

The half back-flip conception, a state hospital birth  
The most threadbare tall story the country's ever heard  
Brought home to breathe smoke in the arms of her mother  
With a blunt kitchen knife  
Who just lays in a submissive position  
Beneath the national weight and the slow arc of a fist

Her heart beats like a breeze block thrown down the stairs  
Her blood is thicker than concrete, forced to be brave she was  
Born into a grave

And in the limp three years of board schooling  
She's accustomed to hearing that she could never run far  
A slipped disc in the spine of community  
A bloody curse word made pedestrian verse  
Spirits in graveyards and fingers in car parks  
She cries in the high street just to be heard  
A screaming anchor for nothing in particular  
At the foot of the f\*ck of it, and dragging her heels in the dirt

Her heart beats like a breeze block thrown down the stairs  
Her blood is thicker than concrete, forced to be brave she was  
Born into a grave

The cheek of youth flushed red and turned gray  
Now she lies on the pavement, she's helped to her feet  
All thighs, hair, and magpie handbags  
Saturday's uniform for the f\*ck me parade  
Brought home to keep warm in the arms of a plumber  
Who's ruddy and balding  
Who just needs a spine to dig into  
A chest for the head, and a hand for the holding

Her heart beats like a breeze block thrown down the stairs  
Her blood is thicker than concrete, forced to be brave she was  
She was

Her heart beats like a breeze block thrown down the stairs  
Her skin is thicker than concrete, forced to be brave she was  
She was  
A broken elevator anthem held between floors  
But if blood is thicker than concrete, all of it is not lost  
All is not lost  
All is not lost  
All is not lost  
All is not lost