

## Harbour of Lame Ducks

Ball Park Music

Broken cones I hide and hang my eyes  
I make my last move in the violent skies  
I'm horny, hungry, hopeful for your hand  
A plastic bag's no suitcase for my mind

Harbour of lame ducks, tiny little group of us  
Turning your hearts to mush  
I was happy when I scored  
Straight off the backboard into the bin that day

Take a moment, take two days, take years  
Indifference is a virtue 'mongst your peers  
So happy, healthy, humble as we speak  
The streets are filled with ordinary peeps  
But the

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