

Put this down for the record
It's more or less unchequered

Wasted days and wasted nights
Made me a f*cking beggar
No soul my milk is curdled
I'm the burger-meister of purgatory

Look out for that hot plate
Guess that's all you got. great
You put the c*ck in cocktail, man
Well I put the tail in – wait!
Watch. me. walk.
Blowtorch a hole in that armor
And I don't need the tip

I am in love with your daughter
And though she has no need
I'm the one who's got some trotters
You've many mouths to feed

Indie Cindy
Be in love with me
I beg you for to carry me

Mixed messages from Sir Naff
Please authenticate
Just to be sure that you're a sap
Set for stun automatica
Crap is the operative
Locomotive of the longest death

There goes Indie Cindy whose
Sails were black when it was windy
We offed ourselves in a lover's pact
We threw ourselves into the sea
Well looksie what the wind washed back
As we follow the bouncing ball
They call this dance the washed up crawl

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