

## Tilly and the Wall "Poor Man's Ice Cream"

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The scent of flowers in the crowded street  
A lonely bell singing for passing feet  
You may not come in here  
(You may not come in here)  
Sweaty day, dirty time to stand  
Watch out mouth, hard argument  
You may not come in here  
(You may not come in here)

They forged a flag out of steel (forged a flag)  
Hoisted up high to make real (hoisted high)  
A canvas bag to fit it all (a canvas bag)  
Hands suspended all, needs to bend and crawl

Well, whose land are you standing on?  
Lines, lines, lines  
Poor man's ice cream  
Poor man's ice cream  
And this is so, so, so real  
You can see that, shining in the gutter  
It's right over there  
(no, it's right over here)  
Then which way are you supposed to feel?

A full set of broken teeth to bear  
It's right over there  
(no, it's not over here)  
They built a wall out of bricks (built a wall)  
Made it real long, made sure everyone could see it  
(made it real long)  
A message write and thick (a message write)  
This is not your home  
You do not belong here

Well, whose land are you standing on?  
They're na-na-na-na-knocking on your door  
Well, whose land are you standing on?  
They're na-na-na-na-knocking on your store

What were you dreaming of?  
Yeah, what were you dreaming of?  
Poor man's ice cream

Poor man's ice cream  
What do you want from us?  
Yeah, what do you want from us?  
Poor man's ice cream  
Poor man's ice cream  
What were you dreaming of?  
Yeah, what were you dreaming of?  
Poor man's ice cream  
Poor man's ice cream

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