

Talking Heads

black midi

I call this one the disappearing tongue
Some nights it's off, some nights it's on
When it goes with a twist, it comes off
Put it in a vase and pass it on

Pull out feathers, tear off cellophane
Pull out feathers, tear off cellophane

Sitting vacant on plough lane
Sitting vacant
Sitting lame
Sitting on plough lane
Sitting vacant
Sitting lame

Pull out feathers, tear off cellophane
Pull out feathers, tear off cellophane

Yeah, sure, I'll leave the house
But first let me lose a few more pounds
If only I could be 3 stone 20 pounds, oh
Are 10 kilograms enough?

PVC drips across the street
And everybody clamours upon their knees
But I have no interest, I am indifferent
I do not care, I have no interest

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