Walking Disasters

The Wombats

She used to get her kicks from a fall to the floor
But now she's always wasted
A total looker, but she's jaded
The kind of shivering wreck that I adore
I can't offer you a rescue
But I can tell you what I'd do

I'd tell my mother that I love her dearly
And tell my father that I need him back again
And if these words won't drop from your lips
I will be your Freudian slip

And flowers might wilt when we walk past
And self-help might help when it makes us laugh
Only finding questions in answers
You and I are just walking disasters
You and I are just walking disasters
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She only finds her love in a downtown score
Consumption makes her stronger
You're the sweetest anaconda
The kind of lack of respect that I adore
I can't offer you a rescue
But when you've lost all that you have left to lose

I'd tell my mother that I love her dearly
And tell my father that I need him back again
And if these words won't drop from your lips
I will be your Freudian slip

As sharp as a knife and as blunt as a wheel
You be my calm I'll be your pneumatic drill
And what we'll never want, we'll always need
Right now we need some pop psychology
To keep us up-beat

So tell your mother that you love her dearly
And tell your father you won't lock him out again
And if these words won't drop from your lips

I will be your Freudian slip
And flowers might wilt when we walk past
And self-help might help when it makes us laugh
Only finding questions in answers
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