

# Wall Of Voodoo, Blackboard Sky

Their frying fish in Chinatown  
And the wind smells of rain  
My head is ticking like a bomb  
On a subway train  
Now I cut to the on high  
And I get opened up like venetian blinds

When I draw your face on blackboard sky  
Yeah I draw your face on blackboard sky

The worst is over humm a hymn  
To her burning my faith  
For such a villian I am criminally underpaid  
Now my rope is tied  
The gas is on  
The chair is begging to be climbed

When I draw your face on blackboard sky  
Yeah I draw your face on blackboard sky

And if I look in your eye  
And see you yes  
And if I see you say yes  
We'll be happy once again

Fresh out of hell on a morning so cold and alone  
Nobody there to say welcome home  
So I roll like the leaves  
I blow like the sand  
And I tumble like a paper cup  
Thats caught in the wind

Now I see all sides  
Sense is not issue  
I've got the eyes of the blind

When I draw your face on blackboard sky  
Yeah I draw your face on blackboard sky