

Nick Cave

"The Friend Catcher"

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I, cigarette fingers

puff and poke

puff and poking the smoke

touches the ground

You, your lungs and your wrists

they throb like trains

choo choo choo

it's a prison of sound

of sound

She, by my chinny chin chin [buying chilly chin-chin?]

Eee-oh Eee-oh

Like a zippo smokes the way

hope, around

You, your lungs and your wrists

they throb like trains

choo choo choo

It's a prison of sound

a prison of sound

She, by the hair of my chinny chin chin

Eee-oh Eee-oh Eee-oh Eee-oh

Like a zippo smokes the way

hope, around

You, your lungs and your wrists

they throb like trains

choo choo choo

it's a prison of sound

I poke around...

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