

In the Park

The Fall

Night though I do not sleep
I dream of the park up the road
I open the bushes, a couple of lovers
Trying to be [lust-rockers]
And although my spouse is in the other room
I think we can do it here
Yes, uh, and she makes me pay
For every [girl and dussel of hat]
Anyway here, quiet here
You thought it'd be great
You thought it'd be great
But a good mind does not a good fuck make

I take you to the park up the road
But here is the rain
Rain makes policemen no threat
Turns cars into little specks
Muffles the shouts of your neighbour
And we will have sex here
Here, here
Couch, shagged out
There's no hard-ons
It's just come and it's gone

I'm becoming everything I used to hate
But I can't go back there
Not back there, I can't go back there
Not back to the park
The brown monk ghost'll catch us
And make us lust-rockers
Make us wear huckleberry masks and, uh, huckleberry masks
You sing you don't believe in [couples]
But I can't believe that
Especially the crap about the huckleberry masks