

## 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