

Post Nuclear Talking Blues

Big Country

I don't have the magnetism of a national hero
I'm not desperate enough to
Carry 'round a bomb in a bag

And I hate to clean up behind my dog
He's a pretty big guy and he eats like a hog
I never quite get that haircut they have in the window

I better give myself a talking to
I better work out what I'm going to do
Maybe get myself a wife
Better get myself a life
Instead of these post nuclear talking blues

When I go to the store
The express line gets derailed
I know that none of my batteries were included

I fall down every time I drink
I wash and all my whites turn pink
And I always come home with someone else's pants

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The rain won't worry a drowning man
Until his feet are on dry land
He won't even care if his best shoes are full of sand

Whenever my flight touches down
My bags are in a different town
And the customs men like to get intimate with me

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And that's all