

## Little Black Numbers

Kathryn Williams

Little black numbers  
Pushed over steel  
Is what you hear  
To make you feel free  
Little black numbers  
Pushed over wood  
Is all that you could live for

You are to me  
Deeper than souls  
Pushed in the ground  
Time is a clock  
That pushed us together

Makes us feel old  
Makes us feel old  
Sound pushing down  
Sound pushed us down

If Heaven and Hell  
Were both in the same place  
Would fences appear  
If all the wasps were devils  
And bees were the angels

We'd bat them about  
We'd bat them about  
But bees and wasps  
Are just fat men and thin girls

They're just fat men and thin girls  
They're just fat men and thin girls  
Fat men and thin girls  
Fat men and thin girls  
Fat men and thin girls