

Mongrel

Alex Cameron

She just wanted to hold his heart in her hands for a while
Drops of blood in a green glass vial
He could tell her a thousand times not to stare when he gets wild
Drops of blood in a green glass vial
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Makin' money is the devil's art, they could trade their food and wine
Growing grapes on a fence-tied vine
German shepherds and caged magpies under corrugated iron
Drops of blood in a green glass vial
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He made decisions like a seasoned vet, with a gun to the sky
Quadrabykes and a telescopic eye

Drops of blood in a green glass vial

In the evening marauders came off, fear was on her breath
My sweet girl, so scared you forgot about death
Death is the pulse in your eye on your very last breath