

Neil Finn, Twisty Bass

The hangman's in the noose,
The prisoner is loose,
The wheel has come around,
And the velvet curtain coming down.
And I left it there,
A suitcase on a chair.
I feel my weight
And something tells me
There's a river underground,
In a place where there's no one to be found.

And no one came to see
The oldest show in town
And no one came to see
The oldest show in town
And no one came to see
The oldest show in town

Santa's on the cross.
Innocence is lost.
The music's in your mind,
And the windscreen wipers move in time.

No one came to see
The oldest show in town
No one came to see
The oldest show in town

And the stranger was a ghost
The killer was a priest
Took the first excuse
Made the madness seem cute lipped
On your own you'll find your own escape
There are many ways to choose
And I don't know which one you should take

A home is all you want
On the back of a truck driving down the street
It doesn't seem so much
But it's all you need to make your life complete

No one came to see
The oldest show in town
No one came to see
The oldest show in town
No one came to see
The oldest show in town

No one came to see
I lean the slightest bit towards you
White turns into brown, light goes to black
Your eyes danced in my reflection
And the horse ate my trousers