

Wombats "Walking Disasters"

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She used to get her kicks from a fall to the floor
But now she's always wasted, a total looker but she's
jaded
The kind of shivering wreck that I adore
I can't offer you a rescue but I can tell you what I'd do

I'd tell my mother that I love her dearly
And tell my father that I need him back again
And if these words won't drop from your lips
I will be your Freudian slip

And flowers might wilt when we walk past
And self-help might help when it makes us laugh
Only finding questions in answers
You and I are just walking disasters
You and I are just walking disasters
You and I are just walking disasters

She only finds her love in a downtown score
Consumption makes her stronger
You're the sweetest Anaconda
The kind of lack of respect that I adore
I can't offer you a rescue
But when you've lost all that you have left to lose

I'd tell my mother that I love her dearly
And tell my father that I need him back again
And if these words won't drop from your lips
I will be your Freudian slip

As sharp as a knife and as blunt as a wheel
You be my calm, I'll be your pneumatic drill
And what we'll never want, we'll always need
Right now we need some pop psychology to keep us
up-beat

So tell your mother that you love her dearly
And tell your father your won't lock him out again
And if these words won't drop from your lips
I will be your Freudian slip

And flowers might wilt when we walk past

And self-help might help when it makes us laugh
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