

# The Great Escape

I Am Kloot

You were born with football boots and a sun tan complexion  
You once thought that on reflection, you'd really got it made  
You shrugged and smiled and made the usual excuses  
You suffered small abuses, and settled for their pay  
You want to learn to live like earnerest the crat (an aristocrat)

You bought your girlfriends earrings well that soon put paid to that

And if the whole world came crashing, down around your ears  
You could dream of stuck old wallpaper and crystal chandeliers

You cashed in your cards now you want to buy some glamour  
You really are enamoured, with that new soap on a rope  
A thousand fat comedians came in disguised as clerics  
They got you in hysterics, and walked off with your soul  
And with that cheap, skate, royalty, you get your flag and wave  
Well I saw you on TV grinning at the motorcade  
Pretty soon we'll hang the traitors, string them up like drapes  
So we can ride around like Steve McQueen in the great escape

You hung around too long, your mother read your letters  
You grinned like a go-getter, come and got and gone  
The time the morning slips, blends into your wallpaper  
And once you could escape her, but where did you go wrong  
And your fathers at the factory that makes money selling guns  
To fight the wars that spends the lives of all the peoples sons  
Pretty soon we'll hang the traitors, and we'll string them up like drapes  
So we can ride around like Steve McQueen in the great escape

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