

Fingers Become Thumbs!

Future of the Left

ran out of limbs on our big day
we left our thumbs in the hotel
I hurried back in you red shoes
but on the door was a sign -

'we're not alive, we're not alive
we're not a home for preg-er-nant callers' (callers)
'we're not alive, we're not alive
we're not a home for preg-er-nant callers'

and then the tale took a tall turn
the devil thumb made a man a slave
we travelled north to our new hutch
and on the door was a sign

'we're not alive, we're not alive
we're not a home for preg-er-nant callers' (callers)
'we're not alive, we're not alive
we're not a home for preg-er-nant callers'

my body double..
my body double..
my body fried, they'll never take it alive