

## Woman In The Wall

The Beautiful South

He was just a social drinker but social every night  
He enjoyed a pint or two or three or four  
She was just a silent thinker, silent every night  
He'd enjoy the thought of killing her before

Well he was very rarely drunk but very rarely sober  
And he didn't think the problem was his drink  
But he only knew his problem when he knocked her over  
And when the rotting flesh began to stink

Cry freedom for the woman in the wall  
Cry freedom for she has no voice at all  
I hear her cry all day, all night  
I hear her voice from deep within the wall  
Made a cross from knitting needles  
Made a grave from hoover bags  
Especially for the woman in the wall

She'd knitted him a jumper with dominoes on  
So he wore it everyday in every week  
Pretended to himself that she hadn't really gone  
Pretended that he thought he heard her speak

Then at last it seemed that he was really winning  
He felt that he had some sort of grip  
But all of his new life was sent a-spinning  
When the rotting wall began to drip