

Shrunken 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 shrunken 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 than 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 shrunken 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 shrunken 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 at the mercy of shrunken 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, shrunken heads.

Shrunken 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 shrunken heads, oh.