

## **The Hormonauts**

### **"Greasy Black Hands"**

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Stick my head out from underneath,  
That gear-box is losin' juice,  
Only thing that's white's my two front teeth,  
What the hell, it ain't no use,  
This singin' mechanic that before you stands,  
Plays a big ol' White Falcon with grease-black hands.

Half way there to our next show,  
I'll be lyin' there under on my back,  
Ain't that cute, a tyre done blow!  
Pass the spare, pass me the jack,  
Wherever this rumblin' old diesel crate lands,  
I play a big ol' White Falcon with grease-black hands.

Opened up the gear-box.  
Three times on one trip,  
Bolted on the drive shaft,  
Lyin' on one hip,  
Sang to the croud,  
With an oil streaked face,  
Then wired on the exhaust pipe,  
To get us back to base,  
I ain't no mechanic,  
But I'll do what I can,  
Till we get the f-ol' in',  
To buy a new van,  
Until that day,  
The situations demands,  
That I play my White Falcon,  
White grease-black hands.

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