

# Steve Kilbey, Transference

Telegram lines in meadows of junk  
Jewels stay late to shake and I'll be sunk  
Small eyed sellers with conquering ties  
And I know those sins carry dangerous crimes  
Yes we're sitting down the back with a head full of haze  
Coming to terms with our yesterdays  
Last night I found love in my fingertips  
Imagined I was swimming between your peninsular lips  
Standing on the snaking road  
Mistaken, forsaken, and totally blown  
Yes we're sitting down the back with a bone in my hand  
Pull down the blind on the sunburnt land  
Once we stopped in the dead of night

I must have walked in on a hell of a fight  
I never even saw who was throwing the punch  
I never even asked who was paying for lunch  
It reminds me of the time I've told you about  
Every voice in the world seemed to shout  
I sank to my knees hands over my ears  
I could have heard what nobody hears  
But I blew out the match with a weary breath  
Checked my stash, there was nothing left  
Stuck my face into the night  
Tasted the rain that came with the light  
Sitting in the back with a sneaking suspicion  
Happy with my lazy ambition