

## The Way To Go Out

Hunters & Collectors

Well the air was so light it fell like a feather  
Fell down upon the land where the people walked  
Well I ran and I ran from one house to another  
I sweated out the fear that the boss-god taught  
I saw a rusty old woman giving birth in the gutter  
I went down upon my knees when the little tacker talked  
And the way to go out was in a bottle of fear  
In a body of anger and a gut full of beer  
And Mt Nameless was listening, listening, listening, listening  
Mt Nameless was listening  
Well her hair was so light it fell like a feather  
Fell down upon the line in the people's court  
And she walked though the door with her hands tied together  
Spitting on the faces that the boss-god bought  
And that rusty old woman's giving birth in the gutter  
I went down upon my knees when the little tacker talked  
And Mt Nameless was listening, listening, listening, listening  
Mt Nameless was listening  
And the way to go out  
The way to go out, the way to go out  
The way to go out was clear