

Weddings Parties Anything, Industrial Town

(Steel)

A bunch of withered roses lie, a faded silhouette
Caught you jumpin' in the deep end last night, but it hasn't happened yet.
They're tying up your body with some rusty Number 8 and they say,
Too early with your run, son.
Too early with your run.
A bunch of worn-out ockers, the local magistrate,
Go down to kicking at the altar when the evening's getting late,
And the scene is much too busy, the prizes are so obviously fakes,
Too early with your run, son,
Too early with your run.
And what you doing with that gun, son,
Tell me, what you doing with that gun?
You don't believe in killing, someone's trying to kill you,
You don't actually want answers, just the odd clue,
And the timing moves to overdrive and no-one wants to get in touch with you,
Too early with your run, son,
Too early with your run.
Next time you'll take anything, you wonder if you think too much,
Hoping just for anything to readjust your senses,
No-one believes in that these days, no-one's really taking chances,
Too early with your run, son,
Too early with your run.
And what you doing with that gun, son,
Tell me, what you doing with that gun?
Yeahhh...what you doing, what you doing,
what you doing, what you doing, hey,
With that gun?
Bunch of withered roses lie, Tathra by the sea,
A four am hotel carpark, a vicious memory,
They're wrapping up your body, it's an ambulance charade,
They're telling you,
Too early with your run, son,
Too early with your run.
And what you doing with that gun, son,
Tell me, what you doing with that gun?