

Stitch That

Chumbawamba

So this husband came home drunk each night
And he thrashed her black and he thrashed her white
He thrashed her to within an inch of her life
Then he slept like a log, did her husband
But as he lay and snored in bed
A strange idea came into her head
So she went for the needle and she went for the thread
And straight to her sleeping husband
She started to stitch with a girlish thrill
With a woman's art and a seamstress' skill
She pinned and tucked with an iron will
All around her sleeping husband
When her husband awoke with a pain in his head
He found he could not move in bed
'Sweet Christ, I've lost the use of me legs'
But his wife just smiled at her husband
Then she thrashed him black, she thrashed him blue
With a frying pan and a colander, too
With a rolling pin just a stroke or two
A battered and bleeding husband
Isn't it true what small can do
With a thread and a stitch and a thought or two
He's wiped his slate, his boozing's through
Goodbye to a drunken husband
Kick out the jams, motherfucker

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