

Hyacinth Blues

The Constantines

Raise the grey flags
Ink the trenchant ballads
The retail mob is bleating
At the latest dead sensation

The cretinous crowd is salting the sores
Rejects at the trough
Vulture the corpse

Under suspicion
The fools got the hyacinth blues

The cosmetic harem
Are nursing the newswire
Spelling out the latest score

Under suspicion
The fools got the hyacinth blues

O-V-E-R-D-O-S-E

Under suspicion
The fools got the hyacinth blues