

Seven Fat Englishmen

Sheila Nicholls

Seven fat Englishmen sit around you on bar stools
Blood red faces, unaware that they're dying fast
And as this blood squeezes through their blocked arteries
These farming men, drinking gin, pickling their livers
It's normal hereAnd I reach into this circle to fetch you out
And I reach into this circle to fetch you out
Of this sticky mess of gin and blood and soil but you can't leave
Gin and blood and soil but you can't leaveAnd as the spice girls prostitute, girl power in the background
On tinny speakers you smile
And desperation seeps through your teeth
As you laugh with them, agree with them
Make business with them 'cos this is your lifeSeven fat Englishmen sit around you on bar stools
Blood red faces, unaware that they're dying fast
And as this blood squeezes through their blocked arteries
These farming men, drinking gin, pickling their livers
It's normal hereI have nowhere to take you
And you have nowhere to go
And I think it's just too painful for you
To think there's any better

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