

No Place To Go

Whipping Boy

Every moments precious, every moments dear
They huddle and they whisper, make excuses, disappear
I awoke this morning from the middle of a dream
And all I could remember was MTV screams
"Everytime you're feeling fine, you know that it's a lie
Everytime you're feeling fine you know it's closing time"

We've got no place to go
We've got no way of knowing
We've got no place to go from here

A mother stumbles, stutters on the way down to the pub
Pregnancy she wished for being misunderstood
So here's to the buggies, the prams, the empty cots
The pregnancy she wished for the (something coloured)
pots
Everytime you're feeling fine, you know that it's a lie
Everytime you're feeling fine you know it's closing time

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(maybe "I'm buried alive)