

The Friend Catcher

The Birthday Party

I, cigarette fingers
Puff and poke
Puff and poking the smoke
It touches the ground
You and your lungs and your wrist
They throb like trains
Choo choo choo
It's a prison of sound
Of sound
She by a chinny chin chin
Eee oh eee oh
Like a Zippo smokes the way
Poke around
You and your lungs and your wrist
They throb like trains
Choo choo choo
It's a prison of sound
I poke around
She by the hair of my chinny chin chin
Eee oh eee oh eee oh eee oh
Like a Zippo smokes the way
Poke around
You and your lungs and your wrists
They throb like trains
[Incomprehensible]
Poke around
I poke around