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