

Knock You About

The Tiger Lillies

Who'll be the thief the piece of meat
So the pawn in the game the fodder to blame
Do you still have some pride as in excrement lie
Are you just rank and file remember to smile
Shall I knock you about like cricket bats out
If you play the game then you they won't blame
Your self-loathing creeps and into me seeps
If I knock you about should I fill you with doubt
Shall I mourn your decline with a glass of red wine
Should I feel some remorse as you follow your course
Should I keep my mouth shut as your throat you cut
As you slide down and in excrement drown