

The Fall, Idiot Joy Showland

Idiot groups with no shape or form
Out of their heads on a quid of blow
The shapeless kecks* flapping up a storm
Look at what they are: a pack of worms

Idiot Joy Showland

The nylon leaves are falling
From the twisted shell of your cranium
Your mystic jump suits cannot hide
Your competitive plagiarism

Idiot Joy Showland

Freddie and the Dreamers, come on up
Hey you imitators, come on up
Hey little singer, come on up
Show us your house and
Show us your cock
The working class has been shafted
So what the fuck you sneering at?
Your prerogative in life it seems
Is living out an ad man's dream

Idiot Joy Showland

California has Disneyland
And Blackpool has a Funland
And Flanders had no man's land
This place idiot show bands

Idiot Joy Showland

And now microcosms come and go
And it's amazing what they show
Your sportsmen's tears are laudanum
Idiot Joy Showland

The locusts are all queuing in
For Idiot Joy Showland
Idiot Joy