

Frank Black & The Catholics "Chip Away Boy"

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I used to have some fun
Me and everyone
Now I'm just employed

I'm a chip away boy
I'm a chip away boy

I remember humid nights
I remember how the full moon tugs
How it used to make us fight
And the language of the bugs
And even our doomsday

I'm a chip away boy
I'm a chip away boy
And I'll chip away
Till I make the other side
I'm a chip away boy
I'm a chip away boy

I think I'm falling in love
And now she's falling off her stool
It's not me she's thinking of
But I'm her little fool
And she's my Helen of Troy

I'm a chip away boy
I'm a chip away boy

You put on your camisole
And I'll jump in the rabbit hole
And head for the sluice way

I'm a chip away boy
I'm a chip away boy
And I'll chip away
Till I make the other side

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