

40 Miles Of Pain

Captain Tractor

Here comes Mary pulling forty miles of pain
Walks in, slaps it down, she rolls it out again
She's force fed, fucked and shunted, she stands out in the rain
Mary's telling fortunes, she's got a fortune teller's pain
Here comes Charlie Goodtime, he holds all the wonderous things
Routine at throwing punches, he's a versatile thing
Plays dead or rolls on over, depends on what you bring
She rides a feral donkey - on the back of it she sings:

Ref:

Who loves? What is love?
Standing in the rain
When your face paint becomes war paint you can never wipe it of
f again
Who loves? What is love?
Standing in the rain
Does anybody here love Mary?
Mary's busy telling him she's only passing through
He believes it - she fakes it - the fake comes shining through
Charlie smiles nonchalant, makes reasurring sounds
Fires on her blind side, he joins her on the ground
And she sings:

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