

Walkabouts, The Anvil Song

Lose your coat and roll your sleeves
This is demolition time
Inventions full of spit and blood
With blinders for the faint of heart
Fortune's ashes crowd this map
But if I lose, well I don't care
As long as I get good and gone

Let the anvil break
Steal door lies into a whisper
Now who can wait for the perfect fit
I'm hearing the anvil sing
I'm hearing the anvil sing

Machine he took a picture of
Of himself for children's walls
For forty miles the word went out
That he would someday drown us all
Deep inside this vodka clear

But if I lose then I don't care
As long as I get good and gone

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Steal door lies into a whisper
Now who can wait for the perfect fit
I'm hearing the anvil sing
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