Shrunken Heads

Ian hunter

HunterConcrete steps never swept
It used to be fear, now they call it respect
Sad old walls fallin' down
On the shattered skulls in the battleground.Absent fathers, weary mums
The old, the sick, the dying and the isolated ones
Ancient language turns obscene
Between the goal posts of a circular dream.Nothin' matters anymore
The rich get richer and the poor get sorer
This house is haunted and the streets are dead
We're all at the mercy of shrunken heads.Bells are ringing of a cleaner time
There ain't no washing hangin' out on the line anymore
Something died and I don't know when
But it's funkier now that it ever was then.Nothin' matters anymore
And the rich get richer and the poor get sorer
The heart of the city is dilapidated
Who's gonna save us from these shrunken heads?On a windy day where no one smiles
On a pleasureless beach on a go-go-golden mile
In a sad caf eating day old bread
And I tip the angry actress with pockets full of shrunken heads.Windows barred, exhausted dull
And the smell of decay is miserable
Dangerous streets where the dealers rule
Lie litter strewn around a frozen school.Nothin' matters anymore
The rich get richer, and the poor get sorer
You took our loyalty and you tore it to shreds
And now we're all the mercy of shrunken heads.Nothing matters anymore
And the rich get richer, and the poor stay sorer
And the heart of the city is red-carpeted
Now freaks of nature, shrunken heads.Shrunken heads decide my fate
It used to be 10, now it's 10: 08
We ain't got the answers, it's complicated
I wouldn't bet any money on shrunken heads, oh.

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