

Feeling the Pinch

Poison Girls

Like a crow on a motorway, picking at scabs
Sees red when a blackleg, drives past in a cab
Like men in blue suits, with their sticks in their hands
And their feathers in their caps

Like fighting for blackstuff, like staying alive
Like a union of crows, their funds bled dry
And bossmen in lorries, are crossing the line
It's only real when it hurts

You can trust when it hurts
You know now it's been
Feeling the pinch
Wakes up from a dream
Trust how it hurts
Trust what you feel
Feeling the pinch
Wakes you up

Like a crow on barbed wire, we're the enemy within
Like an unanswered phone call, we're ringing again
Like a picking bone, there's a hook in your brain
It only real when it hurts

Like a ghost town valley, like dust on a sheet
Like a cold empty shop, on a cold empty street
Like the crowd gathers round, when the ambulance screams
Your only real when you bleed.