

The Fall, He Pep!

I don't want to go back anymore.
I don't wanna go to work in the rain.
No more toast grilled on the heater.
No more of that A&R girl.
And having to meet her.
My personage
It writes everywhere (in race anywhere)

You Pep!

And I stick my Parker pen under my ear
Beneath my own carefully scuffed hair.
What I wear
Have to check out of Moody's lair
Hang on

Hang on, leaves your bad house with me
Into the room of the bass player.
Why won't you go up stairs?
You Pep!

Don't think he's don't get in slippy
North-old-hamptonshire.
I believe there's a new drug out.
It's called speed I wrote a song about it
Conceptually a la Bowie.
But it's been lost in the vaults of the record company
By our manager

So instead our new 45 is 'Girlies'
(Eckides) on, brown tonguer
Yours, brattingly.
Everyone says "please";
Anyway is a waste of life
Wait to say it in Lancashire
You Pep!

You had the best summer
And now it's wearing off.
No more excuses
For your traitorism.