

## **Chunk! No, Captain Chunk!**

### **"Warm Oily Voices"**

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Baby sleep Dark in a winter of Coral  
And sheets of powdering snow

In a cafe somewhere wont you visit us there  
But you drink up your wine and you go

The people next door are making these noises  
That Seeping into this dream  
The cars in the street with there warm oily voices  
Starting to whisper the theme

The smoke in this place must have gone to your head  
And we're falling and flailing down (YEAH)  
And the metre keeps ticking outside on the road  
And the outskirts \*\*\*\*\* of town

The people next door are making these noises  
Seeping into this dream  
The cars in the street with there warm oily voices  
Starting to whisper the theme

Morning brings aching, amnesia shadows , like a tray  
of  
colours and rice  
In an old river bed of yellows and reds  
And your hands and feet are like ice

The people next door are making these noises  
Seeping into this dream  
The cars in the street with there warm oily voices  
Starting to whisper the theme  
The people next door are making these noises  
Seeping into this dream  
The people next door are making these noises  
Seeping into this dream

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