

# The Wombats, Derail & Crash

I met you for months last Sunday  
My oh my, what a happy clappy fun day!  
We started our first jobs in catering  
Had no idea 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

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 wide-screen  
I catch your eye and the barrel points at me

Now that your tickle has become a scratch  
This ghost train will derail and crash  
Like Blackpool's Pepsi Max