

## Sticks And Stones, Girl

Del Amitri

Here I am, hardly breathing in at all  
I cough when I can and that's about all  
I am this man and though I turn the tape  
To a happier song, my face can't find a smile  
Because it's been looking too long

You arrive like a locust swarm  
You devastated me and now when you leave the room  
My heart, head, hands and all forms  
Go from red hot blood to bone dry and lukewarm  
You're the sticks and stones, girl  
You're the fire and flames  
I might be half-dead and half-born girl  
But whales start singing when I hear your name.

I'm heaped with hate like acid rain, nothing can  
Restrain the loathing and disgust I have and  
There is no one I distrust more than the happy  
Whores who buy and trade, crawling on all fours

Backwards into holes and fires that wealth and  
Self-congratulations made

You're the sticks and stones, girl  
You're the fire and flames  
You're the punishment, the pleasure  
The employment and the leisure  
You're the sweet conversation and the cutting names

Heart, head, hands and all forms  
Went from red hot blood to bone dry and lukewarm  
Whales stopped singing and the ships were bringing in  
Toadstools and moss instead of sugarbeet and corn  
And all the girls in the world were distorted and deformed  
When the first leech was let loose  
And my jealousy was born.

You're the sticks and stones girl  
You're the fire and flames