Woman In The Wall

The Beautiful South

He was just a social drinker but social every night
He enjoyed a pint or two or three or four
She was just a silent thinker, silent every night
He'd enjoy the thought of killing her before

Well he was very rarely drunk but very rarely sober
And he didn't think the problem was his drink
But he only knew his problem when he knocked her over
And when the rotting flesh began to stink

Cry freedom for the woman in the wall
Cry freedom for she has no voice at all
I hear her cry all day, all night
I hear her voice from deep within the wall
Made a cross from knitting needles
Made a grave from hoover bags
Especially for the woman in the wall

She'd knitted him a jumper with dominoes on
So he wore it everyday in every week
Pretended to himself that she hadn't really gone
Pretended that he thought he beard her speak

Then at last it seemed that he was really winning
He felt that he had some sort of grip
But all of his new life was sent a-spinning
When the rotting wall began to drip

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