

# Hunters & Collectors, Curse

Good evening friends  
Better come gather round here on this sabbath Sunday  
Come on and slap your hands  
There's a hot wind and it's blowing through our town  
After the storm, after the fire  
Don't teach your boys to kill  
And when is the storm?  
When is the fire?  
When all your women are still  
I say when all your women are still  
Curse it hard, curse it good  
Make a lesson and nail its hide to the neighbourhood  
I say curse it hard, curse it good  
Make a lesson and nail its hide to the neighbourhood  
Neighbourhood  
And I took a blanket  
And I wrapped it around her, around her sweet old head  
Down in the river, that's where I found her  
Now pretty soon now she's going to be dead  
So after the storm, after the fire  
Don't teach your boys to kill  
Hear me, when is the storm?  
When is the fire?  
When all your women are still  
I say when all your women are still  
So curse it hard, curse it good  
Make a lesson and nail its hide to the neighbourhood  
Curse it hard, curse it good  
Make a lesson and nail its hide to the neighbourhood  
Hear me, neighbourhood  
Neighbourhood  
Good evening friends  
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Come on and slap your hands  
There's a hot wind and it's blowing through our town  
After the storm, after the fire  
Don't teach your boys to kill  
When is the storm?  
When is the fire?  
When all your women are still  
So curse it hard, curse it good  
Make a lesson and nail its hide to the neighbourhood  
Hear me spank it hard, spank it good  
Make a lesson and nail its hide to the neighbourhood  
I say neighbourhood  
In my neighbourhood  
Neighbourhood