

The Fall, How I Wrote 'Elastic Man'

Im eternally grateful
To my past influences
But they will not free me
I am not diseased
All the people ask me
How I wrote 'elastic man';

Life should be full of strangeness
Like a rich painting
But it gets worse day by day
Im a potential dj
A creeping wreck
A mental wretch
Everybody asks me
How I wrote 'elastic man';

His soul hurts though its well filled up
The praise received is mentally sent back
Or taken apart
The observer magazine just about sums him up
E.g. self-satisfied, smug

I'm living a fake
People say, 'you are entitled to and great.'
But I havent wrote for 90 days
Ill get a good deal and Ill go away
Away from the empty brains that ask
How I wrote 'elastic man';

His last work was 'space mystery' in the daily mail,
An article in leather thighs
The only thing real is waking and rubbing your eyes
So Im resigned to bed
I keep bottles and comics stuffed by its head
Fuck it, let the beard grow
Im too tired,
Ill do it tomorrow
The fridge is sparse
But in the town
Theyll stop me in the shops
Verily theyll track me down
Touch my shoulder and ignore my dumb mission
And sick red faced smile
And they will ask me
And they will ask me
How I wrote 'elastic man';