

Smokestack

The Walkabouts

Swept the floor of dreams
Live ones in the cracks
Crawling from the woodwork
Just to break your mother's back

Hail the future king
No surprises left
Formula is widely know by chemists
And the minds they've blown

Smokestack
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Count 'em 1 in 10
Can't hold on to those threats
Not-so-distant cousins
Of the nails on which you slept

Amateur contortionist
With pyrotechnic skill
This is not a mob you rule
It's just the family barbecue

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Standing on my head
And just in time to see
A promise in each pocket
And a liar in each sleeve
The spoils have been crudely cut
In out of balance halves
Nothing left to peace or calm
That explosions couldn't bring along