

Midday Crisis

Carter the Unstoppable Sex Machine

When I saw his face and I was a believer
It was the automatic rifles
The Nintendo's and the Sega's
And the half a dozen dead disciples
He claimed to be the son of God
But like many a fruitcake before him
Maybe he really was
And meanwhile a black Maria
Leaves the hallowed halls of justice
Under a hail of phlegm and fire
From the assembled vigil-aunties and uncles
Hot Dogs
Ices
Mid day crisis
Ippa dippa dation no operation
Too many people at the station
Me rest of life's fall-out patients
Who wake up every morning smiling
Stretching, yawning, breakfast-timing
Cut in slices, toasted brown
When the mid day crisis comes around
And no, I don't want to see your leaflets
I lost my faith with my taste for sausages and
Hot dogs
Ices
Mid day crisis

Songwriters

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