

Poor Man's Ice Cream

Tilly and the Wall

The scent of flowers in the crowded street
A lonely bell singing for passing feet
You may not come in hereSweaty day, dirty time to stand
Watch out mouth, hard argument
You may not come in hereHey, fold your flag [Incomprehensible]
Hoist it up high to make it real
A canvas bag to fit it all
Hands suspended all, needs to bend and crawlWell, whose land are you standing on?
Lines, lines, lines
Poor mans ice cream
Poor mans ice creamAnd this is so, so, so real
You can see that shining in the gutter
Its right over there, no, its not over here
And which way are you supposed to fear?
A full set of broken teeth to bear
Its right over there, no, its not over hereThey built a wall out of bricks
Made it real long, made sure everyone could see it
A message write and this
This is not your home, you do not belongWell, whose land are you standing on?
Theyre na, na, na, na knocking on your door
Well, whose land are you standing on?
Theyre na, na, na, na knocking on your storeWhat were you dreaming of?
Yeah, what were you dreaming of?
Poor mans ice cream
Poor mans ice creamWhat do you want from us?
Yeah, what do you want from us?
Poor mans ice cream
Poor mans ice creamWhat were you dreaming of?
Yeah, what were you dreaming of?
Poor mans ice cream
Poor mans ice cream

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