

## Hunters & Collectors "Fish Roar"

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I asked her to sing in her  
Fish-roar voice with her lions-mane hair  
But she said NO  
Bend me like a long-horn and ride me way out west  
I'm burning up, I'm burning up, I'm burning up  
And there's dead-skin in my bed  
Under a bomber's moon she pouts, she frowns  
Exudes a dead-leaf smell and drags me down  
I refleshed her bones and I built a house of skin  
I knocked upon her dog-woman head and let some  
humour in  
Under a bomber's moon she pouts, she frowns  
Exudes a dead-leaf smell and drags me down, and my  
level up

Bend me like a long-horn and ride me way out west  
I'm burning up, I'm burning up, I'm burning, burning,  
burning, burning  
And there's dead-skin in my bed  
I asked her to sing in her  
Fish-roar voice with her lions-mane hair  
But she said  
But she said no  
Bend me like a long-horn and ride me way out west  
I'm burning up, I'm burning up, I'm burning, burning,  
burning, burning  
And there's dead-skin in my bed, in my bed  
In my bed, sleepy head

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