

## Hey Fascist!

The Fall

When I'm walking down the street  
It's always you I seem to meet  
Car coat on and steel boots on your feet  
And write your letters to the Evening News  
I pick up a knife and sing this tune

It goes, Hey fascist! Hey fascist! Hey fascist!  
You're gonna get it through the head  
I said Hey fascist! Hey fascist! Hey fascist!  
You're gonna get it through the head, I said wah wah...

When walking to work it's always you I seem to meet  
[?] in your hair, smelly in the heat  
And you kick the shit out of some poor kid  
I pick up a knife, I flip my lid

It goes, Hey fascist! Hey fascist! Hey fascist!  
You're gonna get it through the head  
I said Hey fascist! Hey fascist! Hey fascist!  
You're gonna get it through the head

I said I woka-to-ma, woka-to-ma  
Woka-to-ma, wah wah wah  
I said I woka-to-ma, woka-to-ma  
Woka-to-ma, wah wah wah

The dead director of the BBC  
I'll show you what I'd love to see  
Swastikas and swimming pools  
I pick up a knife I sing this tune:

It goes, Hey fascist! Hey fascist! Hey fascist!  
You're gonna get it through the head  
I said Hey fascist! Hey fascist! Hey fascist!  
You're gonna get it through the head

I said I woka-to-ma, woka-to-ma  
Woka-to-ma, wah wah wah  
I said I woka-to-ma, woka-to-ma  
Woka-to-ma, wah wah wah

I said-a fascist... oh