Monster in the Pack

Emma Pollock

To the rock where the monkeys steal as we walk by
And the night owl who serenades from homely skiesBuying cherries in the brown paper bag on the street stall
There's a monster in the pack
Buying cherries in the brown paper bag as the storm creeps
And he says he's got my backPaying me with hard cash
To help him pull in the slackAnd I only go to church cause I like the things they have
I put the hymnbook in my bag
But I'm still without a plan
And leave my faith in you behindCan you smell the storm coming?
The sun comes with a warning
Staring through the shop front
Handlebars sparkle in the light
Richard of York spitting colours in the sky
I see myself taking a corner in full flightBuying cherries in the brown paper bag as the leaves fall
There's a monster in the pack
Paying me with hard cash
To help him pull in the slackAnd I only go to church cause my friends are out today
There's a monster here to play
And he says he's got my back
To help him pull in the slack
There's a monster in the packMy head is full of noise
Won't you listen it's so loud in here
My heart and my silence break
My head is full of noise
Won't you listen it's so loud in here
My heart and my silence break
And the silence
Can you smell the storm coming?
The sun comes with a warning
Staring through the shop front
Handlebars sparkle in the lightThere's a monster in the pack
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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