

Trash Can Sinatras

"Kangaroo court"

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Well there's a mirror murder
That's taking us so far
But it's that little bit further
I sure could never allow
Leaving on that Glasgow train
It's unconceivable
I can see your "no"
I'm dying to see that you know

And there's a low green summer
Rivers, swans, trolley rust and reeds
And there's a shell from the shore
I swear, just listen keen
Can't you hear the sound of the seaside saying "stay"?
It's unconceivable...unbelievable
It's finding the last one hope
It's here - here that I belong

The kangaroo court's on the corner waiting
The alarm bells are ringing in our heads
Clatter like cards between the spokes
Surely some hell of a hoax
It's unconceivable
I can see your "no"
It's unbelievable
I can see your "no" (see your "no")
It's here that I belong

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