

# One Stringed Harp

Bell X1

A safe pair of hands  
A reason to stand  
Some guns to stick to  
Rational demands

Come on now ladies  
They won't fertilise themselves  
Get into the ball game  
Let's clear those shelves

That's what I read in that Sunday magazine  
The anvil is falling, falling on your head  
You're just picking your knickers from your arse  
Like you're playing a one stringed harp  
Like you're playing a one stringed harp

Like Wily Coyote  
As if the fall wasn't enough  
Those bastards from Acme  
They got more nasty stuff

Salt in my wounds  
Sticking in the boot  
We're all bulimic  
But keep forgetting to puke

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Chalk it up, and write it down

The hand of history  
is clawing at my back  
The Iron Fist of she  
cuping at my sack

Grip is tightening  
My voice is heightening  
This orange alert  
is beginning to crack

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