

## Big Ship

Cardiacs

Pretty teeth scrapy clean  
With a wind-up machine  
I'm feeling very striking  
It's taken to my liking

It's a fine man who cups his breath  
With a will to please

Wipey hand across the blazer

No-one here makes a sound  
Standing up or sitting down  
We grin like alligators  
Assist with apparatus

Theres a strange feeling in my mind  
And the room's too warm  
And lit with MacDonalds lighting

And the tool the tool forever  
Falling down planes against the grain  
Of the wood for the box for my soul  
And my aching heart

The tool forever falling down planes again and  
The tool forever falling down planes again and

All of the noise takes me to the ouside where theres  
all  
Creations joining in celebrating happiness and joy  
All around the world on land and in the sea

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In the sea!