Shortwave

Shackleton

Here come Monday mornin'
Life is open wide
I hide my fat bites

Here come Tuesday mornin'
Sun is cold and low
I don't care, I'm in the flow

(I gotta) Shortwave! Soul creep!
Shortwave! Soul creep!
Soul swept underneath me

Here come Wednesday mornin'
Check refused to bounce
Life is filled up ounce by ounce

Look out, Thursday mornin'
The vultures come and go
Faster still but desperate to go

Shortwave! Soul Creep!
Shortwave! Soul creep!
Soul swept underneath me

(One, two, three, four!)
Here come Friday mornin'
Bite the Wonder Bread
Wonder how I got that bruise on my head

Saturday mornin'
The guitar strings are sharp
Finger fumble faintly in the dark!

Shortwave! Soul Creep!
Shortwave! Soul creep!
Soul swept underneath me
Soul swept underneath me
Soul swept underneath me

Underneath! Underneath me!

Shortwave! Soul creep!
Shortwave! Soul creep!
Shortwave! Soul creep!
Shortwave! Soul creep.

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