

# 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 scruffed 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.