

Post Script

Catatonia

He came on ecclesiastically
His sermon loud and bold
And I got hold of spiritual healing
His eloquence, magnificent
I didn't stand for long
And there I learnt how prayer can be misguiding

But I'm a good girl
Oh I'm a good girl
I'm a good girl

They recommended counselling
But I don't need to talk
I don't get off on communal changing
I'm better bred, much better led
Leave my keys at home
But brace yourselves for industrial cleavage

Cos I'm a good girl
Oh I'm a good girl
I'm good girl

If you live a lie you'll die a liar
If you live a lie you'll die a liar
Pants on fire

Joan of Arc, come kiss my art
Leave a charcoal mark
There's so much more to solitary refinement

Cos I'm a good girl
Oh I'm a good girl
I'm a good girl

If you live a lie you'll die a liar