

# The Fall, English Scheme

O'er grassy dale, and lowland scene  
Come see, come hear, the English Scheme.  
The lower-class, want brass, bad chests, scrounge fags.  
The clever ones tend to emigrate  
Like your psychotic big brother, who left home  
For jobs in Holland, Munich, Rome  
He's thick but he struck it rich, switch  
The commune crap, camp bop, middle-class, flip-flop  
Guess that's why they end up in bands  
He's the green piece in us all  
He's the creep-creep in us all  
Condescends to black men  
Very nice to them  
They talk of Chile while driving through Haslingdon  
You got sixty hour weeks, and stone stone toilet back-gardens  
Peter Cook's jokes, bad dope, check shirts, lousy groups  
Point their fingers at America  
Down pokey quaint streets in Cambridge  
Cycles our distant spastic heritage  
It's a gay red, roundhead, army career, grim head  
If we was smart we'd emigrate.