Fare Evader

The Rumjacks

Some cheek you've got to call this a city
The busted end of a long dusty road
I lost a lotta years here, a gutterbound pedestrian
Nailed to a mood as black as dirty coal
And I'm sick of the death they've

Painted on their faces, the rattle in their lungs
The poison in the guts o' them is dripping off their tongues
A prick of a town, I'll live you down, I swear I'll find a way
The way it's lookin', it won't I reckon be happening today

Fare evader on the 8.15
She reeks o' menace, cheap perfume & nicotine
Sometimes she cries for no reason

A cough like a shotgun, says "I'm in love with no-one
I'm gettin' my shit together y'know, I'm just havin' a bad one,
"
A prick of a town, I'll live you down, I swear I'll find a way
The way it's lookin', it won't I reckon be happening today

There's no jewels among the shit here can tempt me
No heart beats beneath your empty coat
I lost a lotta souls here to forces just unspeakable
And I can't see beyond the end of my rope
But I'll remember all you taught me

The violence of women, the cowardice of men
The courage o' children who were lookin' for a friend
A prick of a town, I'll live you down, I swear I'll find a way
The way it's lookin', it won't I reckon be happening today

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