

# No Reptiles

## Everything Everything

Slip from the trees to the dirt to the menace  
To the wild to the car under snow, cut to ribbons  
Like a coral to your shin like a manacle to swing  
Fresh from the breast now a river running fat  
To the manor born a rat to the manor born a flea  
To a flood to a drain now a rubber, now a chain  
I was in the war  
You were in the war  
Plump from the sugar-water pump with the city at your back  
To the cannon with a match from a milk into a mass grave  
Never mind that, I can take that  
Bones in a bowl like a toad-in-the-hole  
Take the shape of the mould like a mummy on a pole  
And a merry little head  
Bob around when you're dead  
I was on my knees  
You were on your knees  
And no reptiles  
Just soft boiled eggs in shirts and ties  
Waiting for the flashing green man  
Quivering and wobbling just like all the eggs you know  
I'm going to kill a stranger  
So don't you be a stranger  
Oh baby, it's alright  
It's alright to feel like a fat child in a pushchair  
Old enough to run  
Old enough to fire a gun  
Oh baby, it's alright  
It's alright to feel like a fat child in a pushchair  
Old enough to run  
Old enough to fire a gun  
Oh baby, it's alright  
It's alright to feel like a fat child in a pushchair  
Old enough to run  
Old enough to fire a gun  
Oh baby, it's alright  
It's alright to feel like a fat child in a pushchair  
Old enough to run  
Old enough to fire a gun  
Just give me this one night  
Just one night to feel  
Like I might be on the right path  
The path that takes me home  
Wise enough to know myself  
Just give me this one night  
Just one night to feel  
Like I might be on the right path  
Old enough to fire a gun  
Just give me this one night  
Just one night to feel  
Like I might be on the right path  
The path that takes me home  
Wise enough to know myself  
Just give me this one night  
Just one night to feel

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