

Frank Black And The Catholics, Chip Away Boy

I used to have some fun
Me and everyone
Now I'm just employed

I'm a chip away boy (x2)

I remember humid nights
I remember how the full moon tugs
How it used to make us fight
And the language of the bugs
And even our doomsday

I'm a chip away boy
I'm a chip away boy
And I'll chip away
Till I make the other side
I'm a chip away boy
I'm a chip away boy

I think I'm falling in love
And now she's falling off her stool
It's not me she's thinking of
But I'm her little fool
And she's my Helen of Troy

I'm a chip away boy (x2)

You put on your camisole
And I'll jump in the rabbit hole
And head for the sluice-way

I'm a chip away boy
I'm a chip away boy
And I'll chip away
Till I make the other side