

# stitch that

## Chumbawamba

A husband came home drunk each night  
And he thrashed her black, and he thrashed her white  
He thrashed her to within an inch of her life  
Then he slept like a log, did her husband  
As he lay and snored in bed  
A strange idea came into her head  
She went for the needle, and she went for the thread  
And straight to her sleeping husband  
She started to stitch with a girlish thrill  
With a woman's art, and a seamstress' skill  
She pinned and tucked with an iron will  
All around her sleeping husband  
Husband awoke with a pain in his head  
He found he could not move in bed  
"Sweet Christ, I've lost the use of me legs!"  
Wife just smiled at her husband  
Three, six, nine, he drank wine  
He got hooked by a stitch in time  
She broke, he got choked, and they never went to heaven in a little row boat  
Clap clap, clap clap  
Clap clap, clap clap  
She thrashed him black, she thrashed him blue  
With a frying pan and a colander too  
With a rolling pin, just a stroke or two  
A battered and bleeding husband  
Isn't it true what small can do  
With a thread, and a stitch, and a thought or two?  
He's wiped his slate, his boozing's through  
Goodbye to a drunken husband  
Kick out the jams, motherfucker!

Songwriters

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