

Don't Try This At Home

The Mitchell Brothers

It's a long walk to the gallows
It's a small step to swing free
The crying in the tower
For my conspirators and me
Gunpowder and modem
And a dream of liberty
And then they'll tell you, 'Don't try this at home'
Oh yes they'll tell you, 'Don't try this at home'
If you walk on the beach with King Canute
You'll be walking back alone
Tonight he'll dine on oysters
While we fall like green acorns
We'll be putting down our roots
Right in the centre of the storm
Oh but they'll tell you, 'Don't try this at home'
Oh yes they'll tell you, 'Don't try this at home'
The cry of gulls
The hum of streets
The buzz of phones
The march of feet
We'll meet tonight
To draw up plans, exclamations, ampersands
Somewhere across the water
They're storming palace gates
Scared of the moth-flame metaphor
We fall asleep and wait
Singing for a future but the chorus comes too late
Because they'll tell you, 'Don't try this at home'
Oh yes they'll tell you, 'Don't try this at home'
Don't, don't, don't, don't (Repeats)
Don't try this at home (Repeats)
Try this at home (Repeats)
So we're coming to the last dance
I've got another request
With your best foot forward
We'll lay this ghost to rest
(Repeats)

written by NUTTER, ALICE/WATTS, LOUISE/ABBOTT, JUDITH/HUNTER, NIGEL
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