

# 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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