

# Black Stick

## The Cruel Sea

My heart is a muscle and it pumps blood  
Like a big old black steam train  
My veins are the tracks  
And the city is my brain  
My stomach is the ocean and it swallows up the sun  
At the end of a summer's day  
My breast like a breeze  
Blows all those storm clouds  
Away  
Ahhh (x4)  
My head is the city and it houses all the thoughts  
And speech that I have  
And the mayor of the city says the city seems ain't half bad.  
My arms could be weapons or instruments of love  
My legs are skyscrapers, they tower  
Above you  
Ahhh (x4)  
My heart is a muscle and it pumps blood  
Like a big old black steam train  
My veins are the tracks  
And the city is my brain  
My stomach is the ocean and it swallows up the sun  
At the end of a summer's day  
My breast like a breeze, blows  
All those storm clouds  
Away  
Ahhh (x4)  
I could be your whole world (x4)

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