

Fire In the Water

Pond

Real fingers from the horizon
A couple thousand from your door
In the pillow that your head lies on
How many fingers more?

Till I put to bed my teenage fears
Forget about the eyes and ears
I heard it happens every seven years
How many fingers is that from here?

Turn your face towards me mother
I'm afraid
There's fire in the water
There's piss on the grave
There's fire in the water

There's fire in water!
There's piss on the grave!
There's fire takin' all our atmosphere and I'm here always barking at the sun in the hole
Hold up!

I'm Christopher Pyne and I'm doing fine!
Hands up for the blind, leading the blind
I'm Christopher Pyne too?
How, how are you?

I lower my eyes to my feet
In Holy reverence for those whom I serve
As I drift back, drift back into the earth
Only to rise again in several days
From a fountain in Canberra with another face
And another name
Long may it be the same

I'm Christopher Pyne and I'm doing fine!
Hands up for the blind, leading the blind
I'm Christopher Pyne too?

How, how are you?

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>