

Tart Tart

Happy Mondays

When he came out to the lock-up
He said I'm looking for something better
He made his shock announcement
And backed off, backed down, backed off

And then he got up off the floor
He said I'm wealthy enough, not to do this no more
And he made it all known with his hands held up, palm out

And she said don't know if i should
'Cause i worry too much about the tests on the blood
And at first it was a 'yes', and then a 'no', then a 'yes'.

A maggot sleeps on her desk
H wears a sleeping bag as his vest
And he's getting too too bothered
About the spots on his chest, chest, chest

Now she's (BLANK)...She laid it on
And a few days later she's gone
So its back to the womb
To get drowned, drowned, drowned, drowned warm (???)