

## The Anvil Song

The Walkabouts

Lose your coat and roll your sleeves  
This is demolition time  
Inventions full of spit and blood  
With blinders for the faint of heart  
Fortune's ashes crowd this map  
But if I lose, well I don't care  
As long as I get good and gone

Let the anvil break  
Steal door lies into a whisper  
Now who can wait for the perfect fit  
I'm hearing the anvil sing  
I'm hearing the anvil sing

Machine he took a picture of  
Of himself for children's walls  
For forty miles the word went out  
That he would someday drown us all  
Deep inside this vodka clear

But if I lose then I don't care  
As long as I get good and gone

Let the anvil break  
Steal door lies into a whisper  
Now who can wait for the perfect fit  
I'm hearing the anvil sing  
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