

## **Bush**

# **"The Disease of The Dancing Cats"**

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Infested and polluted  
50 tons of mercury dumped in the bay  
It's bleeding there's no proof  
That's no way to treat a good friend  
Your whiskey talks louder  
Than most things I've read you said  
In artu, in place now  
Site back unwind and relax

Big cheese is all greed  
It's all relative what you need  
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 urang-a-tang  
Looks like they're back on the street again

Mistrusted, disrupted  
Rape land and kill good habit  
World weary, world broken  
Well spent and money, money, money, money  
injected, transmitted  
So tons of mercury dumped in the bay  
It's breathing-it's put the dog back in the basket

All the fisherman and their families  
All sickly growing sentimental  
It's all over for urang-a-tang  
Looks like their back on the street again  
All the fishermen and their families  
It's all over for urang-a-tangs  
Looks like they're back on the street again  
It's all over for urang-a-tangs  
Looks like, looks like, looks like  
Invaded, downgraded  
Your bile lands right on my head  
Uncalled for, unwanted  
My sinking zero tolerance

All the fisherman and their families  
All sickly crumbling cerebellum  
It's all over for urang-a-tangs  
Looks like they're back on the street again  
All the fishermen and their families  
It's all over for urang-a-tangs  
Looks like they're back on the street again  
It's all over for the urang-a-tang  
Looks like it's a street again

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