
That's how it is
One staring at the ground

And he wears his isolation
As a widow wears a shroud
They hammered him with discipline
Screaming out loud
As they did with Jesus
With hammer and with nails
Now the cell is quiet
And the moonlight is pale

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They knew Jimmy was bad
Tis own fault entirely
To die without sound
That's how it is
One staring at the ground

He's standing on the bedside chair
The moonlight fills his cell
No one ever peeked
In jimmy's private hell
His only friend, a makeshift rope
His only key, his only hope
His neck breaks so easily
And he doesn't make a sound

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