

The Fall, M5

You'll never see me trying to raise Cain
You'll never see me wear a suit of green
There's a slip-road up right ahead
leading to the agrarian
But I'm city born and bred
Too many car-fumes in my head
Just a well-read punk peasant.

But you'd think a country man would understand
the devil makes work for idle hands.
M5 6-7 pm

And the man who pretends he knows it all
is destined to a Mighty Fall.
Gets into your house with cheer,
then proceeds to take all you've got to offer.
This is not an autobahn
It's an evil roundabout
That leads to the Haywain
And you'll never see good trains again.

In late 60s, my daddy said to me,
you'll never see trams and clogs again.
Now they roam the city.

Can these people not understand
The devil makes work for idle hands
M5 6-7 pm
The devil makes work for idle hands.

M5 to the country straight ahead
It's stuffed to the gills with crusty brown bread
Can they not understand
there's nothing worse than a bored man?

M5, 6-7 PM