

Servant, The "Biro"

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I suck on biro
The office party is in three weeks time
What shall I wear?
Wet-look in my hair?

I just killed my new boss
I shut that cock up with a rock
Non-stop in his face
Look around you dear, nothing is there

I suck on biro
Stuck in a chair
Where I stare at a square
And answer a phone
I'm thinking of deer
Sculpting and making and being and freezing...

A deer
The phones on my ear
Look around you dear, nothing is there

Do you detect what's coming next
Do you detect what's coming next
Do you detect what's coming next
Do you detect what's coming next...

I suck on a biro
And taste the black ink
And it tints all my spit green and black
My jaw goes all slack

Well what do you know
It's time to go
Go back home
It was so so so so
So good today
Look around you dear, nothing is there

Do you detect what's coming next
Do you detect what's coming next
Do you detect what's coming next

Do you detect what's coming next.

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