

## Chop That Child in Half

The Mekons

Out in the darkness, lies and disease  
All that I have left when we went to the hospital  
Well I looked across the river and I was nearly sick  
The shallow grave of power grinned and flashed its teeth  
There's a lot of ghosts round here  
A lot of crying in the dark  
A taxi pulled up to park  
And out stepped Old King Solomon

I spoke to a girl from Scotland who was pregnant and didn't want to be  
We went back to the hospital and had a cup of tea  
All the demons rolled into one were dripping down her cheek  
And put back the splinter of glass back in her heart

Fragments I couldn't grasp turned to dust in my fingers  
We lurched into incoherence  
A puerile tear dimmed my eye Ashamed, I wiped it away  
The night grew dark and the ram came driving fast

The darkness brought back a memory  
Of a beach hut in Whitley Bay  
Someone else's suffering and someone else's pain  
Back in time becomes a mystery you didn't understand  
There's a lot of ghosts round here  
A lot of crying in the dark  
A taxi pulled up to park  
And out stepped Old King Solomon