Steve Kilbey, Amphibian

On to the next dream we run But still I feel like I've been stung With all the phrases I've been sung All the puppets I've hung among I can't forget their stupid eyes Their vague attempts to patronize The very nonsense I despise While sizing up their pig sty's prize Amphibian baby, I hardly know your name But ever since you came in me I haven't been the same You've got your certain method Time is up your sleeve Old age crawls inside your bod And waits for me to leave I must have left my keys somewhere I must have left my drink somewhere I must have left my drugs somewhere

I must have left my clothes somewhere I must have left my flesh somewhere I must have left my bones somewhere I must have left my soul somewhere Don't bother to count, the money's all there Amphibian baby, I've dealt with you before Your gills and pills won't pay my bills I'm showing you the door The rain is beating harder The fabric that we weave Blow my cover of a grotesque fish And waits for me to leave I need some words, I just made this up, I can't be sure..... It's me in that picture.... There I was, out here.... Wrote me a letter, so many letters..... It all seems so long ago...