Ned's Atomic Dustbin "Legend In His Own Boots"

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I wish i could, do you think i should? Get my fingers down your throat at the same time That i cut you with a very long, very sharp knife Oh come in number one, your time is all but done Should it be anything to do with anyone I must confess, i think it best That i seperate your breath from your body It's only a shell so don't worry Oh come in number two Your time is all but through Should it have anything at all to do with you I bless the day, i bless the splendid day I catch you on the phone to your lover Tell her that you've studied that karma with another Oh come in number three I know that you can hear me Any reason for your breathing just eludes me

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