

# 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)