

## 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