

Clasp Hands

The Fall

We're going down on N-ineteen
At 4:30 a.m
And we grasped the hands
In N.Y.C.
It was Steve's song
Clasp hands

Well, perhaps it's so familiar
In a blue bus
It was a pleasure
The lads were wolverines
A cuckoo is talking
So we clasped hands
We grasped hands

We're going down N.Y.C.
Steve's song
A woman Pearl was talking to me

And we all clasped hands
It was clockwork tears
And we all clasped hands
It was one of the best shows ever seen
Ludicrous, majestic and exhilarating
Priscilla Chaos is a lustrous jewel

And we all clasped hands
In N.Y.C.