

Hunters & Collectors, I Couldn't Give It To You

(I've lost my tweezers)

At this late stage of the game you cannot tell
If it is night or if it's daytime
And I've come around to your door
To muck around and make mince-meat of your life
And beneath the glow of your back porch light
You were passing like a thing possessed
And snap, snap, snap
Your teeth are chewing on my daily routine
Yeah I couldn't give it up, and I couldn't if I tried
When I saw a scared nation yelling inside
Yeah I couldn't give it up, and I couldn't if I tried
I was underneath the floor, I was trying to hide
Trying to hide
At this late stage of the game you cannot tell
If it is night or if it's daytime
And I've come around to your door
To muck around and make mince-meat of your life
And there was a whole nation crowded inside
With tongues of fire dancing on their skulls
And every door, every manhole sealed up tight
And pretty soon I realised
Here was the perfect space inside
And I couldn't give it to you if I tried!
I couldn't give it to you if I tried!