

Jack Ingram

"Outro"

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The air was more than human
And the heat was more than hungry
And the cars were square and spitting diesel fumes

The boars were running wild
Because they're big and mean and sacred
And the children playing cricket with no shoes

That morning we woke up man
To a seven-hour drive
Well there we were in South Batong
Where women are men and men go wrong

And there were so many fewer questions
When stars were still just the holes to heaven, mmm
Man and there were so many fewer questions
When stars were still just the holes to heaven, mmm

The officials were quite friendly
Once we bribed them with our sweet talk
And we drowned them with our cigarettes and booze
Disembarking from the port
With no mistakes of any sort
Moving south the engine running smooth

The next morning we woke up man
With the sunrise to the right well
Moving back north to Port Blair
Where boats break and children stare

And there were so many fewer questions
When stars were still just the holes to heaven, mmm
Man and there were so many fewer questions
When stars were still just the holes to heaven

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