

# Sons And Daughters, Rama Lama

Listen

On a blue antique night  
In early October  
His wavy brown hair  
Stuck wet to his shoulder  
And its click, click, click  
Go the heels of his feet  
Listen

How long has it been since the boyfriend has visited  
The milk's in a pile by the door  
Her series is playing on terrestrial T.V. the neighbours they don't even know  
And its click, click, click  
Go the heels of his feet  
Listen

Did you hang her out to dry?

The meal that she was going to eat for her dinner  
Is left on a plate by the stove  
While there's unopened bills and letters and junk mail  
All strewn on the mat by the door  
And its click, click, click  
Go the heels of his feet  
Listen

Did you hang her out to dry?

Rama lama lama  
Shake, shake, shake, shake

How long has it been since the boyfriend has visited  
The papers are filling the close  
While she's face down on porcelain  
An inchful of bathwater  
The neighbours they don't even know or care  
And its drip, drip, drip  
Goes the tap on her ankles  
Listen

Did you hang her out to dry?

Rama lama lama  
Shake, shake, shake, shake