

Behind the Bunhouse

Mystery Jets

Did I strangle you with my love, think I saw it wrapped around
your throat
The last time I saw you, you looked so pale, and white just lik
e a ghost
It was fun for about five little minutes and then you cleared y
our throat
My eyes swelled up, I curled my toes and you said I almost chok
ed
And you said I almost choked.

But honey, why did you go behind the bunhouse?
Didn't you know how much I had to give?
You knocked me over the head with a rolling pin
And then you got down and you kicked me in the ribs

The penny dropped even before I clocked just where your hands h
ad been
It was like you'd done your hair for somebody else, scared that
you might have been seen
I slipped down a flight of stairs and my face must have looked
so long
Cos even the tosser with the saxophone was asking me what's wro
ng
He said "Buddy, what is wrong?"

But honey, why did you go behind the bunhouse?
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You knocked me over the head with a rolling pin
And then you got down and you kicked me in the ribs

Please won't you spare me the details before I get up and I go
Who was it that stabbed me in the back or do you think I ought
not to know?
You see the way I was before we met, I was curled up in a shell
And if I'm not counting planes up in the sky
Then I'm falling down a well
I'm at the bottom of a well

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The ribs(x3)