

The Fall, No Bulbs

I'm hunting and I'm tryna find
A belt in the early morn
When your home is a trash mount
Look all over but you're right out

In need of black strap
No belts in this flat

No belts in this flat
The former tenant was anti-corporal-punish
Meant well, but it came to nothing
A light has just gone out
A bulb has just gone out

No belts in this flat
No bulbs in this flat
In need of white lamp

They say damp records the past
if that's sol've got the biggest library yet
the biggest library yet.

(on B Sides, adds:
At the end of my tether
I destroyed years of hippie craft
Cut up the match ship
And a string woollen chandelier or something

No belts in this flat
In need of black strap
No belts in this flat
In need of white lamp

A bulb has just gone out
And the only light I have found
Is the original with a set square neck
Laying out cool dwellings
For the next Briton in the evening
The apartment he has made
He's genius in allocation of space

In need of white lamp
No lights in this dump

Not like this place
You need light here even in the morning

Compared to this St. Petersburg was nothing
A goddam rat ()

In need of white lamp
No light in this dump
In need of black strap
No belts in this flat

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