Mace

The O.S.S

Pedalling on a bicycle
I'm on my way to make a call
I try to touch you
Through the double glazing
But the curtains were drawn
The family gone away
Who is to know
But now you don't
No-one can see
When they get mace in their eyes
They're papering the walls
And the windows

No light in here
In or out
The heating's on
And I'm feeling drowsy
I fall asleep
And dream of burning down the house
I'm pedalling on a bicycle
I'm on my way to make a call
The sun is out
And I'm feeling drowsy
I fall asleep
And dream of burning down the house

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