

## **Bush**

# **"The 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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