Half a Person

Trapped Under Ice

Call me morbid, call me pale
I've spent six years on your trail
Six long years on your trailCall me morbid, call me pale
I've spent six years on your trail
Six full years of my life on your trailAnd if you have five seconds to spare
Then I'll tell you the story of my life
Sixteen, clumsy and shy
I went to London and II booked myself in at the Y.W.C.A.
I said, "I like it here, can I stay?
I like it here, can I stay?
Do you have a vacancy for a back-scrubber?"She was left behind and sour
And she wrote to me equally dour
She said, "In the days when you were
Hopelessly poor, I just liked you more"And if you have five seconds to spare
Then I'll tell you the story of my life
Sixteen, clumsy and shy
I went to London and II booked myself in at the Y.W.C.A
I said, "I like it here, can I stay?
I like it here can I stay?
And do you have a vacancy for a back-scrubber?"Call me morbid, call me pale
I've spent too long on your tail
Far too long, chasing your tailAnd if you have five seconds to spare
Then I'll tell you the story of my life
Sixteen, clumsy and shy
That's the story of my lifeSixteen, clumsy and shy
The story of my life
That's the story of my life
That's the story of my life
That's the story of my life
Story of my lifeThat's the story of my life
That's the story of my life
That's the story of my life
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