

## Kotki Dwa "Pad"

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It's the middle of the night quite literally,  
The clock is black with naughts like the ceiling,  
And there's a little green light,  
About a third from the middle,  
That says green is for go you know,  
Green is for go,  
And that red rears it's head,  
Every thirty four seconds or so,  
And red is for shut your eyes,  
And shut your mind,  
And get some sleep,  
It's not the time,  
First I miss aladdin and now I kick your wall in,  
I will see you in the morning in the hall,  
Spiders in the sockets,  
We don't know how to stop this,  
We don't know how to stop,  
And I don't know if I need this but it fills another pad,  
You're always saying that there's no need to record it  
all,  
Wires in the cockpit,  
I don't know how to stop this,  
I don't know how to stop,  
Five go by and the roof is the sky,  
The led is the moon or something,  
And I suppose my bed's the lawn,  
If you want to be full on,  
Oh this is gold this is poetry,  
This is gold this is gold,  
And I'm waiting,  
I suppose I'm waiting for the eye,  
Why is it always that way round,  
Maybe Toby's right,  
He says don't apologise to me,  
I just don't understand it,  
I'm as stubborn as a log,  
And my reaction is standard,  
First I miss aladdin and now I kick your wall in,  
I will see you in the morning in the hall,  
Spiders in the sockets,  
We don't know how to stop this,  
We don't know how to stop,

And I don't know if I need this but it fills another pad,  
You're always saying that there's not need to record it  
all,  
Wires in the cockpit,  
I don't know how to stop this,  
I don't know how to stop.

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