

That Damned Fly

Future of the Left

Wading through the chaos to where the crows [?] sit
It's where my bones fit
Where I'm comfortable
No-one can deny me
My natural instincts
They're what I'm drawn too
When I waste my time

Rationalise your own revolution
It can be easily compressed
Touch his skin, he feels like a man!
Touch his skin, he feels like a man!
Make light to greedy promoters
They can be easily bypassed
Touch his skin, he feels like a man!
Touch his skin, he feels like a man!
That fly!
That damned fly!
Makes me sick
Leaves me compromised
There must be a logic behind the madness
If it's financial
Then it's deeply flawed

Someone should remind him that in this business
Bad acoustics
Are an awful start
Rationalise your own revolution
It can be easily compressed
Touch his skin, he feels like a man!
Touch his skin, he feels like a man!
Make light to greedy promoters
They can be easily bypassed
Touch his skin, he feels like a man!
Touch his skin, he feels like a man!
That fly!
That damned fly!
Makes me sick
Leaves me compromised

Rationalise your own revolution
It can be easily compressed
Without the young and the desperate
They won't have anyone left