Crawl Back Under My Stone

Richard Thompson

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

This time you hurt me
You really did it this time you did
Did you count your fingers
After shaking my hand, God forbidRiff raff crawling from the slums
Right there in front of all your chums
I swear by the pricking of my thumbs
I'll make your day and melt awayI'll crawl back under my stone
I'll crawl back under my stone
I'll crawl back under my stone
But you won't have to stand next to meYou won't have to introduce me
You won't have to think about
Talk about, care about, me
I'll crawl backI've got a nerve just showing my face
Don't you think
Scruffy little likes ought to know
Their place don't you thinkOld boy, sorry to intrude
Damn shame pretty bloody rude
I should be horsewhipped and sued
Then I'll go quietly my tail between my kneesI'll crawl back under my stone
I'll crawl back under my stone
I'll crawl back under my stone
But you won't have to stand next to meYou won't have to introduce me
You won't have to think about
Talk about, care about, me
I'll crawl backI want to be middle class
Floors and ceilings made of glass
I just want to be, I just want to be freeYou had me in a second you had it
All reckoned, you did
You guessed my game and my name
Rank and number, you didSomehow I gave myself away
Some code, some word I didn't say
I missed one line in the play

And the trap shut tight and you did me all rightI'll crawl back under my stone
I'll crawl back under my stone
I'll crawl back under my stone
But you won't have to stand next to meYou won't have to introduce me
You won't have to think about
Talk about, care about
You won't have to ask aboutFuss about, discuss about
You won't have to mind about
Swear about, forget about, me
Crawl back, I'll crawl back
I'll crawl back, crawl backI'll crawl back
Crawl back, crawl back
I'll crawl back

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