Pigeon Kicker

Crooked Fingers

Make way for the pigeon kicker
Splattering the city wall
Nothing ever seemed so pretty
Nothing ever seemed so dullPast the line of cigarette trees
Crooked cons and seminal thieves
Fools and traitors and misfit saviors
In full stride to rot awaySick with style and doused in bitters
We'll be waiting drunk at noon
We could never leave this city
We can't even leave our roomsThe drunken waste of rowdy wankers
Slit your throat then spit your face
Our fortune teller has gone insane
In full stride to rot away

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