

Bread, Cheese, Bow And Arrow

Future of the Left

the curtain falls instead of stones
i'm just a man - a simple thing
made by meals that only serve
to eat themselves such simple things
once i dreamt of owning my own home
and renting six bedrooms
to call centre veterans good tenants
and better communicators
but ambition encountered an economy
dominated by forces so deep
they confused themselves
i'm just a man - a simple thing
the chorus ends big deal
i'm just a man - a simple thing
the volume works its special lie
between my legs so fuck you all
the loneliness took my ancestors
that and the lions
they died in their millions
big spenders and adequate firemen
we served them fake focaccia baked
in temporary prison vans
i'm just a man - a simple thing
bread, cheese, bow and arrow
the staple diet of rodents
bored kids equals
carnage at the petting zoo
make a friend of discipline
they're sewn tight
on the stylus
breaking arms
they're held up as examples to your
banks

Lyrics submitted by Owen Fenby.

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