

Coffee Homeground

Kate Bush

Down in the cellar
You're getting into making poison.
You slipped some on the side,
Into my glass of wine,
And I don't want any coffee--homeground.

Offer me a chocolate,
No thank you, spoil my diet, know your game!
But tell me just how come
They smell of bitter almonds?
It's a no-no to your coffee homeground.

Pictures of Crippin
Lipstick-smeared.
Torn wallpaper.
Have the walls got ears here?

Well, you won't get me with your Belladonna--in the coffee,
And you won't get me with your aresenic--in the pot of tea,
And you won't get me in a hole to rot--with your hemlock
On the rocks.

Where are the plumbers
Who went a-missing here on Monday?
There was a tall man
With his companion,
And I bet you gave them coffee--homeground.

Maybe you're lonely,
And only want a little company,
But keep your recipes
For the rats to eat,
And may they rest in peace with coffee homeground.

Well, you won't get me with your Belladonna--in the coffee,
And you won't get me with your aresenic--in the pot of tea,
And you won't put me in a six-foot plot--with your hemlock
On the rocks.

You won't get me with your Belladonna--in the coffee,
And you won't get me with your aresenic--in the pot of tea,
And you won't get me in a hole to rot--with your hemlock
On the rocks.

With your hemlock on the rocks.
"Noch ein Glas, mein Liebchen?"
With your hemlock on the rocks.
"Es schmeckt wunderbahr!"
With your hemlock on the rocks.
"Und ??"