

Chip Away Boy

Frank Black & The Catholics

I used to have some fun
Me and everyone
Now I'm just employedI'm a chip away boy
I'm a chip away boyI 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 doomsdayI'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 boyI think I'm falling in love
And now she's falling off her stool
Its not me she's thinking of
But I'm her little fool
And she's my Helen of TroyI'm a chip away boy
I'm a chip away boyYou put on your camisole
And I'll jump in the rabbit hole
And head for the sluice wayI'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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