

Young Knives, The

"Another Hollow Line"

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A lonely smile in the clouds
And the smell of foreign bodies
He waits for you to ask him out
Three hours sitting in the lobby
It's another Hollow line
From a wooden body
And you know you love him
Because you know he loves you

Hollow line
Waste of time
Hollow line
Just another Hollow Line

I heard you are getting into Zen
And you've got a Buddhist friend
I didn't think you had the patience
I guess you've proved me wrong again

Who are you?
Who are you?

Hollow line
Waste of time
Hollow line
Just another hollow line

One day you're sitting very still
And repeating a faburden
The next you're wearing Faberge
On your way to Covent garden

Who are you?
Who are you?

Hollow line
Waste of time
Hollow line
Waste of time
Hollow line
Waste of time

Hollow line
Just another hollow line

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