

Holloway Prison Blues

Million Dead

The leg bone is connected to the foot bone
Is connected to the Export Processing Zones,
And it's nothing we condone,

But everybody owns a pair of those shoes.I looked a little closer at the walls of my house,

And to my surprise they were made out of glass.

So I made my way softly towards my front door,

But to my surprise it was bolted shut and barred.The bloodstream gets its sugar from the intestine
Gets its sugar from the supermarket chain

That left the village drained.

Every high street the same soulless refrain.I looked a little closer at the walls of my house,

And to my surprise they were made out of glass.

So I made my way softly towards my front door,

But to my surprise it was bolted shut and barred.The newspaper reads like a list of charges brought against me.

So I'm changing my plea to an open address to the jury.I confess that I was there on that grassy knoll,
And I confess I helped fake the moon landings as well.

But I confess I've yet to let slip my lowest low:

There've been times when I've pretended I didn't know about my skeleton.Your honour I swear that I can
explain;

There are mitigating factors to consider in this case.

I was looking out of a window to the west.

Francis Fukuyama took me by the arm,

Won me over with his famous intellectual charm,

Swored this beauty wouldn't do any harm.

We didn't look east because the sun was setting.It's easy to lose yourself in the faintest reflection in the pane of
a window.

I suspect that I've lost myself in the guilty reflection of the pain that it lets through.

I must confess I've started throwing stones around the house.

I don't mean to moan but I never even signed the lease.The newspaper reads like a list of charges brought
against me.

So I'm changing my plea to an open address to the jury.I confess that I was there on that grassy knoll,
And I confess I helped fake the moon landings as well.

But I confess I've yet to let slip my lowest low:

There've been times when I've pretended I didn't know about my skeleton.

Songwriters

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