

Church, Crash ride

Everything is something else these days
Dedicated to neutrality
I am the lord of all I survey
This stuff is top quality
Every day is somewhere else this time
I'm driving in a film down a French boulevard
I'm waiting in a cafe on old South Head Road
I'm chopping up guitars with Nic Hard
Fighting against the nods and the hopeless sods
Everything before the crash ride it out
Drumming up a little crowd, we played and bowed
Everyone is someone else tonight
I'm just singing down this long black wire
I'm drifting with the clock towards the bruised midnight
Where the stars and crows conspire
Fighting against the odds, and the hopeless sods
Everything before the crash ride it out
Drumming up a little crowd, we played and bowed
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Fighting against the odds, and the hopeless sods
Everything before the crash ride it out
We played and bowed