

White Lies, Ragworm

Chipped and bitten dolls heads in a basket up for sale
The loneliness of markets drag a shadow like a whale
These are hard times given
But if hard times win, you're begging in hell

Your Dad could hide a bottle in an eyelid, in a shell
Your Mother makes a dish nobody's mother makes as well
These are dark times risen
But if dark times win, you're wishing in hell

Oh, we've seen it all before
Boys on the cove selling worms to the boats coming ashore

Dogs out in the rubbish that the cat's already delved
Your brother turns his muscles to the sound of factory bells
All gods forbidden, you buy your peace on 99 shelves
The schools are cold and violent, and the television's loud
Every park is cemetery, holes and muddy mounds
This is our great island, and now good people shutting it down

Oh, they've seen it all before
Boys on the cove selling worms to the boats
Boys on the cove selling worms to the boats
Boys on the cove selling worms to the boats coming ashore

Oh, you've seen it all before

Boys on the cove selling worms to the boats
Girls at the hearth knitting words, and breaking oaths
Man stripping cars singing songs from the road
And lads in the bars licking coke from the hoes
There's a crash overboard and a wink for the host
Boys open-armed selling worms to the boats coming ashore