

He gave me his time in half forgotten jews  
Talk a scarecrow has a mind to jump the fence  
If he's got any sense (my legs have gone to their maker)  
If he's got any sense...

## Ecstasy

I've got a hunch, I've got a hunch  
This is a song about ecstasy  
Sing it loud and sing it next to me  
Sing it loud and sing it clear  
Cause it is all we need to hear  
Sing a song about ecstasy

A golden line we stand entwined  
A thorough bred beneath the bed  
A pidgeon strut in open field  
Litter bins hide a place  
A bloody disgrace, a bloody disgrace  
About ecstasy next to me

A flowers scent I'm heaven bent  
I'm scarred for life I'm scarred for life  
In open fields, fields open in  
I stumble in to stumble out  
And this is what its all about  
A roundabout, a roundabout  
A bloody disgrace, a bloody disgrace

Sing a song about ecstasy  
Sing it loud and sing it next to me  
Goodbye  
A scarecrow has a sense to jump the fence  
To jump the fence, to jump the fence