

## The Friend Catcher

## The Birthday Party

I, cigarette fingers  
Puff and poke  
Puff and poking the smoke  
It touches the ground  
You and your lungs and your wrist  
They throb like trains  
Choo choo choo  
It's a prison of sound  
Of sound  
She by a chinny chin chin  
Eee oh eee oh  
Like a Zippo smokes the way  
Poke around  
You and your lungs and your wrist  
They throb like trains  
Choo choo choo  
It's a prison of sound  
I poke around  
She by the hair of my chinny chin chin  
Eee oh eee oh eee oh eee oh  
Like a Zippo smokes the way  
Poke around  
You and your lungs and your wrists  
They throb like trains  
[Incomprehensible]  
Poke around  
I poke around