

The Cheque's In The Post

Momus

Me and my lawyer sat down and worked out
The full cost of the wrongs I have done you
And I'm sending the money to you
The cheque's in the post

For giving you hell
When I should have been treating you well
Reparation: five hundred five pound notes in a roll

For remarks about your weight
For complaining when you were late
Compensation: two thousand pounds, the going rate

For the times we were out
And my eye kept roving about
Settling on younger women: Fifteen hundred, say it's forgiven

Running total: six thousand three hundred and fifty pounds
With tax added on
And that's just the end of verse one

For attacking your superstition
Your pantheistic new age religion
Let's say the sum of one thousand seven hundred and ninety seven

When I said your new dress wasn't splendid
When I told you the way the film ended
I guess I was wrong, accept this token: seven thousand pounds

And for passing the pictures I'd taken
Of your body totally naked
Around all our friends, let's call it a round nine thousand pounds

Running total: twenty four thousand one hundred and forty seven pounds
On its way to you
And this is just the end of verse two

Me and my lawyer sat down and worked out
The real cost of the wrongs I have done you
And I'm sending the money to you
The cheque's in the post

And for my next indiscretion
When we had sex on the floor of the kitchen
I sang it in a song: accept ten thousand - make that eleven thousand - pounds

And for failing to give enough time
To the baby that could have been mine
It's not that I don't care, my love, it's just so hard
to find a figure

Worst of all I stopped loving your body
Making you feel so low
Though my lawyer says no blame can be apportioned
For circumstances beyond my control
So now I'm all paid up

And absolved from this guilt
I'm going to get another girl in
Under my quilt
And run up
Another massive debt

Hail Mary
Pray for me now
Now and at the hour of my death
(Ba-ba-da ba-ba-da ba-ba-da)
(Ba-ba-da ba-ba-da ba-ba-da)