

The Fall, Gross Chapel - Gb Grenadiers

Porterage down
The dark gross chapel
The stepped streets around now
Sells person mobile
Porterage down
Dark gross chapel
The stepped streets around now
Was introduced by a woman loose-limbed, slim
One look up to a whitewashed ugly wall
Whoosh made worse by dirty postcards
Trapped in their town
Their bracing criminals in panicky hall
No time for The Fall group
I'll put you down
Porterage down
To the dark gross chapel
These stepped streets around now
(So's cro-cellar...)
I'll put you down
To the gross chapel
You were right said Peter
Dying for a smoke
But you should've said to them please
(Job's idea) how little they (...)
(Like Canava's) coming up assaulted
They were as fed up as I was
Waiting outside after putting blame on you
Porterage down
(I slam) I am ailing
Porterage down
(...)
.Wearing his clothes, they (...)
and their commandos live happy
In that scaly (eard)
Where (air) were commandos
Storm all pallisades
Our leaders will not refuse us
We will (tangle maze)
Throw them from glasses
And about the enemy's ears
Sing
Ta ra ra ra ra
For the British Grenadiers
I'll put you down