

The Birthday Party "THE FRIEND CATCHER"

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I, cigarette fingers
Puff and poke
Puff and poking the smoke
It touches the ground

You and your lungs and your wrist
They throb like trains
Choo choo choo
It's a prison of sound

Of sound

She by a chinny chin chin
Eee oh eee oh
Like a Zippo smokes the way
Poke around

You and your lungs and your wrist
They throb like trains
Choo choo choo
It's a prison of sound

I poke around

She by the hair of my chinny chin chin
Eee oh eee oh eee oh eee oh
Like a Zippo smokes the way
Poke around

You and your lungs and your wrists
They throb like trains
[Incomprehensible]
Poke around

I poke around

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