

Nick Cave & The Bad Seed "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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