

# Steve Kilbey, Shell

Hello sweet creature  
Won't you give me some bloodlike guarantee  
I've been listening to myself too long  
And they're making a prophet out of me  
I'm as empty as a shell can ever be  
I've been walking through the desert  
No it must have been the library  
Reading a book which once gave me hope  
Now it's making a fool out of me  
I'm as empty as a shell can ever be  
Lazy dreaming, half remembering, half remarking to myself  
Never noticed that the crowds were leaving  
Never looked for anyone else  
Now it's market day almost every day  
Yet they give away their love for free  
I'm just waiting for a ship to come  
And it's making a slave out of me  
I'm as empty as a shell can ever be  
Lazy dreaming, half remembering, half remarking to myself  
Never noticed that the crowds were leaving  
Never looked for anyone else  
Hello sweet creature  
Won't you give me some bloodlike guarantee  
I've been listening to myself too long  
I've been walking through the desert  
Must have been the library