

Trash Can Sinatras, The Hairy Years

I lingered within earshot of the seaside souvenir shopfront
(Itchy fingers sweating on a snoscene, little puppy eyes dart)
A tiny world is ending, detective is descending
(All the savings gone on bloody day one, little butterflies start)
Here began my hairy years
Set me down on a country lane myself
Drinking myself lame
Call, collect and gather me, take me intravenously
Or I'll just prowl the hills
It's hares and hunts, you scour the country
We are not Jack and Jill
Why do you tumble after me?