

Kitchens Of Distinction

"On Tooting Broadway Station"

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On Tooting Broadway station
I knelt down and wept
My hands hit the concrete floor
Until my fingers bled

I will cut him out of my heart
I will leave these tears in pools
Tripped over these pourings
Tripped over his feelings
I've cut him out of my heart

Burn, burn his clothes
Burn everything he owned
And the empty chamber left
I'll carry around as this hollowness
That drags in my voice

Burn, burn it all
Burn, burn it all
Benedictory fire
Blessing of these burns

Burn, burn it all
Burn, burn it all
Benedictory fire
Blessing of these burns

On Tooting Broadway station
I lay down and slept
The concrete for a pillow
Fingers in bandages

I cut him out, I lie here dry
I unstitched the bindweed of love

Burn, burn his clothes
Burn everything he owned
And the empty chamber left
I'll carry around as this hollowness
That drags in my voice

Burn, burn it all

Burn, burn it all
Benedictory fire
Blessing of these burns

Burn, burn it all
Burn, burn it all
Benedictory fire
Blessing of these burns

My John of Arc
My John of Arc
My John of Arc
My John of Arc

Burn, burn it all
Burn, burn it all
Benedictory fire
Blessing of these burns

Give me his charred heart
Give me his fillings
And God, give me God to forgive me

Burn, burn it all
Burn, burn it all
Benedictory fire
Blessing of these burns

My John of Arc
My John of Arc
My John of Arc
Fire, fire, fire, fire

My John of Arc
My John of Arc
My John of Arc
Fire, fire, fire, fire

Fire, fire, fire, fire
Fire, fire, fire, fire
Fire, fire, fire, fire

My John of Arc

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