

On Tooting Broadway Station

Kitchens Of Distinction

On Tooting Broadway station
I knelt down and wept.
My hands hit the concrete floor
Until my fingers bled.

I will cut him out of my heart,
I will leave these tears in pools.
Tripped over these pourings, tripped over his feelings,
I've cut him out of my heart.

Burn, burn his clothes,
Burn everything he owned
And the empty chamber left,
I'll carry around as this hollowness
That drags in my voice.

Burn, burn it all,
Burn, burn it all.
Benedictory fire, blessing of the burns.

On Tooting Broadway station
I lay down and slept.
The concrete for a pillow,
Fingers in bandages.

I cut him out I lie here dry,
I unstitched the bindweed of love.

Burn, burn his clothes...
Burn, burn it all...
My John of Arc...
burn, burn it all...

Give me his charred heart,
Give me his fillings.
And god, give me god to forgive me.

Burn, burn it all...
My John of Arc, fire fire.
My John of Arc,
fire, fire, fire, fire, fire, fire, fire, fire.