

Hunters & Collectors "Sway"

Visit "[Sway](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Slave, moan and sway
All around the world you
Slave, moan and sway
Well I drove the ute to the paper mill
Where my brother is slaving still
Messing around with the thick end of a screw
Turning it and feeding it through
To the steel above
Big steam below
When the process breaks down
Nobody knows
Where are the prizes to be next time he comes around?
Where are the prizes to be next time he goes...
Dancing to the rhythm of a falling sound
Till the walls around the mill come tumbling down
Slave, moan and sway
Sing it

All around the world you
Slave, moan and sway
Young bloods and sweethearts
Slave, moan and sway
So I drove the ute to the paper mill
Where my, where my brother is slaving still
He's messing around with the thick end of a screw
Turning it and feeding it through
To the steel above
Big steam below
When the process breaks down
Nobody knows
Where are the prizes to be next time he comes...
Dancing to the rhythm of a falling sound
Till the walls around the mill come tumbling down
Slave, moan and sway
Sing it

Visit [Hunters & Collectors](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.