

## Lumps Of Lead

### Hunters & Collectors

Everybody's pinching their guts  
Young lumps of lead, floating on the harbour  
They pick themselves up, now they're falling down again  
Big lumps of lead floating to fruition  
La la la  
Like tickets worn, sometimes stolen  
Like foreign languages, squashed into the ferry floor  
One ticklish kiss will kill the itch around our ankles  
And today moves in wave motion  
Tomorrow's failing in the bath  
And big lumps of lead, floating out to Pinchgut  
And your eyes, watching this, they begin to cry  
Your eyes, one ticklish kiss, they begin to cry  
Your eyes, lumps of lead, they begin to cry  
La la la