

Loose Change

Suckers

Put my boots on, walk outside.
Waves of people spilling by.
Once the daytime turns to night,
I will vanish out of sight,
and you will be there.

Take your face off, dot your eyes.
You magic's such a surprise.
Slip your spine out, rub your thighs.
What a lucky passerby
cos you will be there.

And you'll be there.

Save all your loose change,
someday you'll feel strange,
remember your name
cos you're gonna have to answer to somebody.