

# Mongrel

Alex Cameron

She just wanted to hold his heart in her hands for a while  
Drops of blood in a green glass vial  
He could tell her a thousand times not to stare when he gets wild  
Drops of blood in a green glass vial  
Drops of blood in a green glass vial

Makin' money is the devil's art, they could trade their food and wine  
Growing grapes on a fence-tied vine  
German shepherds and caged magpies under corrugated iron  
Drops of blood in a green glass vial  
Drops of blood in a green glass vial

He made decisions like a seasoned vet, with a gun to the sky  
Quadrabykes and a telescopic eye

Drops of blood in a green glass vial

In the evening marauders came off, fear was on her breath  
My sweet girl, so scared you forgot about death  
Death is the pulse in your eye on your very last breath