

The Fall, Powder Keg

You better listen
It's thin
It's a powder keg.
You better listen to me.

Take me home.
I don't want to go.
Take me back to the safe.
You know better.
You better listen.
It's a powder keg.
You better listen.

Retreat from Enniskillen

I had a dream
Bruised it coloured
It going to hurt me
Manchester city center
Caroline
Take me back
I can't get the bus.
Do you know what they say.

You better listen
he's a powder keg.
You better listen to me

Sickening in its infection.
His radioactive radio-head drips with powder
His aura, round halo, thin.
Listen to me.
Thin.
Retreat.

Head loaded people avoid bad luck.
Hives away.
Confined to the university in the town.
Powder, retreat from Enniskillen

I don't want to go.
Take me home
Take me back to town, Mark.
Don't you know, the town is a powder keg.