

# Hunters & Collectors, Sway

Slave, moan and sway  
All around the world you  
Slave, moan and sway  
Well I drove the ute to the paper mill  
Where my brother is slaving still  
Messing around with the thick end of a screw  
Turning it and feeding it through  
To the steel above  
Big steam below  
When the process breaks down  
Nobody knows  
Where are the prizes to be next time he comes around?  
Where are the prizes to be next time he goes...  
Dancing to the rhythm of a falling sound  
Till the walls around the mill come tumbling down  
Slave, moan and sway  
Sing it  
All around the world you  
Slave, moan and sway  
Young bloods and sweethearts  
Slave, moan and sway  
So I drove the ute to the paper mill  
Where my, where my brother is slaving still  
He's messing around with the thick end of a screw  
Turning it and feeding it through  
To the steel above  
Big steam below  
When the process breaks down  
Nobody knows  
Where are the prizes to be next time he comes...  
Dancing to the rhythm of a falling sound  
Till the walls around the mill come tumbling down  
Slave, moan and sway  
Sing it