Little Black Numbers

Kathryn Williams

Little black numbers
Pushed over steel
Is what you hear
To make you feel free
Little black numbers
Pushed over wood
Is all that you could live forYou are to me
Deeper than souls
Pushed in the ground
Time is a clock
That pushed us togetherMakes us feel old
Makes us feel old
Sound pushing down
Sound pushed us downIf Heaven and Hell
Were both in the same place
Would fences appear
If all the wasps were devils
And bees were the angelsWe'd bat them about
We'd bat them about
But bees and wasps
Are just fat men and thin girlsTheyre just fat men and thin girls
Theyre just fat men and thin girls
Fat men and thin girls
Fat men and thin girls
Fat men and thin girls

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