

# 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  
You and I are just walking disasters

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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