

# Shrunkен Heads

Ian Hunter

Hunter

Concrete steps never swept  
It used to be fear, now they call it respect  
Sad old walls fallin' down  
On the shattered skulls in the battleground.  
Absent fathers, weary mums  
The old, the sick, the dying and the isolated ones  
Ancient language turns obscene  
Between the goal posts of a circular dream.  
Nothin' matters anymore  
The rich get richer and the poor get sorer  
This house is haunted and the streets are dead  
We're all at the mercy of shrunkен heads.  
Bells are ringing of a cleaner time  
There ain't no washing hangin' out on the line anymore  
Something died and I don't know when  
But it's funkier now that it ever was then.  
Nothin' matters anymore  
And the rich get richer and the poor get sorer  
The heart of the city is dilapidated  
Who's gonna save us from these shrunkен heads?  
On a windy day where no one smiles  
On a pleasureless beach on a go-go-golden mile  
In a sad café eating day old bread  
And I tip the angry actress with pockets full of shrunkен heads  
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Windows barred, exhausted dull  
And the smell of decay is miserable  
Dangerous streets where the dealers rule  
Lie litter strewn around a frozen school.  
Nothin' matters anymore  
The rich get richer, and the poor get sorer  
You took our loyalty and you tore it to shreds  
And now we're all the mercy of shrunkен heads.  
Nothing matters anymore  
And the rich get richer, and the poor stay sorer  
And the heart of the city is red-carpeted  
Now freaks of nature, shrunkен heads.  
Shrunkен heads decide my fate  
It used to be 10, now it's 10: 08  
We ain't got the answers, it's complicated  
I wouldn't bet any money on shrunkен heads, oh.