

Teeth

The Mekons

Teeth

What, no, not another set of teeth
to worry and bite and stop all sleep.
What, no, not another set of teeth
Will the sadness book never be complete.

We sit in pubs and talk of times
of groups we knew and all the signs
of war and money, oppression and more.

What, no, not another set of teeth
each crisis bites, but not so deep.
What, no, not another set of teeth
And through the shadows we always creep.

we say hello to what we want
and stop all sores and irritants
nice clear skin and perfect teeth

What, no, not another set of teeth
to worry and bite and stop all sleep
What, no, not another set of teeth
this sadness will never be complete.

We sit in pubs and talk of times
of groups we knew and all the signs
of war and money, oppression and more.