

Cruel Sea

"Black Stick"

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My heart is a muscle and it pumps blood

Like a big old black steam train

My veins are the tracks

And the city is my brain

My stomach is the ocean and it swallows up the sun

At the end of a summer's day

My breast like a breeze

Blows all those storm clouds

Away

ahhh ... (x4)

My head is the city and it houses all the thoughts

And speech that I have

And the mayor of the city says the city seems ain't half
... bad.

My arms could be weapons or instruments of love

My legs are skyscrapers, they tower

Above you

ahhh... (x4)

My heart is a muscle and it pumps blood

Like a big old black steam train

My veins are the tracks

And the city is my brain

My stomach is the ocean and it swallows up the sun

At the end of a summer's day

My breast like a breeze, blows

all those storm clouds

Away

ahhh ... (x4)

I could be your whole world (x4)

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