

# Decieves The Eye

## Madness

In the earliest days of my shoplifting career,  
You could safely say I was filled with fear.  
It was nail biting work from the very start,  
But several quick sucesses soon gave me heart.  
After a while I could pick or nick or steal,  
Some shirts some trousers and a few lps.  
No-one ever stopped me, they didn't seem to care.  
It sometimes seemed to me that there was no-one there. Then a fine summers day my mates and me,  
Set off down the westend on our usual spree.  
Things were as normal for an hour or so,  
Then my nimble hands were a bit too slow.  
Two store detectives made a fast approach,  
One grabbed my jacket (you're nicked!)  
The other grabbed my throat.  
So they caught me at last, one said with joy:  
"you'll have to do some time, my light fingered boy!" If only I'd remembered my common sense,  
They captured me red-handed with evidence.  
If I go to the manager and say I'm sorry,  
Maybe he'll forgive me for my youthful folly. But what will me social worker say,  
If I don't come home today?  
He'll give me a clout!  
What if they don't let me out?  
I told him I'm on me own!  
Don't they understand?  
I'm from a broken home! I'll tell them I'm the product of a broken home,  
And I always went out on my own.  
Was it too late to say I'd pay,  
And I'll never steal again 'till the end of my days?  
Because I have no friends to call as such,  
Money and posessions I did not have much,  
So I started to steal in order to get by.  
The quickness of the hand deceives the eye.  
Deceives the eye the eye the eye...

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