

The Waterboys

"Martin Decent"

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Martin Decent came to play, came to play, came to play
On a bright and winter's day
Turned his coat in the morning

Martin Decent spoke out loud, spoke out loud,
Told his tale to the listening cloud
Then he turned his coat in the morning

Ate his greens and his rhubarb raw
Chewed his food with a vigorous jaw
Wrote down he all he heard and saw

Martin Decent sang along, sang along, sang along
Leant his voice to the children's song
Then he turned his coat in the morning

Told a few little lily-white lies
Hid the truth behind his eyes
Nobody knew he was in disguise

Martin Decent danced a lot, danced a lot, danced a lot
Struck the pose for a photograph
Then he turned his coat in the morning

Martin Decent went back home, went back home, went
back home
Slept like a log in a bed of his own
Then he turned his coat in the morning

Yes he did!
Hey! FUck him! Roll him in manure!

(trans. Sean Miller - sean_miller@mindless.com)

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