

Hunters & Collectors, Lumps Of Lead

Everybody's pinching their guts
Young lumps of lead, floating on the harbour
They pick themselves up, now they're falling down again
Big lumps of lead floating to fruition
La la la
Like tickets worn, sometimes stolen
Like foreign languages, squashed into the ferry floor
One ticklish kiss will kill the itch around our ankles
And today moves in wave motion
Tomorrow's failing in the bath
And big lumps of lead, floating out to Pinchgut
And your eyes, watching this, they begin to cry
Your eyes, one ticklish kiss, they begin to cry
Your eyes, lumps of lead, they begin to cry
La la la