

Fischer-Z, The Crank

I write a letter every day
I don't believe a word I say.
Curare Ball points in my hand
I like to shock my fellow man.

I often like to yell abuse.
At helpless strangers on the tubes.
I've got a weakness for the arts.
I like to study private parts.

I've got a right to be obscene
Because the people are so mean
They walk straight by me in the street
They've got no to time to speak to freaks.

So I take pleasure when they squirm
some stupid people never learn
I hope they think of me in bed
cos' I'll be lovely till I'm dead.
Lonely.....Loneleeeeeeeeeeeeeeeey