

Nick Cave, The Friend Catcher

Cave Nick
Miscellaneous
The Friend Catcher
I, cigarette fingers
puff and poke
puff and poking the smoke
touches the ground

You, your lungs and your wrists
they throb like trains
choo choo choo
it's a prison of sound

of sound

She, by my chinny chin chin You, your lungs and your wrists
they throb like trains
choo choo choo
It's a prison of sound

a prison of sound

She, by the hair of my chinny chin chin
Eee-oh Eee-oh Eee-oh Eee-oh
Like a zippo smokes the way
hope, around

You, your lungs and your wrists
they throb like trains
choo choo choo
it's a prison of sound

I poke around...