

Give Me An Inch

Hazel O'Connor

'ey you, standing there, what you got to stare at?
I'm not shy if your beady little eyes abuse me like some mishap
Cackling laughter behind your hand, you're so funny, you're so
bland
Here's the thing you can't understand: You are just a programme
You're a programme, you're a programme
(Programme, programme, programme, programme)
Give me an inch, and I'll take me a mile
Give me the distance from your supercilious smile
Give me an inch, and I'll take me a mile
Give me the distance from your supercilious smile
Your silliest smile
'ey you, standing there, better get some clothes on
Do as you're told, growing old, and read your daily poison
Skeletons locked in the closeted mind, locked in tight, for no
one to find
See the blind, lead the blind, gotta be cruel to be kind
Who is mind-blind, who is mind-blind
(Mind-blind, mind-blind, mind-blind, mind-blind)
Give me an inch, and I'll take me a mile
Give me the distance from your supercilious smile
Give me an inch, and I'll take me a mile
Give me the distance from your supercilious smile
Your silliest smile
You are a programme, you are a programme
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