

# English Scheme

The Fall

O'er grassy dale, and lowland scene  
Come see, come hear, the English Scheme  
The lower-class, want brass, bad chests, scrounge fags  
The clever ones tend to emigrate

Like your psychotic big brother, who left home  
For jobs in Holland, Munich, Rome  
He's thick but he struck it rich, switch!  
The commune crap, camp bop, middle-class, flip-flop  
Guess that's why they end up in bands  
He's the freak creep in us all  
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Condescends to black men  
Very nice to them  
They talk of Chile while driving through Haslingden  
You got sixty hour weeks, and stone toilet back gardens  
Peter Cook's jokes, bad dope, check shirts, fancy groups  
Point their fingers at America

Down pokey quaint streets in Cambridge  
Cycle our distant spastic heritage  
It's a gay red, roundhead, army career, bread head  
If we were smart we'd emigrate