

Nick Cave And The Bad Seeds

"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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