

Unattended Package      Brieve Morison

There's an unattended package in the bedroom  
Unopened letters in the hall  
I think someone's trying to get a message to me  
But they ain't got the guts to call  
I don't think it could be my father  
I know his ink he always writes in blue  
And I know your fear of letters  
I know it can't be you.

Stuck a sticker on the window of the phone booth  
A nasty rhyme upon the wall  
From reading this I did deduce  
They don't mean no good at all  
I don't think it could be my mother  
She'd call in if she was passing through  
And you you wouldn't leave your chair to make a call  
I know it can't be you

They've got a one winged blue bird they use  
To pick their brains up off the floor  
And put them back into the freezer  
'Cause they still don't know what they're for  
Wo oh wo oh etc

Just last night I saw a chink of light from a window  
Though the curtains were heavy and black  
From the screams I heard from inside there  
There's someone who ain't coming back  
I don't think it could be Mr, Biko  
He died south across the ocean blue  
And you you've been dead for years  
I know it can't be you.

There's going to be a meeting tonight in an old back room  
Just after this bar is closed  
It won't arouse any suspicions  
They wear the neatest of clothes  
I don't think my sister will be going  
With her children one two and three  
And me I got a fear of them old back rooms  
I know it won't be me

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Wo ho wo ho