

Cat Power, The Fate Of The Human Carbine

Thinks of money all the time
Doing it to annoy her
She's on his conscience day and night
So he acts like her employer

They all come and peep through a hole in the wall
Keep the bastards guessing

He likes to take the long way home
It's another fine decision
From six to seven he'll be all alone
So he turns on television
Doesn't even notices the hours roll by
It's lost inside a screen
Watches the film about the evening sky
It was someone else's dream

All come peep through the wall?
Keep the bastards guessing
All come and peep through a hole in the wall
Just to watch his heart undressing
They all come and peep through a hole in the wall
Because you look so impressive.