

Clothes Line

Ruby Fields

One night at a bar I'd come to nil
Found my world in Surry Hills
Sitting in a gutter, looking up
Laughing with a mouth full of blood
Years back to an open yard
You took my hand and laid me down
Under a clothes line on spiky grass
You came quick and I came last

If the reaper comes to claim me
And all I've gotten done
Is write some shitty music
And take some shitty drugs

I'll smile at him
I'll laugh at him
I'll cry at him
I'll scream
I'll do it all in pain and passion
Til there's nothing left of me

One night on a curb I stained it red
It's me against the world again
I lie back and smear my clothes
It's a white shirt meets a gushing nose
Think years back to simple drives
We got in trouble when things were quiet
Racked up back when we still laughed
Somehow you remained unscarred

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And all I've gotten done
Is write some shitty music
And take some shitty drugs

I'll smile at him
I'll laugh at him
I'll cry at him
I'll scream
I'll do it all in pain and passion
Til there's nothing left of me
And he will never keep me