

A Button On Your Blouse

Drowners

You watch me close like a prisoner,
Only feed me bread and water,
I've got one last chance to hold you,
Have you seen me in my prison clothes?

Why don't you just come around,
And undo another button on your blouse,
These days, you know, I rarely leave the house,
And I hate the thought of you,
I hate the thought of you missing out.

There's barely a crease on my pillow,
'Cos in the borstal I sleep so shallow,
Last chance for a beating from the boys,
This is the last time, I swear, never again
Well, at least until tomorrow...

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