

Each morning after Sunblest
Feel the benefit, mental arithmetic
I waited by the staff room
In time for benediction
Living a law just short of delusion
When we fall in love there's confusion
This must be the place I waited years to leave
To our voices nobody's listening
We shiver in the rain by the touchline
Then a coach ride to the station
"My lord, the carriage awaiteth!"
Living a law just short of delusion
When we fall in love there's confusion
This must be the place I waited years to leave
This must be the place I waited years to leave
And how
How long?
I'm listening to the words I thought I'd never hear again
A litany of saints and other ordinary men
Kneeling on the parquet
Whatever has gone wrong?
The fear and feeling hopelessness
I don't want to belong
I dreamt I was back in uniform
And a candidate for examination
History, someone had blundered
And a voice rapped "knuckle under!"
Living a law just short of delusion
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