

## **Madness**

# **"Deceives The Eye"**

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In the earliest days of my shoplifting career,  
You could safely say I was filled with fear.  
It was nail biting work from the very start,  
But several quick successes soon gave me heart.  
After a while I could pick or nick or steal,  
Some shirts some trousers and a few LPs.  
No-one ever stopped me, they didn't seem to care.  
It sometimes seemed to me that there was no-one  
there.  
Then a fine summers day my mates and me,  
Set off down the westend on our usual spree.  
Things were as normal for an hour or so,  
Then my nimble hands were a bit too slow.  
Two store detectives made a fast approach,  
One grabbed my jacket (you're nicked!)  
The other grabbed my throat.  
So they caught me at last, one said with joy:

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