

Each morning after Sunblest  
Feel the benefit, mental arithmetic  
I waited by the staff room  
In time for benediction  
Living a law just short of delusion  
When we fall in love there's confusion  
This must be the place I waited years to leave  
To our voices nobody's listening  
We shiver in the rain by the touchline  
Then a coach ride to the station  
"My lord, the carriage awaiteth!"  
Living a law just short of delusion  
When we fall in love there's confusion  
This must be the place I waited years to leave  
This must be the place I waited years to leave  
And how  
How long?  
I'm listening to the words I thought I'd never hear again  
A litany of saints and other ordinary men  
Kneeling on the parquet  
Whatever has gone wrong?  
The fear and feeling hopelessness  
I don't want to belong  
I dreamt I was back in uniform  
And a candidate for examination  
History, someone had blundered  
And a voice rapped "knuckle under!"  
Living a law just short of delusion  
When we fall in love there's confusion  
This must be the place I waited years to leave  
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And how  
And how  
How long?