

## Watchtower

### "Martin Decent"

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Martin Decent came to play, came to play, came to play  
On a bright and winter's day  
Turned his coat in the morning

Martin Decent spoke out loud, spoke out loud,  
Told his tale to the listening cloud  
Then he turned his coat in the morning

Ate his greens and his rhubarb raw  
Chewed his food with a vigorous jaw  
Wrote down he all he heard and saw

Martin Decent sang along, sang along, sang along  
Leant his voice to the children's song  
Then he turned his coat in the morning

Told a few little lily-white lies  
Hid the truth behind his eyes  
Nobody knew he was in disguise

Martin Decent danced a lot, danced a lot, danced a lot  
Struck the pose for a photograph  
Then he turned his coat in the morning

Martin Decent went back home, went back home, went  
back home  
Slept like a log in a bed of his own  
Then he turned his coat in the morning

Yes he did!  
Hey! FUck him! Roll him in manure!

(trans. Sean Miller - [sean\\_miller@mindless.com](mailto:sean_miller@mindless.com))

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