

If We Crawl

The Beautiful South

If we crawl at two
We could crawl at twenty-two
And grovel at
The drop of a hat

And once they've got you down there
It's so hard to re-straighten your back
It we crawl at two
We could crawl at one hundred and two

And the target brainless don't quite reach
Covered so kindly in your opening speech
Is a tiny crab of thought, crab of thought
On a sideways beach

Let lessons not the pupils teach
Justice not the lesers breach
And maggots not have fingers
Wagged at by leech

Well I made sure
I wrote this song in braille
So you could touch the words
The words that sail

From my mouth back to the jail
You could touch the words that sail
From the mouth back to the jail
That is posing as tongue

Curtsies, bows, thank you sirs
And the wearing of a business suit
Lead to complaints of backache
And end with a Nazi salute

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We could crawl at two two two

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