

The Perishers

"Bleaching Sun"

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Well I'm waking up
To your crazy shit
And I'm leaving now
Yes I'm a jumping ship
Because your heart is cold
Like a box of beer
And I just can cope
With you my dear

Under the bleaching sun
(Under the bleaching sun)
Out on the washing line
(Out on the washing line)
I'm hanging from my thumbs
(We're hanging from our thumbs)
Until we get us dry
And I'm a cooking up
(Yeah I'm a cooking up)
A little kooky scheme
(Cook cook)
Oh to clean their minds, precious minds
The sweetest minds you've ever seen

And now you're feeding on
All the simple young
And your bloody tongue
It doesn't turn me on
A sacrificial lamb
Is in your arms
And I see your face
And it's wicked charms
And the way you work the room
Until everybody here starts bleeding from the eyes

Under the bleaching sun
(Under the bleaching sun)
Out on the washing line
(Out on the washing line)
I'm hanging from my thumbs
(We're hanging from our thumbs)
Until we get us dry

And I'm a cooking up
(Yeah I'm a cooking up)
A little kooky scheme
(Cook cook)
To clean their minds
And break your spine
Apart in my hands

And this could be all
That you ever know
Until you let it go
Your mind is gone
It's heading for the bleaching sun
And I'll never know
Oh and I don't mind at all
'Cause I've seen it all fall before
As you head into the bleaching sun

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