

# The Fall, Printhead

Hey badges tinkle  
T-shirts mingle

Hey you horror-face!

I'm a printhead  
I go to pieces  
I'm a printhead  
I go to pieces yeah

End of catch-line  
End of hook-line

We had a two page  
It's what we needed  
I'm an ill head  
My face increases  
How my head increases  
Real problems, biz

So how is it, yeah  
That I've reached here  
I thought this game  
Would do me good

How could printed vinyl bring you out to here?

We laughed with them  
When it was take-the-piss time  
I'm no egghead  
But I'm an ex-worker man  
W.C.-hero friend - and not water closet!

There's a barrier between writer and singer  
Uh-huh he's a good man  
Although a lazy one  
The singer is a neurotic drinker  
The band little more than a big crashing beat.  
Instruments collide and we all get drunk

The last two lines  
Were a quote, yeah  
When we read them  
We went to pieces

We went to pieces, yeah  
We went to pieces, yeah  
Regularly

One day a week  
I'm a printhead, yeah  
Twenty pence a week  
Dirty fingers

Printhead X 3

With print you substitute an ear  
For an extra useless eye