

Monster In The Pack

Emma Pollock

To the rock where the monkeys steal as we walk by
And the night owl who serenades from homely skies

Buying cherries in the brown paper bag on the street stall
There's a monster in the pack
Buying cherries in the brown paper bag as the storm creeps
And he says he's got my back
Paying me with hard cash
To help him pull in the slack

And I only go to church cause I like the things they have
I put the hymnbook in my bag
But I'm still without a plan
And leave my faith in you behind

Can you smell the storm coming?
The sun comes with a warning
Staring through the shop front
Handlebars sparkle in the light

Richard of York spitting colours in the sky
I see myself taking a corner in full flight

Buying cherries in the brown paper bag as the leaves fall
There's a monster in the pack
Paying me with hard cash
To help him pull in the slack

And I only go to church cause my friends are out today
There's a monster here to play
And he says he's got my back
To help him pull in the slack
There's a monster in the pack

My head is full of noise
Won't you listen it's so loud in here
My heart and my silence break
My head is full of noise
Won't you listen it's so loud in here
My heart and my silence break
And my silence

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The sun comes with a warning
Staring through the shop front
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There's a monster in the pack