One Mechanic Town

The Triffids

She sank without a trace in a little one mechanic town
All the old folks shrugged their shoulders when I asked around
She was the spooky type who never made a sound
But who was always there when you turned around
She was always there when you turned aroundBraided chestnut hair, skinny white legs
Is she swimming from the willow, is she swimming in the dregs?
Is this the late-night stretsch where she lost control?
Where her little white car wrapped itself around the pole?
Wrap her up, can't you see she's growing cold!Where she want to run to? Why she want to go?Now the white wax flowers frow covering the mound
Where she sank without trace in a little one mechanic town
Where she want to run to? Why she want to go?
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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