

Whitehorse

"No Glamour In The Hammer"

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There's no glamour in the Hammer but they sell it at
the Big & Tall
They'll fit a king like a prince in a joker's pair of
coveralls
And when your motor chair stalls tell the cop that
you've seen it all

There's no getting out of this one
There's no getting out of this

Got no ambient, no Seconal, no genie in a lithium bottle
Just a first aid kit and a suicidal lingerie model
Keep the trunk locked up, rev the engine, hammer the
throttle

There's no getting out of this one
There's no getting out of this
You've got a camouflage lover
And a bulletproof kiss

Way up on the escarpment, on a good day you can see
the smoke stacks
Down below, St Joe's spilling over with heart attacks
Down the east end steps Fitzccaraldo covers up your
tracks

There's no getting out of this one
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You've got a camouflage lover
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And a bulletproof kiss

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