

Fingernail moon trying to scratch my back  
Don't think I'm going to let it do that  
Not when my girl does it properly  
I can walk down this street like it was my own  
But It's never felt like home  
As anyone living here can tell you honestly

Sometimes I think my life's a dream  
But it's someone else's and it seems  
I I just can't wake him up  
I am not what I want to be  
When I haunt his memory  
In the morning as he does his laces up

Life before breakfast's not much fun  
There's not much time to get things done  
Life before breakfast is a bore  
Me I'm holding out for more

He woke up last night choking to death  
A spanner in your throat's really bad for your heath  
That's what our doctor says anyhow  
And although our doctor knows a lot  
He can't tell us what we've got  
Still he takes the money with a bow

It's half an hour since we got up  
Blinking in the sun he picks up a book  
Something about anatomy  
And I begin to fade away  
Like stars at the break of day  
And I slip from his memory

Life before breakfast 's not much fun  
There's not much time to get things done  
Life before breakfast 's a bore  
Me I'm holding out for more