

The Fall, Pat Trip Dispenser

He moves slow at the petrol stop
It's Pat the trip dispenser
He came with solvent in his hair
The trip dispenser

Spine-fuhrer of Hoboken
It's Pat the trip dispenser
Friend of Syndicate of Sound
Pigeon toed band

McGinty thought he could fool the Fall
With his imitation speeds
But he had not accounted for the psychic nose
He did not know there are no big shots on the rock
And even if there were, McGinty would not be among them

His head was full of icy calm
A clarity of nothing
It's Pat the trip dispenser

He paid at the generic supermarket
With paper
With paper
It's Pat the trip dispenser