

Hunters & Collectors, The Way To Go Out

Well the air was so light it fell like a feather
Fell down upon the land where the people walked
Well I ran and I ran from one house to another
I sweated out the fear that the boss-god taught
I saw a rusty old woman giving birth in the gutter
I went down upon my knees when the little tacker talked
And the way to go out was in a bottle of fear
In a body of anger and a gut full of beer
And Mt Nameless was listening, listening, listening, listening
Mt Nameless was listening
Well her hair was so light it fell like a feather
Fell down upon the line in the people's court
And she walked though the door with her hands tied together
Spitting on the faces that the boss-god bought
And that rusty old woman's giving birth in the gutter
I went down upon my knees when the little tacker talked
And Mt Nameless was listening, listening, listening, listening
Mt Nameless was listening
And the way to go out
The way to go out, the way to go out
The way to go out was clear