

Wombats, The

"Derail and Crash"

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I met you for months last Sunday
My oh my, what a happy clappy fun day!
We started our first jobs in catering
Had no idea the pain this cheap pay could bring

Now that your tickle has become a scratch
This ghost train will derail and crash
Like Blackpool's Pepsi Max
We will derail and crash

You moved my wardrobe out the front door
A slight indication of what I've come home, what I'm in
for
You were watching Tarantino loud on wide-screen
I catch your eye and the barrel points at me

Now that your tickle has become a scratch
This ghost train will derail and crash
Like Blackpool's Pepsi Max
We will derail and crash

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