

There she was,
Graciously making forever less terrifying
And you've got the nerve to intervene
With a colouring book and a biro and a point to prove
And now you want a word.

Washed all the wisdom out of your mouth
And gas danced on the edge of your bottom lip
Quick to scurry back behind the night
To avoid the silent fight and the struggle.

There I was
Panicking because someone else kissed me in a dream
And it was on the cheek
And you stamp your feet
And moving from bored to appaled by these poignant fumes
that you must inflict.

And you washed all the wisdom out of your mouth's
And gas danced on the edge of your bottom lip
Someone told me that stench was called advice
Someone told me that stench was called advice.

Took a silent breath, to a little rip.
I got a cameo brooch
To cover that hideous stitch.
Oh, that grim reaper,
And we're all upset.
I see the fear in your cheeks,
And I still smell the lies on your breath.
And your jokes don't bounce,
And you've entered the early stages of bitterness

She washed all the wisdom out of your mouth
And gas danced on the edge of your bottom lip
Quick to scurry back behind the night
To avoid the silent fight and the struggle.