The Wombats, Derail & Crash

I met you for months last Sunday My oh my, what a happy clappy fun day! We started our first jobs in catering Had no idea the pain this cheap pay could bring

Now that your tickle has become a scratch This ghost train will derail and crash Like Blackpool's Pepsi Max We will derail and crash

You moved my wardrobe out the front door A slight indication of what I've come home, what I'm in for You were watching Tarantino loud on wide-screen I catch your eye and the barrel points at me

Now that your tickle has become a scratch This ghost train will derail and crash Like Blackpool's Pepsi Max