Fire Eater

The Wolfgang Press

He gave me his time in half forgotten jews
Talk a scarecrow has a mind to jump the fence
If he's got any sense (my legs have gone to their maker)
If he's got any sense...EcstasyI've got a hunch, I've got a hunch
This is a song about ecstasy
Sing it loud and sing it next to me
Sing it loud and sing it clear
Cause it is all we need to hear
Sing a song about ecstasyA golden line we stand entwined
A thorough bred beneath the bed
A pidgeon strut in open field
Litter bins hide a place
A bloody disgrace, a bloody disgrace
About ecstasy next to meA flowers scent I'm heaven bent
I'm scarred for life I'm scarred for life
In open fields, fields open in
I stumble in to stumble out
And this is what its all about
A roundabout, a roundabout
A bloody disgrace, a bloody disgraceSing a song about ecstasy
Sing it loud and sing it next to me
Goodbye
A scarecrow has a sense to jump the fence
To jump the fence, to jump the fence

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