

The Fall, Arms Control Poseur

Death of a sense of humour
'N death of sense
How do you recover from this?

What do you fear?
Being found out
Then why do you always give yourself away?

What do you want to do?
Hide
Then why go out and make an exhibition of yourself?

What do you seek?
Oblivion
And drugs walk the streets

What you want to be able to do
is worst advice
Louse given in largesse

Arms control
Arms control poseur
Arms control

Parliment connives a diseased access company
There's nothing much I can do about this
So I drink in recline with an acquaintance, sound

Spouse is talking on the phone
To well-armed arms control poseur

Arms control poseur

I found my home
I made a calendar that wasn't there
To find whether it was the first of December
Or not

Armed control poseur
In pity and envy
Dragged from the streets
I quite very very much enjoyed
His jovial lies
Lying

Arms control poseur

Arms control poseur
Arms control poseur

Sports car interior
Encrusted with bluebottles
Armoured car interior
Encrusted with bluebottles
I even stoop to an icy vodka
As I feel the inevitable
battle creep nearer and nearer
Chip! Chip!
Arms control poseur

Arms control poseur

(Armoured car interior
Encrusted with bluebottles

I even stoop to an icy vodka
As I feel the inevitable
battle creep nearer and nearer
Armed control poseur

As my great great great great great
great great great great
familiar found out
As my great great great great
similar found out
As my great great great great great
great great grandfather found out)

Get me a nice wooly polo neck
With a red cardigan
From Next
Ideal summer wear!

Arms control poseur