

## Baked Potato

Leatherface

I've read the books of men and women and death  
I've stood in bars listening to conversations  
About Jesus Christ and the refugee's and the Royal family  
Everybody knows how to cook baked potatoes  
Everybody knows but they still tell you  
Everybody knows which way the wind blows  
Everybody knows there's catastrophe  
Then comes the film packed full of art  
You know that for a start and people like me  
Have something to sing about  
Everybody knows which way the wind blows  
Everybody knows but they still tell you  
Everybody knows to cook baked potatoes  
Everybody knows you can't fill your boots  
Forever and ever and ever  
Seeing black sand can't become to anything  
A sally army marching band wasn't what I had in mind  
Seeing black sand and \*it's coughing like big mound\*  
Being black sand feeling  
And I've read the books of men and women and death  
I've stood in bars listening to conversations  
About Jesus Christ and the refugee's and the Royal family  
Impersonate Cliff Richards lip or Iggy with a bottle  
Is not as ridiculous as Black Rod knocking  
On a door once a year and never getting in  
Because he wants the people to come and listen to the Queen