

"Psychic Ability"

by Paul Moore

Have you ever tried to make a living
Reading crystal balls upon the pier
Have you ever prophesised a punters grisly death
It's rather hard to smile and be sincere

Have you ever watched Tuesdays Eastenders
And known what's gonna happen down the Vic
Have you ever drowned your sorrows drinking 15 pints
Even though you know that you'll be sick

Chorus

Oh, oh, psychic ability
It's not as much fun, as it's cracked up to be
Oh, no it's a liability
To be, a visionary man

Have you ever loved your perfect woman
But foreseen the ending of your dream
Have you ever spent your life knowing that one day
She'll fuck your mate on your washing machine

Chorus

Psychical ability, is undesirability
I don't wanna see, a what is coming up for me
Come on set me free, a psychic I don't wanna be
Maybe I train to be, in management accountancy

Now you're gone I don't have fun, baby you were the one
The bullets for my gun, my earth, my moon my sun
Our time was heaven sent, our days have all been spent
I knew it all along

Chorus

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