

Cat Fantastic

This Town Needs Guns

Red wine and tan lines
Colour our differences
You feel less satisfied
The more that you acquire

Black cabs & bar tabs
To help you get away
You feel quite justified
To feed your magpie's eyes

You'll be happy
When you're willing
To share

Worn holes in old clothes
Wait for the hand-me-downs
Tethered, tangled, and tied;
The suit that fits too tight

Hide behind the bread line
Hunger howls our pockets dry
'nd It should cripple your pride
To know others won't survive

We'll be happy
When we're willing
To share

Gather the right minds
'nd Slowly through time
All the right minds
Ignoring patience that we lack
Will inform the new minds
And likely inclined all the new minds
Will in turn replace the old

We will change you easily
Great ideals will be replaced

Red wine & tan lines
Colour our differences
Economic divide
This doesn't suit me fine

Lyrics submitted by juan.

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