The Fall, Interlude / Chilinism

The chiselers
He is desperate
Passed on
The 9th richest, bar none
The chiselers

He is short
They are short
The Stones are short
Mr Grumbly, with a white Ferrari, is short
Giving you hard looks

In the long long Yeltsin days
Get in touch
They're skint
Relocation due for the chiseler

Dry hump, in the hip club

Chiseler, chiseler, you're a godamn chiseler
Internet

The chiselers

He is desperate
They are desparate
One mad, bad, one mad
The Arab in

Chiselers
He is short
Pink Floyd are short
(Internet)

9th richest country in the world bar none

Dry hump, in the hip club

Basically
Chiselers
Chiselers
Chiselers

Dry hump, in the hip club

I try to think like you do
Act like you do
Try to dress like you do
I thought I was you

Now you turn around
Point your finger at me
Say I'm Chilinist
You think I'm the pits

The chiselers are here
And when they appear
You know I'll disappear again
The chisellers are there
And everywhere
And now I'll never come here again

I think like you do
I act like you do

I thought I was you

I need no persuasion
You know what to say
The process is clear
You are not happy

I try to think like you do
Dress like you do
I thought I was you

Chiseler!