

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