

# Like An Animal

## Hatcham Social

One mile in the air that's where she lives  
Her body looks so thin and pink and small  
Dropping eggs from nervous shaking hands  
And swallowing her fingers as they fall

Two people dance on the edge  
Three of us push them away  
There's nowhere to go we're all in this  
But nothing can hurt us at all

Fight her all you want you'll never win  
Couldn't we just once leave her in bed  
Let the dry air cut her happy throat  
Hide her heart and lose her happy head

First I was a murderer then I was a saint  
Now I live on stolen time twist and run like paint  
Like an animal

Tuesday in the sun nothing could be worse  
Not now not ever not anymore....

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