

Paint Work

The Fall

We go two, twice all the way round those things
Two high ones, two low ones, yeah
Right man

Man stopped us at corner
He had a bloody nose
And then he opened his denim jacket
It was under his vest made out of tracing paper
Chest scars portrayed Aztec life in his horrible

Formation really late
Main sequence stars were no good for making carbon in this way
Red giant stars

Disfigured in a lady, tedious
Was over accountant's and on business
Then I woke up and I decided to recommence my diary
Then I read Paula Yates on vision mopeds
Then I found out we were not going to Italy
Later Mam said 'Those continentals are little monkeys'
And yesterday we had liver and sausage over

And sometimes they say 'Hey Mark you're spoiling all the paintwork'
And sometimes they say 'Your thumbprints are on the paintwork'

Distractors, post-doctors behind come in
Dressed in suits, grow talons
Everyone clenched plaits horror

And sometimes they say...

And sometimes I feel like saying
This is bloody Newark
Or some drive-in slap place
In Breda and in Cologne
With the shirt (on/off?)
Sun in vicinity
As if I hadn't done 10 month's service
In the USA
On media guts
It circles is where I start

And sometimes they say...

And I think
If I'd wanted to live in Holland
And if I'd wanted to be lived in
I'd have packed up and pissed off
When I was 16
A [?] this lousy business
Was the last thing I was ever imagining

Hey Mark, why can't I live in England?

(The end of shoes, all warehouse shoe/you've got
Cheap new one, the target is too yahoo
And take over all the desperate

I'll take over discussion and
...humanely regular colours over...
...engineered oxidate zeppelin
Old world style, old man only juke box caught
All power jets on... spectacular facets)

And sometimes they say...
Hey, you're fucking up the paintwork

What is this thing they're so hard-assed about?

I thought I lived in England