

## **Kirsty Hawkshaw**

### **"Sci-Clone"**

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She's travelling  
Past darwin  
125 miles an hour  
The weather man has warned us well  
There's been a lot of pressure building  
Clouds dark and static  
From the silence you might never tell  
But we're in for a drama  
Sci-clone  
Tearing down the city  
Like a savage  
She's a sci-clone  
Dust for clothing  
Life for baggage  
Stay underground  
Safe and sound  
But if I feel like running  
Best you stay out of my way  
She will tear off the roof above your bed  
Drag you out of your head  
And if I feel like crying  
Best if you stay within your depth  
She will turn your boat over  
Let the storm die down instead  
Careless woman  
She's a careless woman  
She's travelling  
Past forever  
Sympathy will not tame her  
The weather man got blown away  
Couldn't take the pressure  
Sucked in by a fanatic  
All that science but to no avail  
Never can predict a  
Sci-clone  
Tearing down the highway  
Screaming thunder  
She's a sci-clone  
Breaking out the spell  
You put her under  
So if I feel  
So if I feel

Sci-clone  
Sci-clone  
Sci-clone  
You confronted me  
There was no way else to go  
You regressed me  
Now there's nothing left to know  
I'm ready now  
To face the force inside the shell  
I'm ready now  
To break out of this spell  
Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!!!!!

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