

Thea Gilmore, Hooligansville

The moon is pulling faces
The clouds are on the rise
The night blinks away a few more stars
And rubs its tired eyes
There's a ticking of a clock, boys
There's one more hour to kill
See, there's a warrant out for the past's arrest
Down in Hooligansville

And they've been building their little box homes
Paving the earth with black
And rhapsodising innocence
It's never coming back
It's a faded invitation
On a peeling window-sill
There's always someone else to take the blame
Down in Hooligansville

There's a lot of broken swings
A lot of junk too
A lot of reckoning
Left to do
When you're falling

You all fall so far
'Cause no amount of wishing
Can get you out of where you are

They've got angels in the doorways
Shakin' empty cups
All the fairy stories they still tell
Will never be enough
And there is evidence of dreams
And the wishes that they spill
But they'll leave them there to stain the streets
Down in Hooligansville

So roll out the barrel, boys
Kill the music now
Silence the prophets who have never told
Good fortunes anyhow
Bow down to your fate, boys
Now even the tide is still
'Cause you'll walk a hundred miles and still won't find
Your way out of Hooligansville
You'll walk a hundred miles and still won't find
Your way out of Hooligansville