

The Fall, Elves

When will the good Scotch return?
In all its scarred, splendor,
When will the price of Scotch come down?

Here's him in nearly '85
Hanging around with pop scum
It's not the business I despise
On this train, extended ride
It's the Scotch end of the market now

And steel glasses
And bad music corpses
Cannot hide the new rock scum
Spitting on what's good and gone
Spitting on what's good and gone
When will the price of Scotch come down?

Arrangement before job done
Alignment before job done
Assignment before song sung
Alignment before job done

All of this fantastic league's against me
The Fantastic is in league against me

Tin-can rattle on the path
The (bestial greed) is on the attack
The cat black runs round the tree
The siamese reached the shore
The siamese reached the shore

No never, no never no more
will I trust the elves of Dunsimore (repeated)