

Fish Roar

Hunters & Collectors

I asked her to sing in her
Fish-roar voice with her lions-mane hair
But she said NO
Bend me like a long-horn and ride me way out west
I'm burning up, I'm burning up, I'm burning up
And there's dead-skin in my bed
Under a bomber's moon she pouts, she frowns
Exudes a dead-leaf smell and drags me down
I refleshed her bones and I built a house of skin
I knocked upon her dog-woman head and let some humour in
Under a bomber's moon she pouts, she frowns
Exudes a dead-leaf smell and drags me down, and my level up
Bend me like a long-horn and ride me way out west
I'm burning up, I'm burning up, I'm burning, burning, burning,
burning
And there's dead-skin in my bed
I asked her to sing in her
Fish-roar voice with her lions-mane hair
But she said
But she said no
Bend me like a long-horn and ride me way out west
I'm burning up, I'm burning up, I'm burning, burning, burning,
burning
And there's dead-skin in my bed, in my bed
In my bed, sleepy head