

Dagnet for gun-blast man  
The papers had a father  
Holding up a picture  
His son-in-law killed her

Yes he killed his wife  
She was wasting his life  
His veins are full of evil serum  
But what's done is done

Now he's trapped in flat of angles  
Hiding in flat of angles  
Right down to its gables

And sometimes bell bust under  
The rings from many callers  
Coupon and gas-board man  
Dagnet for gun-blast man

Who's trapped in flat of angles  
Rented cage is flat of angles  
Right down to its gables

And first he started on the floorboards  
120 degrees from window  
Doors open to specification  
And keeps out stupid neighbours

Very safe is flat of angles  
Cheap rent too his flat of angles  
Down to its gables

Here he fights to type  
Story of murder in his life  
Or soap operas all day  
In rooms of dirty laundry

But I'm in flat of angles  
Hiding in flat of angles  
Right down to its gables

And the sun dragged him out one day  
From his laundry  
He saw mercenary eyes  
The streets are full of mercenary eyes

Well stretched in flat of angles  
Not long left in flat of angles  
Down to the gables

There's a big reward for gun-blast man  
A big reward for gun-blast man  
A big reward for gun-blast man

Let us go up and [...] write stories

Dagnet

Phone in for the Dagnet man

