

The Tiger Lillies, Tiger Lillie Line

Things are getting hard now, getting hard to find.
Your livers piccalilli, your kidneys are unkind.
Wake up every morning, you'd lie if you felt fine,
Stick you fingers down your throat now, nihilistically inclined.

That's the Tiger Lillie line.

You're hungry for the glory, on the radio you'd mime.
The alcohol consumes you, piccalilli is your mind.
They're feasting at the table, but only scraps and crumbs you find.
You're angry and you're bitter, your hat is full of dimes

Well that's the Tiger Lillie line

You wake up every morning when the clock forgets to chime
You go to sleep each evening, with the whiskey and the wine

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