

Five Minutes

Dan Le Sac vs Scroobius Pip

Each night she lays quivering, shivering here,
Asking why she keeps forgiving him, hidden in fear,
At work she has a glistening, driven career,
But at home with one swing of the fist it disappears, [X2]

She dreams of different ways of breaking free from his noose,
It's one thing to see a path but it's another to choose it,
It's one thing to want to run but it's another to do it,
It's one thing to buy a gun but it's another to use it;

But buy a gun she did and it made her feel good,
She told herself if she really had to use it she would,
The next night, drunk at the bed he stood,
She said she'd take it no more and she vaguely understood.

But he didn't take to kindly to being put in his place,
She fled after the first blow and of course he gave chase
She sat hunched, holding a gun praying she wasn't pursued,
But when the door swung a route, He found her to shoot.

She watched in awe as his power cascaded on the floor,
It wasn't long before the police came bursting through the door,
In store, put in prison, enforced by the law,
As she lay out a whisper, lay distracted on the floor;

For the bad times I wish you'd just admit and
Never cast a shadow across my bed,
But for the good times I wish you five minutes
In heaven before the devil knows your dead
For the bad times I wish you'd just admit and
Never cast a shadow across my bed,
But for the good times I wish you five minutes
In heaven before the devil knows your dead

Each night she lays quivering, shivering there,
I wonder how we came to live in unforgiving despair,
I find myself giving the delivering stares,
As the smell of Glennfidich starts Sieving the air. [X2]

As the bullet flew towards me I swear time stood still,
I felt every single emotion that a man could feel,
How did I get here? How could this even be real?
How could I become a person that a loved one could kill?

It wasn't always this way, I once saw love in those eyes,
That now just despise and chastise all my lies,
As my sarcastic replies each new drunken guise,
And first of all these heavy hands which surmised her demise.

There was a time when we never thought the honeymoon would end,
She was my wife, my love my companion? and my friend,
But it seems these days happiness can depend,
On financial stability, and the need to contend,

But I make no excuse, I let it get this way,
Other people live their lives on the minimum wage,
I was the one that couldnt cope and let it turn to rage,

Now I'm looking down the barrel, Playing against the game.

For the bad times I cannot be acquitted or
Let off as the bullet enters my head,
For the good times I wish for 5 minutes in
Heaven before the devil knows I'm Dead.
For the bad times I cannot be acquitted or
Let off as the bullet enters my head,
For the good times I wish for 5 minutes in
Heaven before the devil knows I'm Dead.

Before the devil knows I'm Dead.