Beautiful Grey
"Spit It All Out"

I meant every word I said
But only said half the words I meant
There's a load more where they came from
I suppose will get left unsent
Like conversation started
But don't know which way it went
Lips don't miss the wish for a kiss,
And time doesn't care how it's spent

And the only way a white lie shows
Is the length of the gap between truths
Imprison any feeling usually displayed
And they wave white sheets from roofs

Pushchair to pensioner no-one said it right
So it was simplifed to one great fib
Anyone else who couldn't put it into words
Just got their lips round good sex or a cig
So if you finally spit it all out
Make sure you're wearing a bib

And I suspect those described as driven
Are usually driven by their mum or their dad
And motivation something you work on
If you can't spell properly or add
And if self-belief is something you started
Its probably in a book I once had
Self-belief the first target of thief
The last thing on the mind of the mad

And when it comes to your final speech
And as usual the cats got your tongue
Be glad we're living in a world struck dumb
Where the fat lady hasn't yet sung

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Just got their lips round good sex or a cig
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From where I'm sat, the lady's not fat
She's skinny with just the one lung
And the send-off planned the thirty-piece band
Have been sacked and probably hung

And anyone here who's a 'not sure'
Got here but how they forgot
And anyone dared ask a 'what for?'
Will get what for on the spot
So if you finally spit it all out
Make sure you're out of your cot