

Vapors, Bunkers

I could take another little ride in the country
Drive my mule down a lane or two
Maybe I'll recall what it was by the country
That made me so excited when I moved downtown

Or maybe it's the noise in the streets and the car parks
Maybe it's the kids as they swarm around
Maybe it's the tires that they burn past my window
Or maybe it's the corner where they all hang out

I got no idea where we go from here
Maybe that's why we're living in Bunkers
I got no idea where we go from here
Maybe that's why we're living in Bunkers

we're living in... we're living in... we're living in...

I went down the road to see the end of the movie
Cus I really like the part where the heroine dies
She takes away so many million secrets

But she tells just a few when she closes her eyes

I reckon that's the high and the low of my weekend
I reckon that's all the crazy wool they can pull
I reckon when tomorrow comes I'll be normal
I reckon I may even go back to school

(CHORUS)

Government thugs keep me in for the week
They call out the cops if I'm seen on the street
"It drives me spoolers" in millions of ways
I think I'll be a government thug one day

Don't tell me in anger just tell me for real
Why does everybody try to be a real big wheel
It doesn't matter but if they live on the street
With all these cowboys and Bunkers and creeps

(CHORUS)