

Gross Chapel – British Grenadiers

The Fall

Porterage down
The dark gross chapel
The stepped streets around now
Sells person mobile
Porterage down
Dark gross chapel
The stepped streets around now
Was introduced by a woman loose-limbed, slim

One look up to a whitewashed ugly wall
Whoosh made worse by dirty postcards
Trapped in their town
Their bracing criminals in panicky hall
No time for The Fall group
I'll put you down
Porterage down
To the dark gross chapel
These stepped streets around now
So's cro-cellar...

I'll put you down
To the gross chapel
You were right said Peter
Dying for a smoke
But you should've said to them please
Job's idea how little they [?]
Like Canava's coming up assaulted
They were as fed up as I was
Waiting outside after putting blame on you

Porterage down

Porterage down

Wearing his clothes, they [?]
And their commandos live happy
In that scaly [?]

Where air were commandos
Storm all palisades
Our leaders will not refuse us
We will tangle maze
Throw them from glasses
And about the enemy's ears

Sing, ta ra ra ra ra
Sing, ta ra ra ra ra
Sing, ta ra ra ra ra
For the British Grenadiers
Sing, ta ra ra ra ra
Sing, ta ra ra ra ra
Sing, ta ra ra ra ra
For the British Grenadiers

I'll put you down