

67 Blackout

Fionn Regan

Put the knife under the flame
You won't feel any pain
Hold this teacloth in your mouth
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Dead donkey in the snow
Down by where the ferns grow
Saw its spirit leaving south
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We went out on the tear
And we danced the carpets bare
When I drenched the mid week doubt
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My nerves they got shot
I deserved what I got
A left hook in a bout
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I taped the microphone to the chair
And sang through the speaker
Down the cables I did shout
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There's a tape of you talking
Buried in an attic somewhere
I asked down the main street for it
No one knows a thing about it

For a poultice we'll soak some bread
Then we'll carry you to bed
With or without, 67 blackout