

Harbour of Lame Ducks

Ball Park Music

Broken cones I hide and hang my eyes
I make my last move in the violent skies
I'm horny, hungry, hopeful for your hand
A plastic bag's no suitcase for my mind

Harbour of lame ducks, tiny little group of us
Turning your hearts to mush
I was happy when I scored
Straight off the backboard into the bin that day

Take a moment, take two days, take years
Indifference is a virtue 'mongst your peers
So happy, healthy, humble as we speak
The streets are filled with ordinary peeps
But the

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