

# Hunters & Collectors, Eggheart

This song is dedicated to the sacred beaches of this great nation  
Where fifty thousand naked men and women prime their bodies  
With intensive care barrier cream and confront the liquid universe  
So we're lying around upon hot sand  
The health food of a nation's cream  
Inside our wet skin and  
Here comes the great sun-struck question  
Hear it go twisting, twisting  
Yeah one little sun-struck question  
And it goes twisting, twisting  
Oh yeah and yeah again  
Well it's a real head song this one  
Oh yeah yeah yeah  
Well it's a real brain song this one  
Now what is this sun-struck object  
Inside your ice-cream eyes  
Yeah one little sun-struck object and  
We won't let it sweat, we won't let it cry  
Let it sweat, let it cry  
And with some old egg-heart trouble  
I say give-me-gas  
Give-me-gas  
Hear my hard boiled egg-heart beat  
We go twisting!