

# The Fall, Psycho Mafia

Spitting on the streets  
Numb heads and feet  
Nowhere to go  
Won't let us in the shows

'Cos we talk about love  
And the Psycho-Mafia  
I'm talking 'bout love  
And the Psycho-Mafia

No soul in the discos  
No rock in the clubs  
Won't let us in the pubs  
And the city joys

Going on about love  
And the Psycho-Mafia  
I'm talking about love  
And the Psycho-Mafia

Psycho-Mafia  
Psycho-Mafia  
'cho Mafia  
'cho Mafia

Spitting on the streets  
Shot heads and teeth  
Our eyes are red  
Our brains are dead

Going on about drugs  
Psycho-Mafia  
I'm talking about love  
Psycho-Mafia