

Patrik Fitzgerald

"Punch"

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In a small, but perfect, playpen,
they practise, badly, being grown-ups,
no-one makes the right decisions,
throwing childish tantrums;
their mummy never gave them a dummy,
busy in her perfect kitchen,
daddy gave them building bricks
and they built useless houses;
grown as people of power now,
parents disappear or die,
they just poke tongues out, from inside bars
at people who'd much prefer to pass them by.....
He's a joke figure, taking himself serious,
a gravedigger, pretending he's mysterious,
a harmless little creep
who keeps on telling you he's great;
some madman masquerading as a head of state,
punch, (joke figure)
punch..punch..punch..
He's been sitting there for years;
i wonder who gave him his throne?
perhaps the king of england,
perhaps the king of rome,
perhaps his friends or relatives,
who won it in some war,
perhaps his mother, to shut him up -
she bought it in a store;
punch, (joke figures)

punch..punch..punch.
(repeat 1st verse)
I'll make a mockery of you,
i'd love to take your bones apart,
i'd love to inspect your insides,
and see if there's blood in your heart,
i'll fuck you up, the way you fuck up
everybody, every day, who look at you,
and think they have some guiding star,
to shine their way,
but politics is a stupid game,
it hasn't any rules,

and 'politics' is just a word,
like 'power',like 'tools' -
politics is worthless,
a complete waste of time,
which never will quite qualify
for the category of crime,
punch..joke figures,
punch..joke figures,
punch..joke figures,
punch joke figures.
(repeat 2nd verse)
Punch!

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