

Tilly And The Wall, Poor Man's Ice Cream

The scent of flowers in the crowded street
A lonely bell singing for passing feet
You may not come in here
(You may not come in here)
Sweaty time, dirty time to stand
Watch out mouth, hard argument
You may not come in here
(You may not come in here)

Hey, fold your flag out a steer(?) (fold your flag)
Hoist it up high to make it real (hoist it high)
A canvas bag to fit it all (a canvas bag)
Hands suspended all, needs to bend and crawl

Well, whose land are you standing on?
Lines, lines, lines
Poor man's ice cream
Poor man's ice cream

And this is so, so, so real
You can see that, shining in the gutter
It's right over there
(no, it's not over here)
Then which way are you supposed to fear?

A full set of broken teeth to bear
It's right over there
(no, it's not over here)

They built a wall out of bricks (built a wall)
Made it real long, made sure everyone could see it (made it real long)
A message write and this (a message write)
This is not your home
You do not belong here

Well, whose land are you standing on?
They're na-na-na-na-knocking on your door
Well, whose land are you standing on?
They're na-na-na-na-knocking on your store

What were you dreaming of?
Yeah, what were you dreaming of?
Poor man's ice cream
Poor man's ice cream
What do you want from us?
Yeah, what do you want from us?
Poor man's ice cream
Poor man's ice cream
What were you dreaming of?
Yeah, what were you dreaming of?
Poor man's ice cream
Poor man's ice cream