

# I Couldn't Give It To You

Hunters & Collectors

(I've lost my tweezers)  
At this late stage of the game you cannot tell  
If it is night or if it's daytime  
And I've come around to your door  
To muck around and make mince-meat of your life  
And beneath the glow of your back porch light  
You were passing like a thing possessed  
And snap, snap, snap  
Your teeth are chewing on my daily routine  
Yeah I couldn't give it up, and I couldn't if I tried  
When I saw a scared nation yelling inside  
Yeah I couldn't give it up, and I couldn't if I tried  
I was underneath the floor, I was trying to hide  
Trying to hide  
At this late stage of the game you cannot tell  
If it is night or if it's daytime  
And I've come around to your door  
To muck around and make mince-meat of your life  
And there was a whole nation crowded inside  
With tongues of fire dancing on their skulls  
And every door, every manhole sealed up tight  
And pretty soon I realised  
Here was the perfect space inside  
And I couldn't give it to you if I tried!  
I couldn't give it to you if I tried!