

## Deceives the Eye

Madness

In the earliest days of my shop-lifting career  
You could safely say I was filled with fear  
It was nail-biting work from the very start  
But several quick successes soon gave me heart

After a while I could pick and nick with ease  
Some shirts and trousers and a few LPs  
No one ever stopped me, they didn't seem to care  
And sometimes it seems to me, there was no one in there

Then a fine summers day my mate Ted and me  
Set off down the west end on our usual spree  
Things were as normal for an hour or so  
Then my nimble hands were a bit too slow

Two store-detectives made a fast approach  
One grabbed my jacket, (you're nicked, haha!) the other grabbe  
d my troat

"So we caught you at last", one said with joy  
"Been after you some time, my light-fingered boy"

If only I'd remembered my common sense  
They captured me red-handedly with evidence  
If I go to the manager and say I'm sorry  
Maybe he'll forgive me for my youthful folly

"But - but what will the social worker say  
If - if I don't come home today?  
He'll gimme a clout  
What if they don't let me out?  
I told him I'm on me own  
Don't they understand I'm from a broken home?"

I'll tell them I'm the product of a broken home  
And I always went out on my own  
Was it too late to say I'd pay  
And I'll never steal again till the end of my days?

Because I had no friends to call as such  
Money and possessions I did not have much  
So I started to steal in order to get by  
The quickness of the hand deceives the eye  
Deceives the eye