

# Salad, Nothing Happens

Waiting upstate in the pines  
There's a man  
Whose arms are twisted round the vines  
Looking out for her to show  
But she's late  
The sound of the crickets all around  
In the heat

In the heat  
They say you'll sell your body to the heat

So he takes his muslin bag  
To the well  
Runs his fingers through his hair  
He's unwell  
Then the sea comes into view  
And he moves downhill  
Meets his car down by the bay  
Drives away

Chorus

Come on now - gotta take it in your stride...  
Well a fugitive can run but he can't hide

Nothing happens in the town  
Nothing moves  
A lone mosquito settles down  
On a shoe