

Specimen Days

The Walkabouts

Oh one night of mercy
Give me one night of merciful
Shocks to the skull
Watching these specimens grow

Small miracles stuffed
In old powder kegs
Can't mix boot leather
With common-sense rags
Watching these specimens grow

I may know nothing
But it never says no
Won't answer in good turn
Earth rumbling below
Got hope in the backseat
And truth on the roof
Look out below
This rumbling needs somewhere to go

All cut up and painless
Brake lights blown out
On the back of your skull
Watching these specimens grow

O misery's daughter
Please know when to quit
Not a hose for the fire
There's a snake in the pit
Watching these specimens grow

I may know nothing
But it never says no
Won't answer in good turn
Earth rumbling below
Got hope in the backseat
And truth on the roof
Look out below
This rumbling needs somewhere to go

One night of mercy
Give me one night so merciful
One night of mercy