

# The Wombats, Derail And Crash

I met you four months last Sunday,  
My oh my what a happy, clappy fun day.  
We started off as jobs in catering,  
Had no idea of the pain this cheap pay could bring.  
Now that your tickle has become a scratch,  
This ghost train will derail and crash.  
Like Blackpool's Pepsi Max,  
We will derail and crash, derail and crash.  
You moved my wardrobe out the front door,  
A slight indication of what I've come home, what I'm in for.  
You were watching Tarantino loud on widescreen,  
I catch your eye and the barrel points at me.  
Looks like your tickle has become a scratch,  
This ghost train will derail and crash.  
Like Blackpool's Pepsi Max,  
We will derail and crash, derail and crash.  
Derail and crash (x4)