

Madness

"Decieves 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 suceses 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:
"you'll have to do some time, my light fingered boy!"

If only I'd remembered my common sense,
They captured me red-handed with evidence.
If I go to the manager and say I'm sorry,
Maybe he'll forgive me for my youthful folly.

But what will me social worker say,
If I don't come home today?
He'll give me a clout!
What if they don't let me out?
I told him I'm on me own!
Don't they understand?
I'm from a broken home!

I'll tell them I'm the product of a broken home,
And I always went out on my own.
Was it too late to say I'd pay,
And I'll never steal again 'till the end of my days?
Because I have no friends to call as such,
Money and posessions I did not have much,
So I started to steal in order to get by.
The quickness of the hand deceives the eye.
Deceives the eye the eye the eye...

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