

Stitch That

Chumbawamba

A husband came home drunk each night
And he thrashed her black, and he thrashed her white
He thrashed her to within an inch of her life
Then he slept like a log, did her husband
As he lay and snored in bed
A strange idea came into her head
She went for the needle, and she went for the thread
And straight to her sleeping husband
She started to stitch with a girlish thrill
With a woman's art, and a seamstress' skill
She pinned and tucked with an iron will
All around her sleeping husband
Husband awoke with a pain in his head
He found he could not move in bed
"Sweet Christ, I've lost the use of me legs!"
Wife just smiled at her husband
Three, six, nine, he drank wine
He got hooked by a stitch in time
She broke, he got choked, and they never went to heaven in a li
ttle row boat
Clap clap, clap clap
Clap clap, clap clap
She thrashed him black, she thrashed him blue
With a frying pan and a colander too
With a rolling pin, just a stroke or two
A battered and bleeding husband
Isn't it true what small can do
With a thread, and a stitch, and a thought or two?
He's wiped his slate, his boozing's through
Goodbye to a drunken husband
Kick out the jams, motherfucker!