

Birthday Party, The "The Friend Catcher"

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I, cigarette fingers

Puff and poke

Puff and poking the smoke

It touches the ground

You and your lungs and your wrist

They throb like trains

Choo choo choo

It's a prison of sound

Of sound

She by a chinny chin chin

Eee oh eee oh

Like a Zippo smokes the way

Poke around

You and your lungs and your wrist

They throb like trains

Choo choo choo

It's a prison of sound

I poke around

She by the hair of my chinny chin chin

Eee oh eee oh eee oh eee oh

Like a Zippo smokes the way

Poke around

You and your lungs and your wrists

They throb like trains

[Incomprehensible]

Poke around

I poke around

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