

# Down For The Outing

Peter Doherty

Slowly down, down the river  
The one you sold me down  
Where my timber shivered  
You hold them down  
As they flailing  
Yes as they drown  
You say "ah look they're waving"

Ah, Brittania somehow she was saved  
Brittania raped by all the slaves  
Raping all the slaves

Sorry Dad for every good time that I had  
They made me look so bad  
Sorry mum  
I'm sorry for the good things that I've done  
Gave you hope when there was none

No how can ya  
Teach that we were saved  
Oh  
Do svidaniya tell me I can live  
Ammonia and sieve  
My baby coming with me

For the outing  
In the prison of my mind  
No three score ten wreck  
I won't be blind  
I won't be blindly led  
A lion by a donkey

Oh how can ya  
Teach that we were saved  
Do svidaniya tell me I can live  
Ammonia and sieve  
My baby coming with me now

Down for the outing  
In the prison of your mind  
No pretty ribbons a wild beast will bind  
No pretty rhythms may ease a troubled mind  
Ease a troubled mind  
Many troubled minds round here