

The Fall, City Dweller

Dictum: vestige of the euro-bore

Random

It's a good life bowing to a tyrant

Gone

Christian gang chants sweet

Regional

Keep your head down for the moment

(That now suit is now in bucket

It's a good life, Europe)

Avoid the dismantled old heads stuck in bloody plant pots

All looking at them

Forgetting the endless drive against nature

City dweller

Must we base ourselves again into organic mud?

You're well welcome to it

Get out of my city you mediocre pseud

And take those red-tie bastards

Who put up the olympic flag with you

They walk around leering at young girls in packs

Worse than any jobs

(.....Catalonian)

It's January 20th

Euro-bore I support media

Keep olympic bidding

City dweller

Backwards

More than you can ever know

Mr cab driver

What do you want

Mr cab driver

City dweller

This hillbilly cab driver

He has submerged himself into the psyche of the average

Cab driver

They love me, they knock off 10 to 15 pence

This is wandering

Those casual days are over and dull

dull

Agricultural gangs chant for sweet freedom

Get out of my city

You mediocre pseud

And take those red tight bastards with you

City dweller

They should remember there's nothing worse

Than a half-educated grim red dwarf

City dweller

Cuts up

Cab driver, cab driver

Oh Mr cab driver

(He's up there now, listening to us, I know he is)

Why do you leave a a poxy card?
Oh Mr cab driver

What do about it?

Too much to drink
Too many dugs
Too much sex
Too young