

## Drainpipes

Sophie Hunger

In the land with no drainpipes there's a girl  
with a flute in her throat  
She's only in bloom whispering  
by the command of a ghost  
She dares not to speak knowing that this would unfold  
The lack of a voice, genuinely hers all alone

In the land with no drainpipes again  
they are switching their seats  
A new order to what has bored them enough,  
where's the news?

So she, Sophie, buys herself a skeleton  
to simply believe  
That there once was a shape underneath  
our infinite possibilities

Bring her snowstorms  
Bring her back to the chain  
Bring the dictator  
who is now sleeping in vain