# Derelict

## Betchadupa

I dropped my anchor in the dead of night
Unpacked my suitcase and threw it away
I fell asleep in the funeral fire
I gave my clothes to the police manBlow back derelict wind lay my soul
(In the foul of the air)
Blow back derelict wind lay my soul
(In the foul of the air)Shooting venom at the passersby
Hijackers tied the heavens down
I put my eyes in a paper bag
Spinnin' round like a gambling wheelBlow back derelict wind lay my soul
(In the foul of the air)
Blow back derelict wind lay my soul
(In the foul of the air)I dropped my anchor in the dead of night
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