

# Chip Away Boy

## Frank Black & The Catholics

I used to have some fun  
Me and everyone  
Now I'm just employed I'm a chip away boy  
I'm a chip away boy I remember humid nights  
I remember how the full moon tugs  
How it used to make us fight  
And the language of the bugs  
And even our doomsday I'm a chip away boy  
I'm a chip away boy  
And I'll chip away  
Till I make the other side  
I'm a chip away boy  
I'm a chip away boy I think I'm falling in love  
And now she's falling off her stool  
It's not me she's thinking of  
But I'm her little fool  
And she's my Helen of Troy I'm a chip away boy  
I'm a chip away boy You put on your camisole  
And I'll jump in the rabbit hole  
And head for the sluice way I'm a chip away boy  
I'm a chip away boy  
And I'll chip away  
Till I make the other side

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