

XTC

"No Thugs In Our House"

Visit "[No Thugs In Our House](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

A musical in three acts by XTC

Cast of characters

GRAHAM, a teenager

MOTHER, a busy housewife

FATHER, a conservative husband

POLICEMAN, a young constable

SCENE: A kitchen in suburbia, one bright Saturday morning

ACT ONE

Narrator: The insect-headed worker-wife will hang her waspies on the line. Her husband burns his paper, sucks his pipe while studying

their cushion-floor, his viscous poly-paste breath comes out. Their

wall-paper world is shattered by his shout. A boy in blue is busy

banging out a headache on the kitchen door. All the while Graham

slept on, dreaming of a world where he could do just what he wanted to.

Mother and Father (in unison): No thugs in our house, are there dear?

We made that clear, we made little Graham promise us he'd be a good

boy. No thugs in our house, are there dear? We made that clear, we

made little Graham promise us he'd be a good boy.

ACT TWO

Narrator: The young policeman who just can't grow a moustache will

open up his book, and spoil their breakfast with reports of Asians who

have been so badly kicked.

Policeman: Is this your son's wallet I've got here? He must have

dropped it after too much beer!

Mother: Oh, officer, we can't believe our little angel is the one

you've picked.

Narrator: And all the while Graham slept on, dreaming

of a world
where he could do just what he wanted to.
Mother and Father (in unison): No thugs in our house,
are there dear?
We made that clear, we made little Graham promise us
he'd be a good
boy. No thugs in our house, are there dear? We made
that clear, we
made little Graham promise us he'd be a good boy.
Narrator: They never read those pamphlets in his
bottom drawer.
Policeman: They never read that tattoo on his arm.
Narrator: They thought that was just a boys club badge
he wore.
Policeman: They never thought he'd do folks any harm.

ACT THREE

Narrator: The insect-headed worker-wife will hang her
waspsies on the
line. She's singing something stale and simple now this
business has
fizzled out. Her little tune is such a happy song. Her son
is
innocent, he can't do wrong, 'cos Dad's a judge and
knows exactly what
the job of judging's all about. And all the while Graham
slept on,
dreaming of a world where he could do just what he
wanted to.
Mother and Father (in unison): No thugs in our house,
are there dear?
We made that clear, we made little Graham promise us
he'd be a good
boy. No thugs in our house, are there dear? We made
that clear, we
made little Graham promise us he'd be a good boy.
Mother: No thugs in our house!
Father: No thugs in our house!
Complete cast (in unison): No thugs in our house, dear!
Set Design by Andy Partridge with co-ordination by Ken
Ansell.
Stage and Scenery by Art Dragon.

Visit [XTC](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.