

Psycho Mafia

The Fall

Spitting on the streets
Numb heads and feet
Nowhere to go
Won't let us in the shows

'Cos we talk about love
And the Psycho-Mafia
I'm talking 'bout love
And the Psycho-Mafia

No soul in the discos
No rock in the clubs
Won't let us in the pubs
And the city joys

Going on about love
And the Psycho-Mafia
I'm talking about love
And the Psycho-Mafia

Psycho-Mafia
Psycho-Mafia
'cho Mafia
'cho Mafia

Spitting on the streets
Shot heads and teeth
Our eyes are red
Our brains are dead

Going on about drugs
Psycho-Mafia
I'm talking about love
Psycho-Mafia