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)