

# Iodine

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Iodine  
Hurling ourselves down to the depths  
Back since the day lest we forget  
'Cos time made us set and memories crept  
So now there's political debt

There is no left wing  
To fight the right wing

We're like turkeys in a box  
Our feathers all plucked off  
And we're all ready  
For Christmas Day  
Here's the paradox:  
We're like presents all wrapped up  
And we can't wait  
For you to give us away

A sad little face  
All over the place  
The lower you stoop  
The less the disgrace

You use all your charms  
To send me alone  
Have you got the legs  
To call us to arms

Like lambs to the slaughter  
We paid for your daughters

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Like the curve of your love  
Like the curve that won't heal up  
You know...

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