

Cape Connection

Pop Will Eat Itself

If you want the big one, you'll have to queue and if you do, you're gonna get some

If {yeah) you want the big one, you'll have to queue and if you do, you're gonna get some

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Deep south way, down and out, where heads hang from the trees
Sleepy from the poison, bitten by a snake tracking her so cruelly

She calls my name but she's just one of millions

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Flowers are for romance, here the fun begins
Pennies for your thoughts and dollars for your sins
Standing to attention, waiting for the call
Treat yourself to leisure, relax and have a ball

Yeah you want the big one, you'll have to queue and if you do you're gonna get some
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London Town is traffic hell, it's freeze frame in 3D
Drunken and pedestrian, taken from behind
Welcomes me so willingly
She calls my name coming baby coming

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