

It's spring and the cherry blossoms sprout
The legs are out, and the bronzed chests, and fires bejewelling
the south west
Thank you, darling, for these silver gelatine echoes of me, with you
Smiling like he has to for the cause, for the tribe, for the boys, for the lie

Nobody heard me crying in my sleep
Me and the men of the frontier stack the bodies in a heap
Jimmy grabs a beer and we wash our hands in the creek
Ooh, talk is cheap
Frangipanis growing back home
Shading the bottle 'o line
Once we were dreaming of pearls
Now me and my sons all dream of iron

Daisy, baby, are you driving home?
'Cause this baby doesn't want to walk alone
She said 'ooh' as she grabbed my tongue
Sometimes you gotta rock the cradle, baby, on your own

Is that boogoo with the big chain
Is that Annie with the white dress?
Is that granny with the white man
With the no name and the no stress?
What about the empire? What about the cross?
What about the halos? Are the angels inside with the Xbox?
That's a dollar for any can
And on Thursdays I'll be heading back to see my man

Daisy, baby, are you driving home?
'Cause this baby doesn't want to walk alone
She said 'ooh' as she grabbed my tongue
Sometimes you gotta rock the cradle, baby, on your own

Damn it's cool on the bathroom floor
Daisy doesn't have a babe no more
Damn it's cool on the bathroom floor
Daisy doesn't have a babe no more

Did seeing real blood remind you that I had a heart?
That was the last kiss, that was a real one
When I see you next year I'll be perfect, yeah
I'll be perfect for you, babe