

Bush

"Disease Of The Dancing Cats"

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Infested, polluted
Eighty tons of mercury dumped in the bay
It's bleeding, there's no roof
That's no way to treat a good friend

Your whiskey talks louder
Than most things I've read you've said
In situ, in place now
Sit back, unwind and relax

Big cheese is all greed
It's all relative to what you need and
Happy birthday, happy birthday
Happy birthday, here's your nerve gas

All the fishermen and their families
All sickly crumbling cerebellum
It's all over for orangutans
Looks like they're back on the street again

Mistrusted, disrupted
Rape land and kill good habitat
A world weary, a world broken
A world spent and money money money money

Injected, transmitted
Eighty tons of mercury dumped in the bay
It's breathing
It puts the dog in the basket

All the fishermen and their families
All sickly growing sentimental
It's all over for orangutans
Looks like their back on the street again

All the fishermen and their families
It's all over for orangutans
Looks like they're back on the street again

It's all over for orangutans
Looks like, looks like, looks like, yeah

Invaded, downgraded
Your bile lands right on my head
Uncalled for, unwanted
My sinking zero tolerance

All the fishermen and their families
All sickly crumbling cerebellum
It's all over for orangutans
Looks like they're back on the street again

All the fishermen and their families
It's all over for orangutans
Looks like they're back on the street again

It's all over for orangutans
Looks like it's a street again

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